

New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXX.

NEW OXFORD, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1908.

NO. 8.

Nerve Sick

If weak, worn-out, nervous, cannot sleep; have indigestion, headache, neuralgia or periodic pains, it is because your nerves are weak. It is the lack of nerve force that makes the stomach, heart, lungs, etc., work imperfectly—become sick. Dr. Miles' Nerve cures the sick when it restores nerve strength, and puts the power behind the organs to do their work.

"Almost three years I suffered from nervousness and palpitation of the heart. I could not eat or sleep without suffering. Altogether I was in bad condition. I was told by a doctor that I had no remedy, but I had tried so many remedies that I did not have much hope of any of them doing me any good. Dr. Miles' Nerve suggested by a friend, I got relief from the first, and after a few days I felt like a new person. It not only relieved my heart and nerves, but has invigorated my whole system. I am very grateful because since I have stopped using it, I have had absolutely no return of my old trouble."

MRS. HOWARD FORD,
60 Summit Ave., Worcester, Mass.

Dr. Miles' Nerve is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit it. If it fails, he will refund your money.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Register's Notices.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and interested persons concerned, that Administration Accounts heretofore mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams County, Pa., for confirmation and allowance, on Monday, the 15th day of June, 1908, at 10:30 o'clock, a. m.

172.—The first and final account of J. Frank Hartman and L. W. Bucher, Administrators of the estate of Jacob Hartman, late of Franklin township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

173.—The account of J. L. Butt, Trustee of a fund for the use of William Stallsmith during life and after his death to legatees under will of Rachel Stallsmith, late of Straban township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

174.—The first and final account of Clayton A. Spahr and John R. Zeigler, Administrators of the estate of, and attorneys in fact for the heirs of Cyrus Miller, dec'd, late of Reading township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

175.—First and final account of Jacob Sheely, Executor of the last will and testament of Annie Sheely (Mrs. George Sheely) late of Franklin township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

176.—First and final account of Daniel A. Thomack, Esq., Executor of the will of Sophia Thomack, dec'd.

177.—The first and final account of Daniel A. Thomack, Administrator of estate of Jacob Thomack, late of Huntington township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

178.—The first and final account of Samuel D. Reck, Executor of the last will and testament of Sabina Reck, late of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

179.—First and final account of Adam F. Bucher, Administrator of estate of Annie M. Bucher, late of Franklin township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

180.—The first and final account of Dr. W. M. Biggs, Executor of the last will and testament of Basil Biggs, late of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

181.—The first and final account of Catherine Wagner, Administrator of the estate of Silas Wagner, late of Straban township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

182.—First and final account of J. C. Oyler, Administrator of estate of John Oyler, dec'd, late of Menallen township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

183.—First and final account of Jacob F. Bucher, Executor of the last will and testament of David Bucher, late of Berwick township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

D. F. STEFFY, Register.

Ordinance

To Regulate the Price of Certain Parts of the Water Supply.

Sec. 1.—Be it enacted, and ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of New Oxford, and it is hereby enacted by authority of the same, that on and after the first day of July, 1908, the water for any tap now connected with the main pipes, shall not be less than Five (5) Dollars per year.

The following are also included as not being provided for:

Water Meters, when not additional to hydrant, \$5.00
Crinals, when not additional to hydrant, \$5.00
Water Meters, when not additional to hydrant, \$5.00
Stables, 4 to 6 animals, when not additional to hydrant, \$5.00
Each additional animal, over 6 in number, 50c
Each vehicle wash, \$1.00
Stables, additional to hydrant, 1 horse, 1 cow, 1 vehicle, or 3 animals, \$2.00
Each additional vehicle or animal, 50c
Livery Stables, \$3.00

Sec. 2.—No tap for building purposes shall be connected with the main pipe unless the party requesting such tap to be made shall agree to use the water in such building when completed, and at the price already established by ordinance, or which shall be provided for in this ordinance; provided, however, that the party or parties having a connection made with the main for building purposes on condition provided for in this section shall be required to pay for the use of the water required in the construction of the building or buildings at prices heretofore established by ordinance, and shall not be required to pay any further amount as water rent until such building shall be occupied.

Sec. 3.—All ordinances or parts of ordinances inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

Enacted and ordained this 2nd day of June, 1908.

W. F. SHEELY,
President of Council.

Attest:—T. E. BOWER, Sec'y.
Approved this 3rd day of June, 1908.
G. A. KLINGEL, Burgess.

Have your watches, clocks, Jewelry etc., repaired by skilled mechanics, and at bottom prices. Any articles left at Klingel's Barber shop, New Oxford, will be promptly forwarded. Also when you wish to purchase a clock, watch or anything in the jewelry line, we have the largest and most complete line in the county at right prices. C. A. BLOCHER, 7 13-ff. Gettysburg.

John Lynn, a farmer residing near Mt. Royal, York county, is in a critical condition as the result of a snake bite received last Saturday. The man was bitten in the hand by a large copper head snake.

Will of Daniel Minter.

By the will of Daniel Minter, late of Hanover, formerly of near this place, his wife, Rebecca Minter, was bequeathed all the real and personal property and named as executrix of the will, without bond. The testament is dated July 1, 1907. A codicil provides that upon the death of Mrs. Minter, all real and personal property be sold and debts paid, with the following bequests:

To Charles Sumner Minter, the sum of \$500, if living; if not, nothing to his family.

To Mrs. William Bender of Hanover, a foster-daughter, \$500 towards purchasing a home.

One hundred dollars to trustees of Mt. Olivet Cemetery, the interest to be used to keep burial lot in order. Also directs that a suitable monument be erected on the lot.

One hundred dollars to St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Hanover.

Twenty five dollars each to George and Alverta Rebecca Herbst, children of Daniel and Mary Herbst, and to Edith P. Bender, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Bender.

The residue is to be divided equally between the Tressler Orphans' Home, Loyville, Perry county, one-third to Foreign Mission Boards of the General Synod of the Lutheran Church.

C. M. Wolff, Esq., was named as guardian of heirs of estate of Noah Ditzler, as his successor, and after the death of Mrs. Minter is also named as executor to settle up estate, for which he is to receive \$100.

Owing to the critical illness of Mrs. Minter she has renounced the duties of executrix, and has appointed Mr. Wolff sole executor.

Council Proceedings.

June 2.—Regular session; present—Messrs. Dicks, Hersh, Miller, Sheely, Hunkler, Miller; President Sheely presided; minutes of last meeting approved.

J. E. C. Miller, who was appointed at the April meeting to inquire about stone crusher, stated that he has been unable to make much progress in that line.

The alleys were reported in bad condition.

Water Committee.—No report.

Town Property.—M. G. Colestock having verbally resigned as lamplighter, the manner of getting lights lit was discussed, and also the number of nights that the lamps shall be lit. J. M. Hulick moved that the lamps be lit twenty (20) consecutive nights, and oftener if necessary, from and after the second evening that the full moon rises, and that the Council publish for bids for lamplighting on the following basis: 40 lamps at so much per night; the lamp in front of the engine house to be lit every night and to remain burning all night; the lamplighter to deliver the coal oil to engine house free of charge. Seconded by J. E. C. Miller and carried. The Council agreed to meet on Tuesday evening, June 16, to receive and consider bids.

Health Committee.—C. T. Hersh reported that he had looked around the Borough and that all places are in fair sanitary condition.

Ordinance Committee.—N. Dicks presented an ordinance relative to the price of certain parts of the water supply. The ordinance which will be published in the Item, was on motion passed.

Bills to the amount of \$98 were examined and orders granted for payment. Water, \$56.55; Borough, \$41.55.

T. E. Bower, Sec'y.

Harry T. Petry, whose case attracted widespread attention four or five years ago, died in Westminster, Md., Friday night, June 5, after a week's illness, at the age of about 40 years. Petry was an inmate some years ago of the Maryland University Hospital, suffering with tuberculosis of the bones of both legs. Amputation after amputation was performed until at last nothing of the limbs remained but two short stumps. Then the diseased portion of the legs appeared to have been entirely removed and he was dismissed from the hospital. Both arms were paralyzed and he was helpless.

While asleep early Wednesday morning John Zink of Norristown, aged 13 years, got from his bed, dressed himself and walked through the open window of his room on the third floor of the home of his sister, Mrs. James Arkwright. The boy landed on the fence surrounding the home, and was perhaps fatally injured. Young Zink was caught by the bottom of his trousers and he was thrown forward, his head striking the ground and rendering him unconscious. It is feared he sustained a concussion of the brain. His groans were heard by a neighbor, who released the boy from his uncomfortable position.

The body of John Warner, 35 years old, of Scranton, was found floating in the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal at Waver-ton. Marks on the left side of the face and temple indicate that Warner probably was murdered and his body thrown into the canal.

More About Dittenhafer.

Says the Hanover Record:—"Ambrose Dittenhafer called at the office to ask a correction of the statement that he had been arrested a second time for threatening to burn buildings on a farm in Mountpleasant township, on which he is tenant. The facts are the suit before Justice Lilly was brought by Otis Baughman for the possession of the property, and was decided by Justice Lilly in Baughman's favor, giving him also \$50 damages. This case will be appealed to court."

Won Honors at Gettysburg.

John William Hart, aged 75 years, a Union veteran, who served in the Sixth Pennsylvania Reserves, died in Cumberland, Md., Tuesday. Congress voted him a special gold medal for bravery at the battle of Gettysburg. When the Confederate sharpshooters from an old house, were picking off Union officers, and volunteers were called to raid the house, Sergeant Hart, the first to step forward, was given 12 picked men. That night he captured the cabin and made the Confederates, 40 in number, surrender to him personally. He was a member of the Legion of Honor, and leaves a wife and five children.

Aged Woman's Wanderings.

Mrs. John Greenaway of Hanover, returned from Philadelphia Wednesday evening, where she had gone for the purpose of bringing her aged mother, Mrs. Helen Cartwright, to her home in Hanover.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Cartwright wandered from the home of her daughter early on the morning of May 8, causing great apprehension to the family. Several days afterwards it was learned that the lady had been found in the streets of York and sent to the almshouse. She remained there several days and when Mr. Greenaway had gone there to bring her home, she had departed. Later the family learned that the aged lady through the assistance of chance acquaintances had reached New York city, her former home. Here she was observed wandering alone through the streets by the city authorities. In the course of an examination she told that her home was in Hanover, Pa., whereupon she was sent to an institution in Philadelphia, pending an investigation. Here she was located by her daughter, who brought her home Wednesday evening.

George F. Payne Dead.

George F. Payne, of the firm of George F. Payne & Co., builders of the new state capitol at Harrisburg, and a defendant in the capitol conspiracy case, died at his home in Philadelphia aged fifty-five years. Death was caused by a complication of diseases.

Mr. Payne, who was one of the best known contractors and builders in this city, was under indictment, together with his business partner Charles G. Wetter, on a charge of conspiracy in connection with the capitol painting and decorating contracts.

George F. Payne & Co., were the general contractors for the capitol under the public building commission, and so far as the actual construction of the building is concerned there was no complaint against Payne & Co. The structure cost \$1,500,000 but the cost of the furnishings, fittings and decorations ran the total up to about \$13,000,000. The allegations are that the state was robbed in connection with the awarding of these furnishing and decorating contracts and by the excessive amounts charged.

"Devil Chaser" Is Insane.

The commission appointed to examine Robert Bachman, the religious fanatic who murdered his little niece during an orgie at Nazareth, performed the duty in the county jail at Easton, Pa., and filed a report to the effect that the prisoner's mind is unbalanced, and recommended that he be removed to an asylum.

Young Girl Bold Burglar.

Maggie Knowlton, twelve years old, of Rivington, admitted before Judge Horner at Mount Holly, N. J., that she had committed a number of burglaries, and seemed rather proud of her career. She was committed to the State Home for Girls, where she will have to remain until she becomes of age.

Killed By Practical Joke.

Pittsburg, June 9.—A victim of practical jokes, Morris Gaseberg, twenty-two years old, died at a hospital. He had been employed at the Duquesne Steel works, and on May 30, it is alleged, fellow workmen inflated his body by compressed air, causing peritonitis. An investigation is being conducted.

Elephant Pounds Horse to Death. New Albany, Ind., June 9.—Seizing a horse with its trunk, an enraged elephant dashed the animal against the ground until it had pounded the horse's life out. Showmen were loading the animals on a train, when the horse kicked the elephant.

CAPITOL ARGUMENT

Mr. Cunningham Opens For the Commonwealth.

THE LAW POINTS UNDECIDED

Harrisburg, Pa., June 9.—The capitol metallic furniture contract conspiracy trial, which has been occupying the Dauphin county court since May 12, has entered upon its final stage and the expectation is to close it on Friday. Law points were submitted and Deputy Attorney General Cunningham began his address to the jury, opening the speeches for the defense.

Eight hours was allowed each side in which to make the closing speeches to the jury, the defense offering ex-Attorney General W. U. Hensel and George S. Graham as its orators on behalf of all defendants, while Mr. Cunningham, James Scarlet and Attorney General M. Hampton Todd were announced as the speakers for the state. The law points were then submitted, but owing to the desire to save time arguments were not heard on them, although Judge Kunkel stated that he would allow full discussion. There were twelve points for Architect Huston, six for Contractor H. Burd, Cassell and two each for the former state officials, Messrs. Snyder, Mathews and Shumaker. In the main they asked that binding instructions be given on the ground that no case has been made out; that the standard of measurement was made up honestly and that there was no fraud in the measurement.

In his opening Mr. Cunningham reviewed the transaction leading to the indictment, going back to the award of the contract in 1902. His discussion evoked some objections from Messrs. Graham and Schaeffer, who demanded that he refer to Messrs. Harris and Hardenbergh, former state officials, in speaking of the award, as they were predecessors of the former officials at the bar. Mr. Cunningham conducted a demonstration of the plans and schedule for the jury. He then described the process through which each invoice went to be passed upon and paid, linking the defendants with the various stages, and where the state claims duplication in payments.

SHERIFF LOADED THE JURY

Supreme Court Justice Sets Aside Indictments in Jersey City Cases.

Trenton, N. J., June 9.—The supreme court in an opinion by Justice Swayze set aside a number of indictments that were found in Hudson county in 1907 against Chief of Police Monahan, of Jersey City; Assistant Corporate Counsel James W. McCarthy and a number of policemen. These men had been indicted for conspiracy to interfere with the primary election of 1907. The police officials, acting under the advice of McCarthy, had arrested the election officers for refusing to receive the ballots of certain voters.

Justice Swayze, in his opinion, severely criticizes Sheriff John Kaiser, of Hudson county, for not having drawn an impartial jury. He cites the fact that Kaiser was chairman of the Hudson county Republican committee and leader of the faction in the party opposed to the faction with which the indicted men were identified. Justice Swayze says that a majority of the grand jury were friendly to the sheriff's faction and that the other faction did not have a single representative on the grand jury. That the jury chosen by Kaiser was not an impartial one he deduces from the facts and therefore sets aside all of the indictments.

Divorce to Wed a King's Aide.

Sioux Falls, S. D., June 9. — Mrs. Franklin Brewster, whose husband is a millionaire of Rochester, N. Y., has been granted a divorce here and left for the home of her son-in-law, Senator Frelinghausen, of New Jersey. Mrs. Brewster has said here that she might marry an attaché of the king of Greece. Her daughters, Mrs. Ashton Knight of Paris, and Mrs. Frelinghausen were presented at the Grecian court, and at that time Mrs. Brewster met the court official. If she marries him she will become a lady in waiting to the queen.

Cut Woman's Throat On Street.

Altoona, Pa., June 9.—Robert Denny, aged twenty-six, attacked Mrs. Sarah Hoover, aged twenty-two on the street in Tyrone, cutting her throat and back with a razor. He then ran to a nearby stable where he cut his own throat. The woman's injuries are not of a serious nature. Denny was brought to the Altoona hospital. Although he is badly injured, it is thought he will recover. For some time Denny has been paying attentions to Mrs. Hoover, who had been living apart from her husband. Having come to an agreement with her husband, Mrs. Hoover was on the way to the train intending to join him in Williamsburg, when Denny, in a fit of jealousy, attacked her on the street.

HUGE CROPS ASSURED

Area and Condition of Wheat Better This Year Than Last.

Washington, June 9.—The crop reporting board of the bureau of statistics of the department of agriculture issued a bulletin estimating the area sown to spring wheat to be 3.7 per cent more than the area sown last year, indicating a total area of about 17,710,000 acres, or 631,000 acres more than sown last year. The condition of spring wheat on June 1 was 95 per cent of a normal, as compared with 88.7 on June 1, 1907, and 93.2, the June 1 average of the past ten years.

The condition of winter wheat on June 1 was 86 per cent of a normal as compared with 77.4 on June 1, 1907, and 81 the June 1 average of the past ten years.

The area sown to oats is estimated to be 0.6 per cent less than the area sown last year, indicating a total area of about 31,644,000 acres, or 193,000 acres less than last year. The condition of the oats crop on June 1 was 92.9 per cent of a normal, as compared with 81.6 on June 1, 1907, and 88.9, the June 1 average of the past ten years.

The area sown to barley is estimated to be 3.9 per cent more than the area sown last year, indicating a total area of about 6,697,000 acres, or 249,000 more than last year. The condition of the crop on June 1 was 89.7 per cent of a normal, as compared with 84.9 on June 1, 1907, and 89.5 the June 1 average of the past ten years.

The condition of rye on June 1 was 91.3 per cent of a normal, as compared with 88.1 on June 1, 1907, and 90 the June 1 average of the past ten years.

The condition of meadows (hay) on June 1 was 96.8 per cent of a normal, as compared with 93.5 on May 1.

New Brunswick, N. J., June 9.—What is believed to have been a case of murder and robbery came to light when the body of Thomas Martin, the face covered with blood, was found in a vacant lot. It was found that Martin's death resulted from cerebral hemorrhage, which may have been caused by a blow. His watch and chain, which he wore when he left home, were missing. The police are searching for two men who were seen in the vicinity of the lot just before the body was discovered.

Engineer Fell From Fast Train.

Omaha, Neb., June 9.—While his locomotive was running forty miles an hour, Engineer E. Starling, of a passenger train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railway, fell from his cab several miles south of Hentons, Ia. It was not until the train ran by Hentons without whistling that Fireman Jackson missed the engineer. The train was run back and the engineer was found unconscious by the track. He will probably recover.

Cat Has Siamese Quartet.

New York, June 9.—Tabby, a marmalade cat, owned by Mrs. Grinnell, 598 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, gave birth to four kittens, perfectly formed, but bound to one another by ligaments. Three other kittens that came at the same time had seven toes on each forefoot. The freaks attracted so much attention, Mr. Grinnell drowned them.

Girl Attacked By Negro.

Miss Nellie Higginbotham, of North Woodbury, N. J., was attacked and brutally beaten by a negro while returning to her home from Philadelphia. The young woman, who is twenty-four years of age, had alighted from a trolley car, and was walking along Shivers lane when she was attacked by a negro. Miss Higginbotham screamed, and a tollgate keeper named Valentine came to her rescue. The negro, to stop her cries, beat the young woman over the head with a blackjack, crushing her skull. He fled, and a posse was organized and started in pursuit. The blackjack with which he had beaten Miss Higginbotham was found on the path where the young woman was picked up unconscious. The entire community is aroused by the outrage.

Rabies From Cat Bite.

Mrs. John Knox, of Palmyra, N. J., is under treatment at the Pasteur Institute in Chicago, suffering from rabies, caused by the bite of a pet cat. The cat was lying in Mrs. Knox's lap about a week ago, when it suddenly sank its teeth deep into her hand. A few days later the hand commenced to swell. She left at once for Chicago, taking the cat with her. A telegram announced that an examination of the cat's brain showed a well-developed case of rabies.

Jersey Corporations to Pay \$2,457,000.

The New Jersey board of assessors filed with the state comptroller a preliminary schedule of the taxes levied against corporations organized under the laws of New Jersey. The schedule embraces 6445 companies, who will pay taxes aggregating \$2,457,000.

Killed Drunken Husband.

Driven to desperation by the taunts of her drunken husband, Mrs. Emma Sandix, a Slavish woman, of Pringle Hill, near Wilkes-Barre, Pa., fatally shot her husband. The woman is the mother of seven children.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

Wednesday, June 3.

Hildebrand Fitzgerald, one of the proprietors and business manager of the Philadelphia Item, is dead, aged fifty-nine.

Safe blowers blew the safe and robbed the postoffice at Maryville, Tenn., securing \$511.65 in cash and stamps worth \$1500.

Owing to a general decrease in the demand for anthracite coal, the Reading company's Schuylkill collieries closed for three days.

Frank Johnson, a negro, who killed a married woman at Clarksburg, W. Va., because she refused to elope with him, was sentenced to be hanged on July 17.

Thursday, June 4.

News that Harry Ickis, a government mining expert, and companion were killed by Moros on April 1 while asleep in a hut has been received at Manila.

Colonel Charles M. Sloan, a prominent insurance broker, who for many years was a director of the Girard Fire Insurance company of Philadelphia, died at Mt. Holly, N. J.

Captain A. J. Standing, widely known as an Indian educator, and one of the founders of the Carlisle Indian school, died of paralysis at his home at Dickinson college, Carlisle, Pa., aged sixty years.

Friday, June 5.

Mrs. Minnie Gurnet hanged herself in a closet at her home in Appleton, Wis., with a shoestring while insane. Rev. Robert Hitchcock Paine, rector of Mount Calvary Episcopal church, Baltimore, Md., died of a complication of diseases from which he had been suffering for a long time.

Charged with the embezzlement of about \$84,000 from Servians, Peter Zenich, thirty-seven years old, was arrested at Pittsburg on complaint of Sam Mamlah, a leader of the Servian colony.

Saturday, June 6.

Stephen Sabo, of Pottstown, Pa., who shot Michael Balaz and threw the body into the river, was convicted of murder at Norristown.

Sixty-nine students in the second, third and fourth classes at the naval academy at Annapolis, Md., this year have been found deficient in their final examinations.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton college, has been nominated by Harvard to give the American lectures before the University of Paris and other French universities next winter.

The verdict against Walter R. Gillette, former vice president of the Mutual Life Insurance company, who had been convicted of perjury in connection with the life insurance investigation, was set aside by the appellate division of the New York supreme court.

Monday, June 8.

Falling as he tried to board a train at Lancaster, Pa., Charles Williams of Philadelphia, was perhaps fatally injured.

The 3000 miners in the coal fields of Northern Colorado have rejected the proposed wage scale, but a strike may be averted.

The Second battalion, Twelfth United States infantry, reached Odensburg, N. Y., Saturday, after a 200-mile march from Plattsburg.

Secretary Taft will celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of his graduation from Yale by attending the commencement on June 22 and making an address.

Tuesday, June 9.

Miss Bertha Donaldson, who was fatally burned at her home at Wilmington, Del., while engaged in cooking, died Monday.

The Greensburg (Pa.) county commissioners offered a reward of \$1000 for the arrest of the person who assaulted and murdered Anna Luchinski, nine years old, whose body was found in a box car at Mount Pleasant.

The president appointed Captain Lewis Guion, of the Twenty-sixth Louisiana infantry, a member of the Vicksburg national park commission, to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of General Stephen D. Lee.

Alfonzo Valzone, convicted at Wilmington, Del., of attempting to extort \$6000 from Raffaele Guglielmo, a rich Italian merchant, by means of threatening letters, was sentenced to three years at hard labor in the county workhouse.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS

The Latest Closing Prices in the BALTIMORE—WHEAT weak; No. 2 spot, 98@98 1/2; No. 2 spot, 93@93 1/2; southern, 92@92 1/2; CORN firm; mixed spot, 74@74 1/2; steamers mixed, 70@70 1/2; southern, 79 1/2; OATS unsettled; white, No. 2, 58@58 1/2; No. 3, 57@57 1/2; No. 4, 54@54 1/2; mixed, No. 2, 56@56 1/2; No. 3, 54@54 1/2; No. 4, 52@52 1/2; BUTTER easy; creamery separator extras, 24c; held, 18@19c; prints, 24@25c; Maryland and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 15@16c. EGGS steady; fancy Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia, 16 1/2c; southern, 15 1/2c.

Live Stock Markets. PITTSBURGH (Union Stock Yards)—CATTLE higher; choice, \$7.10@7.40; prime, \$6.75@7.10. SHEEP higher; lambs lower; prime wethers, \$4.65@4.75; culls and common, \$2@3; lambs, \$2.50@2.65; veal calves, \$6.50@7. HOGS higher; prime heavies, medium and heavy Yorkers, \$5.75@5.80; light Yorkers, \$5.50@5.60; pigs, \$5@5.10; roughs, \$4.50@4.90.

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Ordinance

To Regulate the Price of Certain Parts of the Water Supply.
Sec. 1.—Be it enacted and ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of New Oxford, and it is hereby enacted by authority of the same, that on and after the first day of July, 1908, the water rents for any tap now connected with the main pipes, shall not be less than Fifty (50) Dollars per year.
The following are also included as not being fully provided for:
Water Meters, when not additional to hydrant, \$5.00
Cisterns, when not additional to hydrant, \$5.00
Watering Troughs, when not additional to hydrant, \$5.00
Stables, 4 to 6 animals, when not additional to hydrant, \$5.00
Each additional animal, over 6 in number, 50c
Each vehicle, horse, or animal, 25c
Stables, additional to hydrant, 1 horse, 1 cow, 1 vehicle, or 3 animals, \$2.00
Each additional vehicle or animal, 50c
Livery stables, 1 horse, 1 cow, 1 vehicle, or 3 animals, \$2.00
Sec. 2.—No tap for building purposes shall be connected with the main pipe unless the party requesting such tap to be made shall agree to use the water for such building when completed and at the price already established by ordinance, or which shall be provided for in this ordinance; provided, however, that the party or parties having a connection made with the main for building purposes on condition provided for in this section shall be required to pay for the use of the water required in the construction of the building or buildings at prices heretofore established by ordinance, and shall not be required to pay any further amount as water rent until such building shall be occupied.
Sec. 3.—All ordinances or parts of ordinances inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.
Enacted and ordained this 2nd day of June, 1908.
President of Council.
Attest:—T. E. BOWER, Sec'y.
Approved this 3rd day of June, 1908.
G. A. KLINGEL, Burgess.

Have your watches, clocks, jewelry etc., repaired by skilled mechanics, and at bottom prices. Any articles left at Klingel's Barber shop, New Oxford, will be promptly forwarded. Also when you wish to purchase a clock, watch or anything in the jewelry line, we have the largest and most complete line in the county at right prices. C. A. BLOCHER, 7 18-1f. Gettysburg.

John Lynn, a farmer residing near Mt. Royal, York county, is in a critical condition as the result of a snake bite received last Saturday. The man was bitten in the hand by a large copper head snake.

Will of Daniel Minter.

By the will of Daniel Minter, late of Hanover, formerly of near this place, his wife, Rebecca Minter, was bequeathed all the real and personal property and named as executrix of the will, without bond. The testament is dated July 1, 1907. A codicil provides that upon the death of Mrs. Minter, all real and personal property be sold and debts paid, with the following bequests:

To Charles Sumner Minter, the sum of \$500, if living; if not, nothing to his family.

To Mrs. William Bender of Hanover, a foster-daughter, \$500 towards purchasing a home.

One hundred dollars to trustees of Mt. Olivet Cemetery, the interest to be used to keep burial lot in order. Also directs that a suitable monument be erected on the lot.

One hundred dollars to St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Hanover.

Twenty five dollars each to George and Alverta Rebecca Herbst, children of Daniel and Mary Herbst, and to Edith P. Bender, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Bender.

The residue is to be divided equally between the Tressler Orphans' Home, Loysville, Perry county, one-third to Foreign Mission Boards of the General Synod of the Lutheran Church.

C. M. Wolff, Esq., was named as guardian of heirs of estate of Noah Ditzler, as his successor, and after the death of Mrs. Minter is also named as executor to settle up estate, for which he is to receive \$100.

Owing to the critical illness of Mrs. Minter she has renounced the duties of executrix, and has appointed Mr. Wolff sole executor.

Council Proceedings.

June 2.—Regular session; present—Messrs. Dicks, Hersh, Miller, Sheely, Hulick, Miller; President Sheely presided; minutes of last meeting approved.

J. E. C. Miller, who was appointed at the April meeting to inquire about stone crusher, stated that he has been unable to make much progress in that line.

The alleys were reported in bad condition.

Water Committee—No report.

Town Property.—M. G. Colestock having verbally resigned as lamplighter, the manner of getting lights lit was discussed, and also the number of nights that the lamps shall be lit. J. M. Hulick moved that the lamps be lit twenty (20) consecutive nights, and oftener if necessary, from and after the second evening that the full moon rises, and that the Council publish for bids for lamplighting on the following basis: 40 lamps at so much per night; the lamp in front of the engine house to be lit every night and to remain burning all night; the lamplighter to deliver the coal oil to engine house free of charge. Seconded by J. E. C. Miller and carried. The Council agreed to meet on Tuesday evening, June 16, to receive and consider bids.

Health Committee.—C. T. Hersh reported that he had looked around the Borough and that all places are in fair sanitary condition.

Ordinance Committee.—N. Dicks presented an ordinance relative to the price of certain parts of the water supply. The ordinance which will be published in the ITEM, was on motion passed.

Bills to the amount of \$98 were examined and orders granted for payment. Water, \$56.55; Borough, \$41.55.

T. E. Bower, Sec'y.

Harry T. Petry, whose case attracted widespread attention four or five years ago, died in Westminster, Md., Friday night, June 5, after a week's illness, at the age of about 40 years. Petry was an inmate some years ago of the Maryland University Hospital, suffering with tuberculosis of the bones of both legs. Amputation after amputation was performed until at last nothing of the limbs remained but two short stumps. Then the diseased portion of the legs appeared to have been entirely removed and he was dismissed from the hospital. Both arms were paralyzed and he was helpless.

While asleep early Wednesday morning John Zink of Norristown, aged 18 years, got from his bed, dressed himself and walked through the open window of his room on the third floor of the home of his sister, Mrs. James Arkwright. The boy landed on the fence surrounding the home, and was perhaps fatally injured. Young Zink was caught by the bottom of his trousers and he was thrown forward, his head striking the ground and rendering him unconscious. It is feared he sustained a concussion of the brain. His groans were heard by a neighbor, who released the boy from his uncomfortable position.

The body of John Warner, 35 years old, of Scranton, was found floating in the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal at Waver-ton. Marks on the left side of the face and temple indicate that Warner probably was murdered and his body thrown into the canal.

More About Dittenhafer.

Says the Hanover Record:—"Ambrose Dittenhafer called at the office to ask a correction of the statement that he had been arrested a second time for threatening to burn buildings on a farm in Mountpleasant township, on which he is tenant. The facts are the suit before Justice Lilly was brought by Otis Baughman for the possession of the property, and was decided by Justice Lilly in Baughman's favor, giving him also \$50 damages. This case will be appealed to court."

Won Honors at Gettysburg.

John William Hart, aged 75 years, a Union veteran, who served in the Sixth Pennsylvania Reserves, died in Cumberland, Md., Tuesday. Congress voted him a special gold medal for bravery at the battle of Gettysburg. When the Confederate sharpshooters from an old house, were picking off Union officers, and volunteers were called to raid the house, Sergeant Hart, the first to step forward, was given 12 picked men. That night he captured the cabin and made the Confederates, 40 in number, surrender to him personally. He was a member of the Legion of Honor, and leaves a wife and five children.

Aged Woman's Wanderings.

Mrs. John Greenaway of Hanover, returned from Philadelphia Wednesday evening, where she had gone for the purpose of bringing her aged mother, Mrs. Helen Cartwright, to her home in Hanover.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Cartwright wandered from the home of her daughter early on the morning of May 8, causing great apprehension to the family. Several days afterwards it was learned that the lady had been found in the streets of York and sent to the almshouse. She remained there several days and when Mr. Greenaway had gone there to bring her home, she had departed. Later the family learned that the aged lady through the assistance of chance acquaintances had reached New York city, her former home. Here she was observed wandering alone through the streets by the city authorities. In the course of an examination she told that her home was in Hanover, Pa., whereupon she was sent to an institution in Philadelphia, pending an investigation. Here she was located by her daughter, who brought her home Wednesday evening.

George F. Payne Dead.

George F. Payne, of the firm of George F. Payne & Co., builders of the new state capitol at Harrisburg, and a defendant in the capitol conspiracy case, died at his home in Philadelphia aged fifty-five years. Death was caused by a complication of diseases.

Mr. Payne, who was one of the best known contractors and builders in this city, was under indictment, together with his business partner Charles G. Wetter, on a charge of conspiracy in connection with the capitol painting and decorating contracts.

George F. Payne & Co., were the general contractors for the capitol under the public building commission, and so far as the actual construction of the building is concerned there was no complaint against Payne & Co. The structure cost \$4,500,000 but the cost of the furnishings, fittings and decorations ran the total up to about \$13,000,000. The allegations are that the state was robbed in connection with the awarding of these furnishing and decorating contracts and by the excessive amounts charged.

"Devil Chaser" is Insane.

The commission appointed to examine Robert Bachman, the religious fanatic who murdered his little niece during an orgie at Nazareth, performed the duty in the county jail at Easton, Pa., and filed a report to the effect that the prisoner's mind is unbalanced, and recommended that he be removed to an asylum.

Young Girl Bold Burglar.

Maggie Knowlton, twelve years old, of Rivington, admitted before Judge Horner at Mount Holly, N. J., that she had committed a number of burglaries, and seemed rather proud of her career. She was committed to the State Home for Girls, where she will have to remain until she becomes of age.

Killed By Practical Joke.

Pittsburg, June 9.—A victim of practical jokes, Morris Gaseberg, twenty-two years old, died at a hospital. He had been employed at the Duquesne Steel works, and on May 30, it is alleged, fellow workmen inflated his body by compressed air, causing peritonitis. An investigation is being conducted.

Elephant Pounds Horse to Death.

New Albany, Ind., June 9.—Seizing a horse with its trunk, an enraged elephant dashed the animal against the ground until it had pounded the horse's life out. Showmen were loading the animals on a train, when the horse kicked the elephant.

CAPITOL ARGUMENT

Mr. Cunningham Opens For the Commonwealth.

THE LAW POINTS UNDECIDED

Harrisburg, Pa., June 9.—The capitol metallic furniture contract conspiracy trial, which has been occupying the Dauphin county court since May 12, has entered upon its final stage and the expectation is to close it on Friday. Law points were submitted and Deputy Attorney General Cunningham began his address to the jury, opening the speeches for the defense.

Eight hours was allowed each side in which to make the closing speeches to the jury, the defense offering ex-Attorney General W. U. Hensel and George S. Graham as its orators on behalf of all defendants, while Mr. Cunningham, James Scarlett and Attorney General M. Hampton Todd were announced as the speakers for the state. The law points were then submitted, but owing to the desire to save time arguments were not heard on them, although Judge Kunkel stated that he would allow full discussion.

There were twelve points for Architect Huston, six for Contractor H. Burd Cassell and two each for the former state officials, Messrs. Snyder, Mathues and Shumaker. In the main they asked that binding instructions be given on the ground that no case has been made out; that the standard of measurement was made up honestly and that there was no fraud in the measurement.

In his opening Mr. Cunningham reviewed the transaction leading to the indictment, going back to the award of the contract in 1902. His discussion evoked some objections from Messrs. Graham and Schaeffer, who demanded that he refer to Messrs. Harris and Hardenbergh, former state officials, in speaking of the award, as they were predecessors of the former officials at the bar. Mr. Cunningham conducted a demonstration of the plans and schedule for the jury. He then described the process through which each invoice went to be passed upon and paid, linking the defendants with the various stages, and where the state claims duplication in payments.

SHERIFF LOADED THE JURY

Supreme Court Justice Sets Aside Indictments in Jersey City Cases.

Trenton, N. J., June 9.—The supreme court in an opinion by Justice Swayze set aside a number of indictments that were found in Hudson county in 1907 against Chief of Police Monahan, of Jersey City; Assistant Corporate Counsel James W. McCarthy and a number of policemen. These men had been indicted for conspiracy to interfere with the primary election of 1907. The police officials, acting under the advice of McCarthy, had arrested the election officers for refusing to receive the ballots of certain voters.

Justice Swayze, in his opinion, severely criticized Sheriff John Kaiser, of Hudson county, for not having drawn an impartial jury. He cites the fact that Kaiser was chairman of the Hudson county Republican committee and leader of the faction in the party opposed to the faction with which the indicted men were identified. Justice Swayze says that a majority of the grand jury were friendly to the sheriff's faction and that the other faction did not have a single representative on the grand jury. That the jury chosen by Kaiser was not an impartial one he deduces from the facts and therefore sets all of the indictments aside.

Divorcee to Wed a King's Aide.

Sioux Falls, S. D., June 9.—Mrs. Franklin Brewster, whose husband is a millionaire of Rochester, N. Y., has been granted a divorce here and left for the home of her son-in-law, Senator Frelinghausen, of New Jersey. Mrs. Brewster has said here that she might marry an attaché of the king of Greece. Her daughters, Mrs. Ashton Knight, of Paris, and Mrs. Frelinghausen were presented at the Grecian court, and at that time Mrs. Brewster met the court official. If she marries him she will become a lady in waiting to the queen.

Cut Woman's Throat On Street.

Altounga, Pa., June 9.—Robert Denny, aged twenty-six, attacked Mrs. Sarah Hoover, aged twenty-two on the street in Tyrone, cutting her throat and back with a razor. He then ran to a nearby stable where he cut his own throat. The woman's injuries are not of a serious nature. Denny was brought to the Altounga hospital. Although he is badly injured, it is thought he will recover. For some time Denny has been paying attentions to Mrs. Hoover, who had been living apart from her husband. Having come to an agreement with her husband, Mrs. Hoover was on the way to the train intending to join him in Williamsburg, when Denny, in a fit of jealousy, attacked her on the street.

HUGE CROPS ASSURED

Area and Condition of Wheat Better This Year Than Last.

Washington, June 9.—The crop reporting board of the bureau of statistics of the department of agriculture issued a bulletin estimating the area sown to spring wheat to be 3.7 per cent more than the area sown last year, indicating a total area of about 17,710,000 acres, or 631,000 acres more than sown last year. The condition of spring wheat on June 1 was 95 per cent of a normal, as compared with 88.7 on June 1, 1907, and 93.2, the June 1 average of the past ten years.

The condition of winter wheat on June 1 was 86 per cent of a normal as compared with 77.4 on June 1, 1907, and 81, the June 1 average of the past ten years.

The area sown to oats is estimated to be 0.6 per cent less than the area sown last year, indicating a total area of about 31,644,000 acres, or 193,000 acres less than last year. The condition of the oats crop on June 1 was 92.9 per cent of a normal, as compared with 81.6 on June 1, 1907, and 88.9, the June 1 average of the past ten years.

The area sown to barley is estimated to be 3.9 per cent more than the area sown last year, indicating a total area of about 6,697,000 acres, or 249,000 more than last year. The condition of the crop on June 1 was 89.7 per cent of a normal, as compared with 84.9 on June 1, 1907, and 89.5, the June 1 average of the past ten years.

The condition of rye on June 1 was 91.3 per cent of a normal, as compared with 88.1 on June 1, 1907, and 90, the June 1 average of the past ten years.

The condition of meadows (hay) on June 1 was 96.3 per cent of a normal, as compared with 93.5 on May 1.

New Brunswick, N. J., June 9.—What is believed to have been a case of murder and robbery came to light when the body of Thomas Martin, the face covered with blood, was found in a vacant lot. It was found that Martin's death resulted from cerebral hemorrhage, which may have been caused by a blow. His watch and chain, which he wore when he left home, were missing. The police are searching for two men who were seen in the vicinity of the lot just before the body was discovered.

Engineer Fell From Fast Train.

Omaha, Neb., June 9.—While his locomotive was running forty miles an hour, Engineer E. Starling, of a passenger train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railway, fell from his cab several miles south of Hentons, Ia. It was not until the train ran by Hentons without whistling that Fireman Jackson missed the engineer. The train was run back and the engineer was found unconscious by the track. He will probably recover.

Cat Has Siamese Quartet.

New York, June 9.—Tabby, a maltese cat, owned by Mrs. Grinnell, 598 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, gave birth to four kittens, perfectly formed, but bound to one another by ligaments. Three other kittens that came at the same time had seven toes on each forefoot. The freaks attracted so much attention, Mrs. Grinnell drowned them.

Girl Attacked By Negro.

Miss Nellie Higginbotham, of North Woodbury, N. J., was attacked and brutally beaten by a negro while returning to her home from Philadelphia. The young woman, who is twenty-four years of age, had alighted from a trolley car, and was walking along Shivers lane when she was attacked by a negro. Miss Higginbotham screamed, and a tollgate keeper named Valentine came to her rescue. The negro, to stop her cries, beat the young woman over the head with a blackjack, crushing her skull. He fled, and a posse was organized and started in pursuit. The blackjack with which he had beaten Miss Higginbotham was found on the path where the young woman was picked up unconscious. The entire community is aroused by the outrage.

Rabies From Cat Bite.

Mrs. John Knox, of Palmyra, N. J., is under treatment at the Pasteur Institute in Chicago, suffering from rabies, caused by the bite of a pet cat. The cat was lying in Mrs. Knox's lap about a week ago, when it suddenly sank its teeth deep into her hand.

A few days later the hand commenced to swell. She left at once for Chicago, taking the cat with her. A telegram announced that an examination of the cat's brain showed a well-developed case of rabies.

Jersey Corporations to Pay \$2,457,000.

The New Jersey board of assessors filed with the state comptroller a preliminary schedule of the taxes levied against corporations organized under the laws of New Jersey. The schedule embraces 6445 companies, who will pay taxes aggregating \$2,457,000.

Killed Drunken Husband.

Driven to desperation by the taunts of her drunken husband, Mrs. Emma Sandix, a Slavish woman, of Pringle Hill, near Wilkes-Barre, Pa., fatally shot her husband. The woman is the mother of seven children.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

Wednesday, June 3.

Illdebrand Fitzgerald, one of the proprietors and business manager of the Philadelphia Item, is dead, aged fifty-nine.

Safe blowers blew the safe and robbed the postoffice at Maryville, Tenn., securing \$511.65 in cash and stamps worth \$1500.

Owing to a general decrease in the demand for anthracite coal, the Reading company's Schuylkill collieries closed for three days.

Frank Johnson, a negro, who killed a married woman at Clarksburg, W. Va., because she refused to elope with him, was sentenced to be hanged on July 17.

Thursday, June 4.

News that Harry Ickis, a government mining expert, and companion were killed by Moros on April 1 while asleep in a hut has been received at Manila.

Colonel Charles M. Sloan, a prominent insurance broker, who for many years was a director of the Girard Fire Insurance company of Philadelphia, died at Mt. Holly, N. J.

Captain A. J. Standing, widely known as an Indian educator, and one of the founders of the Carlisle Indian school, died of paralysis at his home at Dickinson college, Carlisle, Pa., aged sixty years.

Friday, June 5.

Mrs. Minnie Gurnet hanged herself in a closet at her home in Appleton, Wis., with a shoestring while insane.

Rev. Robert Hitchcock Paine, rector of Mount Calvary Episcopal church, Baltimore, Md., died of a complication of diseases from which he had been suffering for a long time.

Charged with the embezzlement of about \$84,000 from Servians, Peter Zenich, thirty-seven years old, was arrested at Pittsburg on complaint of Sam Mamlah, a leader of the Servian colony.

Saturday, June 6.

Stephen Sabo, of Pottstown, Pa., who shot Michael Balazs and threw the body into the river, was convicted of murder at Norristown.

Sixty-nine students in the second, third and fourth classes at the naval academy at Annapolis, Md., this year have been found deficient in their final examinations.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton college, has been nominated by Harvard to give the American lectures before the University of Paris and other French universities next winter.

The verdict against Walter R. Gillette, former vice president of the Mutual Life Insurance company, who had been convicted of perjury in connection with the life insurance investigation, was set aside by the appellate division of the New York supreme court.

Monday, June 8.

Falling as he tried to board a train at Lancaster, Pa., Charles Williams, of Philadelphia, was perhaps fatally injured.

The 3000 miners in the coal fields of Northern Colorado have rejected the proposed wage scale, but a strike may be averted.

The Second battalion, Twelfth United States Infantry, reached Ogdensburg, N. Y., Saturday, after a 200-mile march from Plattsburg.

Secretary Taft will celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of his graduation from Yale by attending the commencement on June 22 and making an address.

Tuesday, June 9.

Miss Bertha Donaldson, who was fatally burned at her home at Wilmington, Del., while engaged in cooking, died Monday.

The Greensburg (Pa.) county commissioners offered a reward of \$1000 for the arrest of the person who assaulted and murdered Anna Luchinski, nine years old, whose body was found in a box car at Mount Pleasant.

The president appointed Captain Lewis Gulon, of the Twenty-sixth Louisiana infantry, a member of the Vicksburg national park commission, to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of General Stephen D. Lee.

Alfonzo Valzone, convicted at Wilmington, Del., of attempting to extort \$6000 from Raffaele Guglielmo, a rich Italian merchant, by means of threatening letters, was sentenced to three years at hard labor in the county workhouse.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS

The Latest Closing Prices in the BALTIMORE—WHEAT weak; No. 2 spot, 98¢98½¢; steamer No. 2 spot, 93¢93½¢; southern, 93¢97¢. CORN firm; mixed spot, 74¢74½¢; steamer mixed, 70¢70½¢; southern, 79¢. OATS, unsettled; white, No. 2, 58¢58½¢; No. 3, 57¢57½¢; No. 4, 54¢54½¢; mixed, No. 2, 56¢56½¢; No. 3, 54¢54½¢; No. 4, 52¢52½¢. BUTTER easy; creamery separators, 24¢; held, 18¢19¢; prints, 24¢25¢; Maryland and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 15¢16¢. EGGS steady; fancy Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia, 16¢; southern, 15¢.

Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURGH (Union Stock Yards)—CATTLE higher; choice, \$7.10¢7.40¢; prime, \$6.75¢7.10¢. SHEEP higher; lambs lower; prime wethers, \$4.85¢4.75¢; culls and common, \$2.83¢; lambs, \$3.50¢5.65¢; veal calves, \$6.50¢7. HOGS higher; prime heavies, medium and heavy Yorkers, \$5.75¢5.80¢; light Yorkers, \$5.50¢5.60¢; pigs, \$5¢5.10¢; roughs, \$4.50¢4.90¢.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

I haven't much faith in the man who complains of the work he has chosen to do. He's lazy, or else he's deficient in brains. And—may be—a hypocrite, too. He's likely to cheat and he's likely to rob. Away with the man who finds fault with his job.

But give me the man with the sun in his face, And the shadows all dancing behind; Who can meet his reverses with calmness and grace, And never forgets to be kind; For whether he's wielding a scepter or swab, I have faith in the man who's in love with his job.

—John L. Shroy, in Lippincott's.

Miss Van Busker's Limerick.

By Mrs. George Norman.

We were none of us quite sure after all whether Miss Van Busker had or had not accepted the Duke of Derry.

"This is so sudden, dook," his sister, little Lady Hildegarde, wickedly pretended Miss Van Busker to have said, and then that she must have time—a month or so—in which to get to know him.

So far Miss Van Busker's getting to know the Duke of Derry had seemed almost to consist in staying in country houses where he wasn't and—well, talking to his men friends. I suppose she talked about him.

A plain white envelope among her pink and mauve lettered letters on the sideboard at Littlewick every morning of our stay there seemed something of an indication, however, for Lady Hildegarde used to raise her pretty eyebrows whenever she came down before Miss Van Busker and saw the wrappings.

We were all as a party very keen, as the men called it, on limericks. We usually spent the morning spoiling sheets of poor Lady Newbattle's best note-paper.

Miss Van Busker wasn't so enthusiastic as the others, however.

"I'll help," she said the first morning at breakfast—she always came down as fresh as a daisy and as sweet tempered as possible while trays were going up to a lot of the other girls' rooms. "I mayn't be a flyer, but I guess I can fix a limerick."

Capt. Croome, who is a nice looking young man, with a place in Warwickshire, and thirteen motors, but who certainly isn't clever, developed a most extraordinary taste for limericks.

"If you'd be so good, Miss Van Busker," he said, quite eagerly for him.

"Why, certainly," Miss Van Busker said, with her pretty smile and holding out a buttered roll to the pug, and Captain Croome hurried through his breakfast to go and look for a pencil and paper.

It was a dreadful week of fogs; hunting and shooting were off, and it was not cold enough to skate.

"What we should have done with—these delightful limericks," Lady Newbattle confided to me, "I tremble to think."

All the rooms, and even a drafty passage called the armory, were full of people—usually two at a time—with two pencils and one piece of paper. At luncheon they didn't seem to have done so very much, but the butler spent all his time sending down to the village for sixpenny postal orders, which soon ran out and had to be fetched from the town.

The first few days Miss Van Busker had sat in the music room, and Captain Croome had sat there, too, and made noughts and crosses, as I happened to see afterward, on a whole sheaf of papers.

The other girls at this time were rather indignant with Miss Van Busker.

"If she isn't engaged to Stony" (that is, the Duke of Derry) "she might say so; and if she is, well—Captain Croome ought to know it." Lady Hildegarde said to me as we went up to dress for dinner.

I think some one must have given Captain Croome a hint, for to my astonishment he joined me in a very, very damp and uncomfortable tramp around the park on the Wednesday afternoon.

"Er—ah—" he began suddenly. Just as we got up to the statue of Diana above the house and as I was wondering what he'd come for—"er—ah!" Miss Van Busker engaged to that ass?"

"Really, Captain Croome," I said, "I can't think who you mean, and I think you'd better ask Miss Van Busker anything like that yourself."

I changed the conversation, and very soon Captain Croome said he was sure I'd catch cold if we stayed out any longer, and as he wouldn't go in by himself we both went back.

Just at this time Miss Van Busker took to attaching herself to me. She is very sweet and appealing, and I liked having her, but Captain Croome would follow us about and gaze at Miss Van Busker and say nothing, and it got quite embarrassing.

"Are you—will you think it indiscreet if I ask if you are going to be married?" I said at last one evening, rather abruptly, as Miss Van Busker came into my room before dinner in an exquisite silver tissue over layers of rose-colored chiton.

Miss Van Busker gazed pensively into the fire. "I guess I don't know," she said, thoughtfully. "I don't seem able to know. But I'll write you whenever I do," she added, brightening up.

"Thank you," I murmured, and I couldn't think of anything else to say. So we went down to the drawing

room, where Captain Croome was standing gazing at the door. He had had an enormous box of lilies of the valley from Solomon's that afternoon, my maid, who will gossip, told me while she did up my dress, and Miss Van Busker had a lovely bunch of lilies in her silver waist belt.

We were getting rather tired of limericks, but after dinner Lady Newbattle set us down to a final competition for an old-age pension, a country mansion, with fishing and shooting attached, and three footmen thrown in. We all seemed to have exhausted our ideas, however, and our best efforts were poor.

Miss Van Busker that night wore an absolutely plain white crepe dress, and her golden hair was very simply done, and she looked perfectly lovely.

Captain Croome retired to the further end of the library behind a screen, and tore up simply dozens of sheets of paper.

"Can't you get through, Captain?" Miss Van Busker called out at last, when every one had handed in their folded slips of paper.

Captain Croome started up, and went over to Miss Van Busker with quite visible anxiety, and handed her his paper, and I could not help hearing him beg her to read it.

Miss Van Busker frowned dreadfully when she opened the slip.

"Why, yours doesn't begin to be like a limerick," she said coldly to Captain Croome. "I guess you don't get the prize. What do you say?" and she leaned across and handed me the open paper.

I just glanced at it and then at Captain Croome, whose face was a study, and I crumpled it up and threw it into the fire.

"I can't do mine," I said, and I got up and went into the hall. Captain Croome followed me.

What he didn't say in general terms of the perfidy and heartlessness and general horridness of women isn't worth mentioning, and I felt quite wretched. But at last he went off into the smoking room and said he'd have a peg and turn in, and I did the same. I mean, I went up to bed.

At breakfast next day Lady Newbattle looked dreadfully worried.

"Miss Van Busker's gone," she said, looking round the table. "She got a telegram last night. And Captain Croome got one this morning, and he's gone, too."

"Did they go together?" I said incredulously.

Lady Newbattle looked nervously at little Lady Hildegarde.

"Oh, no," she said, "certainly not. Miss Van Busker had the brougham, though how she got all her luggage on it I don't know, and Captain Croome had the landaulette, and neither knew the other was going."

One of the men laughed.

"But they'll meet at the station," he said, "by Jove!"

Lady Newbattle looked more worried than ever.

"And this wire's just come from the Duke of Derry to say he'll meet her at the other end," she said wretchedly.

Lady Newbattle sighed heavily and went over and fed the dogs.

And we all, though we'd done nothing, looked rather guiltily at each other and at little Lady Hildegarde, the duke's sister, who is devoted to him.

And how Miss Van Busker compounded with her two admirers at Liverpool street I can't think.—The Tatler.

BARK BEETLE IS CONQUERED.

Nature Comes to Aid of Forestry Department in Annihilating Destroyers.

After ruining a billion and a half feet of the choicest lumber in the Black Hills of South Dakota, and ravaging thousands of acres of the finest pine trees in the West the little bark beetle, which has robbed Uncle Sam's forestry division of \$10,000,000 in the last ten years, has been put to rout by nature working in her own way to accomplish that of which the scientists connected with the bureau made a complete failure. Already the beetles are on the decline in numbers and the forest rangers now believe that within a few years the little pest will have disappeared entirely from the Black Hills forests.

Last year the foresters, who had vainly tried many remedies, noticed that many of the trees attacked by the beetles were shedding their bark effectually killing every beetle which happened to be in the tree at the time the bark fell. They investigated and soon found that every tree from which the bark had fallen was covered with a grayish slime which worked between the wood and the bark, loosening the latter from the wood and causing the death of every young beetle which happened to be in its little gallery or larva mine. In most cases the bark simply falls from the tree, leaving the wood bare and bringing the beetles down to earth and certain death.

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Takes Time.

It is true that the civilized world is gradually shedding its superstitions, but the process is slow. We have in this country the finest hospitals in the world, surgery and pathology are in a high state of development, but we have countless citizens, of more or less eminence, who carry potatoes in their pockets to cure rheumatism.—New York Times.

The Best Inheritance

By Winifred Black.



POOR laborer received a message the other night telling him that his mother over in Norway had left him a legacy of \$1000.

The laborer was so overjoyed at the news that he threw down his pick, climbed out of the ditch he was helping to dig, called together such of his companions as would listen to him and went and got so drunk that within two hours he was lying in a cell trying to remember what had happened to him.

And we look upon money as the only legacy! If that poor, hard-working, saving, self-deceiving mother over there across the sea had spent every penny of that one thousand dollars on herself or on some one who would have known how to use it, how much better off that poor stupid son of hers would have been!

What an inexorable hand seems to stretch between us and our foolish hopes and wishes sometimes!

If that mother could have willed her boy common sense or self-control, she would have left a will worth the treasuring.

I wonder how many millionaires there are who wish they could write a last will and testament which would bequeath to their children the qualities which made the millions instead of the millions themselves.

I'd rather be born with common sense and a level head for an inheritance than to come into any kind of an estate that any human being can leave another.

Don't fret about that boy of yours, little anxious-eyed mother. You won't be able to leave him a cent. Glory be; but you've already given him his inheritance.

He wears the proud sign of it in his bright, clear eyes and his head held high in honest pride.

Don't worry over that girl, either.

The gentle heart and steady brain her father gave her will outlast and outbargain a thousand fortunes cast in mere dollars.

There's too much wealth in the world now, Mr. Successful Business Man. Stop piling up gold, like a monkey with a bundle of sticks.

Spend what you have generously, but sensibly, and let that boy of yours go out and earn what he needs.

Tear up your last will and testament and try to give him something real to inherit, so that when he is your age he will go and look at the headstone that marks the place where you lie buried and say: "My father left his children something worth the leaving when he died—something that no court of law and no will contest can take away from us, something that cannot be wasted, and spent and thrown away."

Poor laborer, with your rising thousands! I wonder if you were so much more foolish than a lot of us who laugh at you, after all.—New York American.

The Craze of Home Owning

To be Thought of Only When Prosperous and Sixty.

By August Van Dyck.

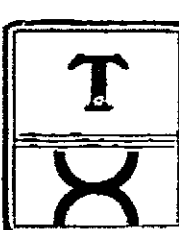
HIS craze of home owning is widespread, and is especially rampant among naturalized Americans. It is one of the first impulses that they get after reaching this country. The reason is clear. The possibilities of home owning on the Continent are remote, with the result that the ownership of a home is a cherished longing. They perceive that such ownership is possible in this country, and they set about it actively, securing it eventually at great personal sacrifice and probable extinction of freedom. The children of many a family have grown up in want owing to the insatiable longing of the parents to own the home that they live in. They save nothing by it, but on the other hand run the risk of incurring themselves with unsalable property. They have the delusion that they are not paying rent; but they are paying rent and probably more than they can afford.

The advice that I would give is to select a house or flat well within one's means and put the balance of the savings regularly in the bank. If an opportunity in another part of the country then comes one will not find his movements hampered by the necessity of maintaining an unprofitable investment. The American people are essentially nomadic. They cannot be otherwise, with new regions to exploit, new towns to found, and new opportunities to grasp.

Take the advice of one who has passed the allotted years of three-score and ten and who has been a home owner ever since he was twenty-three, discarding from time to time what appeared to be perfectly satisfactory when it was bought, and usually, interest computed, at a loss. It is my firm conviction that no man shown own his own home until he has prosperously passed the age of sixty years.

Is Conciseness a Virtue?

By Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury.



HE gospel of conciseness, like the gospel of silence, is proclaimed in hundreds of articles and books. Every one, however little he himself follows its precepts, recommends them to his friends and charges disregard of them upon his foes. Now, conciseness is neither a good thing nor a bad thing in itself. Its value, like its appropriateness, depends upon the subject, upon the occasion, upon the audience addressed. But the success of it depends most of all upon the personality of the speaker. If terseness can be united with vigor of expression which conveys the idea powerfully to the mind and with point which fixes it there, nothing can be more all-sufficient. Conciseness, then, has done its perfect work. But to effect this result requires great ability, if not genius; and great ability, to say nothing of genius, is very exceptional. On the other hand, when brevity is united with dullness—as it is very apt to be—it loses not merely the power to influence and to inspire, but to inform. To be concise, without being bald and jejune, is granted only to the highest order of minds. On the other hand, condensation, even when the matter is particularly valuable, is rarely entertaining. Intellectual fare can no more be made palatable by compression than can bodily. Penmanship is described as a food intended to comprise the greatest amount of nutrition in the smallest space. It is useful—in fact, invaluable—on certain occasions and in certain places. But no one is likely to choose it as a regular article of diet, still less to entertain his friends with it at a feast.—From Harper's.

What to Eat

By Joseph B. Bowles.



IT has been indisputably proved by experiment that animal foods are more easily, more readily and more completely digested than vegetable; milk, eggs and beef being the most readily so of all foods in use, having a minimum of residue (from 3 to 6 percent) remaining undigested, while from 20 to 70 percent of all vegetable foods pass through the alimentary tract undigested. While it makes little difference as regards the obtaining of nourishment, the question, from the view-point of digestion and non-fermentation is decided—

ly in favor of a mixed diet—not wholly one or the other. It is claimed that the eating of meat clogs the system with uric acid, producing rheumatism, etc. There is no gain, however, in changing to a vegetable diet, because the vegetables that are substituted for meat (those furnishing the protein—beans, peas and lentils) contain xanthin, a substance closely allied to the uric acid in meats and producing the same results. Summing up the pros and cons of vegetarianism and mixed diet, carefully and without prejudice weighing the one over against the other, we may safely say that it is not altogether the kind of material that enter the being, but the kind of being the materials enter.—From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE APPALACHIAN BILL.

And Other Aspects of the Need of a Radical Policy in Forestry.

If the work of saving the forests—or what is left of them by the ignorance and rapacity of corporate and private ownership—is to be set on foot, once for all, without false starts, is must be undertaken not only in a patriotic spirit, but with imagination. It is easy to learn what has been wasted in the century past—public resources probably sufficient to have made it unnecessary for any American citizen to have paid a cent of tax. What is needed, is to project the mind fifty years ahead, to consider the problem in the light of the enormous foreign population that is coming to us and learning from us ghastly lessons of laissez-faire—a policy which in matters of forestry their own governments have learned through disastrous experience to abandon.

There are unmistakable signs of a reaction in the excessive individualism, the go-as-you-please, every-man-for-himself, I-may-do-what-I-wish-with-my-own-views-of-life. A new spirit is upon us, with a new definition of eminent domain, enlarging its scope to the control of private interests that exist to the injury of the public. This is not socialism in the violent sense of the word; rightly conceived, it is a new sense of brotherhood. Its principle is, "You ought not to get your happiness at the expense of your fellow-men." It does not point to confiscation; on the contrary, it promises to supply a working substitute for anarchy. It may easily be misapplied or carried too far. But it is not more dangerous than certain false methods of corporate ownership and the equally tyrannical excess of trade unionism, which together have created so much of the new social unrest. The trend of progress points to a more excellent way.

To apply this to a single aspect of the forestry question: Why should owners of enormous tracts of mountain forests be permitted to denude them to the manifest injury of the agriculture, navigation and commerce of the valleys and streams which they supply? We are accustomed to think of nature as a dominating force, whereas, its modification by human action is the most constant of phenomena. The life of man has been described as substantially a warfare against the animals, against his fellows, and against the face of nature. It is the business of government not to promote, but to restrict this warfare, as it has done in the reservation of western forests—one of the most important notes of progress the country has struck since the civil war. It is the office of the wise not only to protect the weak against the strong—but to protect the foolish from themselves.

There are signs that in this matter other countries are awake to their peril and responsibilities. British Columbia is taking time by the forelock, and, by a sweeping act, reserving for governmental control every acre of forest land not already leased. Colombia in South America, has also passed new forest laws in keeping with intelligent modern public opinion. The conference cannot directly legislate, but its recommendations and influence ought to shape a policy of co-operation between the nation and the states along uniform lines. The Appalachian bill is a step in the right direction, and ought to be enacted, but we must go farther, considering the forests of the country, with all due respect to private ownership a heritage of posterity.

An important and commendable step has just been taken by the state of New York in the purchase of Mount Marcy and other peaks of the Adirondacks at this policy should at once be continued until the reservation reaches its maximum extent. Then the whole tract should be administered under a system which, while guaranteeing private rights, will give the state supervision of the cutting of trees. The public health, the interests of agriculture, commerce and navigation in New York and Pennsylvania call immediate consideration to the whole subject. "Be wise in time; 'tis madness to defer."—From an editorial in The Century.

Knew His Dickens.

A third form boy in a city school belongs to a family of Dickens worshippers, who have a kind of Dickens fellowship among themselves—read Dickens round the fireside, in turns, at night; quote Dickens in all sorts of little "family" catch phrases. The boy of nine took his place in the "Scripture" class this week, the lesson had been on the story of Uriah the Hittite, and the form master was driving it home by close questioning. "And what," he asked, "was the name of Uriah's wife?" Dead pause. Then the voice of the youthful Dickens scholar piped, "Please sir—Heep!"—London Chronicle.

In Doubt.

Mrs. Subbubs—O, George, that new servant girl has served notice on me to quit.

Mr. Subbubs—O, well, don't get excited about it.

Mrs. Subbubs—Yes, but the way she put it I can't tell whether she's going to get out or expects me to get out.—Philadelphia Press.

That's So.

"If it wasn't for me my class in school wouldn't have any standing at all," said Hubert.

"Nonsense!" said his aunt. "Your mother says you are at the foot of it."

"I am," said Hubert. "How could it stand if it didn't have a foot?"—Chicago News.

Heavy Decrease in Births.

The vital statistics for the year 1907 show a further marked decrease in the birth rate for France which, in a century, has fallen from 1,607,000 to 774,000 a year. The reduction in the number of births last year was 33,000, as against an average decrease of 12,000 for the last seven years. The deaths in France in 1907 totalled 793,000, 19,000 more than the total of births.

Saved From Being a Cripple For Life.

"Almost six or seven weeks ago I became paralyzed all at once with rheumatism," writes Mrs. Louis McKee, 913 Seventh street, Oakland, Cal. "It struck me in the back and extended from the hip of my right leg down to my foot. The attack was so severe that I could not move in bed and was afraid that I should be a cripple for life."

"About twelve years ago I received a sample bottle of your Liniment, but never had occasion to use it, as I have always been well, but something told me that Sloan's Liniment would help me, so I tried it. After the second application I could get up out of bed, and in three days could walk, and now feel well and entirely free from pain."

"My friends were very much surprised at my rapid recovery and I was only too glad to tell them that Sloan's Liniment was the only medicine I used."

Chinese Protect Forests.

The Chinese have undertaken to nurse their forests, and the officials of the Celestial government have engaged a Japanese expert from Tokio to act as head master for the proposed school of forests at Mukden for a term of four years, with two Chinese as his assistants.

NO SKIN WAS LEFT ON BODY.

Baby was Expected to Die with Eczema—Blood Oozed Out All Over—Her Body—Now Well—Doctor Said to Use Cuticura.

"Six months after birth my little girl broke out with eczema and I had two doctors in attendance. There was not a particle of skin left on her body, the blood oozed out just anywhere, and we had to wrap her in silk and carry her on a pillow for ten weeks. She was the most terrible sight I ever saw, and for six months I looked for her to die. I used every known remedy to alleviate her suffering, for it was terrible to witness. Dr. C. gave her up. Dr. B. recommended the Cuticura Remedies. She will soon be three years old and has never had a sign of the dread trouble since. We used about eight cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. James J. Smith, Dumfries, Va., Oct. 14 and 22, 1908."

The Ape's Philosophy.

Prof. Gersung, the well known Vienna surgeon, in his book, "Sedimentation of Life," has a parable concerning what the ape thought of the doctrine of evolution. When news of Darwin's theory reached Simian land the wise ones proved at once that he had got hold of the wrong end of the fact. It was the ape that had evolved from man though bearing a similarity to the monkey is every way his inferior. The man is naked; he has only two hands; his undeveloped extremities are fitted only for walking on the ground; he still eats flesh; he kills his own kind and other animals; he lacks intelligence, as shown by the fact that he does not enjoy life; he dwarfs and shortens life by working and worrying to make money which, when he has made it, he is unfit to enjoy. He lives, it is true, in herds, but in perpetual competition and conflict. The ape, on the other hand, has a warm garment; he dwells above the ground, has four hands adapted to every work and for moving rapidly from branch to branch. He feeds upon only fruits and nuts, and lives peacefully in great unions. He is, bodily and mentally, the crown of creation. Certainly, in regard to enjoying life, man is behind the ape. Having accepted as a cardinal truth, that man's business in the world is to make money, he does not, in his eager pursuit of the dollar, take time to live. Work keeps every energy of body and mind at the highest tension. As a result, the zest of life is lost; the man is old in face and heart, while young in years. When he has made his wealth he has no longer capacity to be happy. The ape is wiser.—Mary E. Bryan in Uncle Remus.

DR. TALKS OF FOOD Pres. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out, and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth."

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

I haven't much faith in the man who complains of the work he has chosen to do. He's lazy, or else he's deficient in brains, and—may be—a hypocrite, too. He's likely to cheat and he's likely to rob. Away with the man who finds fault with his job.

But give me the man with the sun in his face, and the shadows all dancing behind him. Who can meet his reverses with calmness and grace. And never forgets to be kind: For whether he's wielding a scepter or swab, I have faith in the man who's in love with his job.

—John L. Shroy, in Lippincott's.

Miss Van Busker's Limerick.

By Mrs. George Norman.

We were none of us quite sure after all whether Miss Van Busker had or had not accepted the Duke of Derry.

"This is so sudden, look," his sister, little Lady Hildegard, wickedly pretended Miss Van Busker to have said, and then that she must have time—a month or so—in which to get to know him.

So far Miss Van Busker's getting to know the Duke of Derry had seemed almost to consist in staying in country houses where he wasn't and—well, talking to his men friends. I suppose she talked about him.

A plain white envelope among her pink and mauve scented letters on the sideboard at Littlewick every morning of our stay there seemed something of an indication, however, for Lady Hildegard used to raise her pretty eyebrows whenever she came down before Miss Van Busker and saw the writing.

We were all as a party very keen, as the men called it, on limericks. We usually spent the morning spoiling sheets of poor Lady Newbattle's best notepaper.

Miss Van Busker wasn't so enthusiastic as the others, however.

"I'll help," she said the first morning at breakfast—she always came down as fresh as a daisy and as sweet tempered as possible while trays were going up to a lot of the other girls' rooms. "It mayn't be a flyer, but I guess I can fix a limerick."

Capt. Croome, who is a nice looking young man, with a place in Warwickshire, and thirteen motors, but who certainly isn't clever, developed a most extraordinary taste for limericks.

"If you'd be so good, Miss Van Busker," he said, eagerly for him.

"Why, certainly," Miss Van Busker said, with her pretty smile and holding out a buttered roll to the pug, and Captain Croome hurried through his breakfast to go and look for a pencil and paper.

It was a dreadful week of fogs; hunting and shooting were off—and it was not cold enough to skate.

"What we should have done without these delightful limericks," Lady Newbattle confided to me, "I tremble to think."

All the rooms, and even a drafty passage called the armory, were full of people—usually two at a time—with two pencils and one piece of paper. At luncheon they didn't seem to have done so very much, but the butler spent all his time sending down to the village for sixpenny postal orders, which soon ran out and had to be fetched from the town.

The first few days Miss Van Busker had sat in the music room, and Captain Croome had sat there, too, and made noughts and crosses, as I happened to see afterward, on a whole sheaf of papers.

The other girls at this time were rather indignant with Miss Van Busker.

"If she isn't engaged to Stony" (that is, the Duke of Derry) "she might say so; and if she is, well—Captain Croome ought to know it," Lady Hildegard said to me as we went up to dress for dinner.

"I think some one must have given Captain Croome a hint, for to my astonishment he joined me in a very, very damp and uncomfortable tramp around the park on the Wednesday afternoon."

"Er—ah—" he began suddenly, just as we got up to the statue of Diana above the house and as I was wondering what he'd come for—"er—ah! Is Miss Van Busker engaged to that ass?"

"Really, Captain Croome," I said, "I can't think who you mean, and I think you'd better ask Miss Van Busker anything like that yourself."

I changed the conversation, and very soon Captain Croome said he was sure I'd catch cold if we stayed out any longer, and as he wouldn't go in by himself we both went back.

Just at this time Miss Van Busker took to attaching herself to me. She is very sweet and appealing, and I liked having her, but Captain Croome would follow us about and gaze at Miss Van Busker and say nothing, and it got quite embarrassing.

"Are you—will you think it indiscreet if I ask if you are going to be married?" I said at last one evening, rather abruptly, as Miss Van Busker came into my room before dinner in an exquisite silver tissue over layers of rose-colored chiffon.

Miss Van Busker gazed pensively into the fire. "I guess I don't know," she said, thoughtfully. "I don't seem able to know. But I'll write you whenever I do," she added, brightening up.

"Thank you," I murmured, and I couldn't think of anything else to say. So we went down to the drawing

room, where Captain Croome was standing gazing at the door. He had had an enormous box of lilies of the valley from Solomon's that afternoon, my maid, who will gossip, told me while she did up my dress, and Miss Van Busker had a lovely bunch of lilies in her silver waist belt.

We were getting rather tired of limericks, but after dinner Lady Newbattle set us down to a final competition for an old-age pension, a country mansion, with fishing and shooting attached, and three footmen thrown in. We all seemed to have exhausted our ideas, however, and our best efforts were poor.

Miss Van Busker that night wore an absolutely plain white crepe dress, and her golden hair was very simply done, and she looked perfectly lovely.

Captain Croome retired to the further end of the library behind a screen, and tore up simply dozens of sheets of paper.

"Can't you get through, Captain?" Miss Van Busker called out at last, when every one had handed in their folded slips of paper.

Captain Croome started up, and went over to Miss Van Busker with quite visible anxiety, and handed her his paper, and I could not help hearing him beg her to read it.

Miss Van Busker frowned dreadfully when she opened the slip.

"Why, yours doesn't begin to be like a limerick," she said coldly to Captain Croome. "I guess you don't get the prize. What do you say?" and she leaned across and handed me the open paper.

I just glanced at it and then at Captain Croome, whose face was a study, and I crumpled it up and threw it into the fire.

"I can't do mine," I said, and I got up and went into the hall. Captain Croome followed me.

What he didn't say in general terms of the perky and heartlessness and general horridness of women isn't worth mentioning, and I felt quite wretched. But at last he went off into the smoking room and said he'd have a peg and turn in, and I did the same. I mean, I went up to bed.

At breakfast next day Lady Newbattle looked dreadfully worried.

"Miss Van Busker's gone, she said, looking round the table. "She got a telegram last night. And Captain Croome got one this morning, and he's gone, too."

"Did they go together?" I said incredulously.

Lady Newbattle looked nervously at little Lady Hildegard.

"Oh, no," she said, "certainly not. Miss Van Busker had the brougham, though how she got all her luggage on it I don't know, and Captain Croome had the landaulette, and neither knew the other was going."

One of the men laughed.

"But they'll meet at the station," he said, "by Jove!"

Lady Newbattle looked more worried than ever.

"And this wire's just come from the Duke of Derry to say he'll meet her at the other end," she said wretchedly.

Lady Newbattle sighed heavily and went over and fed the dogs.

And we all, though we'd done nothing, looked rather guiltily at each other and at little Lady Hildegard, the duke's sister, who is devoted to him.

And how Miss Van Busker compounded with her two admirers at Liverpool street I can't think.—The Tatler.

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Takes Time.

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The Best Inheritance

By Winifred Black.



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The laborer was so overjoyed at the news that he threw down his pick, climbed out of the ditch he was helping to dig, called together such of his companions as would listen to him and went and got so drunk that within two hours he was lying in a cell trying to remember what had happened to him.

And we look upon money as the only legacy!

If that poor, hard-working, saving, self-denying mother over there across the sea had spent every penny of that one thousand dollars on herself or on some one who would have known how to use it, how much better off that poor stupid son of hers would have been!

What an inexorable hand seems to stretch between us and our foolish hopes and wishes sometimes!

If that mother could have willed her boy common sense or self-control, she would have left a will worth the treasuring.

I wonder how many millionaires there are who wish they could write a last will and testament which would bequeath to their children the qualities which made the millions instead of the millions themselves.

I'd rather be born with common sense and a level head for an inheritance than to come into any kind of an estate that any human being can leave another.

Don't fret about that boy of yours, little anxious-eyed mother.

You won't be able to leave him a cent. Glory be; but you've already given him his inheritance.

He wears the proud sign of it in his bright, clear eyes and his head held high in honest pride.

Don't worry over that girl, either.

The gentle heart and steady brain her father gave her will outlast and outbargain a thousand fortunes cast in mere dollars.

There's too much wealth in the world now, Mr. Successful Business Man. Stop piling up gold, like a monkey with a bundle of sticks. Spend what you have generously, but sensibly, and let that boy of yours go out and earn what he needs.

Tear up your last will and testament and try to give him something real to inherit, so that when he is your age he will go and look at the headstone that marks the place where you lie buried and say: "My father left his children something worth the leaving when he died—something that no court of law and no will contest can take away from us, something that cannot be wasted, and spent and thrown away."

Poor laborer, with your rotting thousands! I wonder if you were so much more foolish than a lot of us who laugh at you, after all.—New York American.

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By August Van Dyck.

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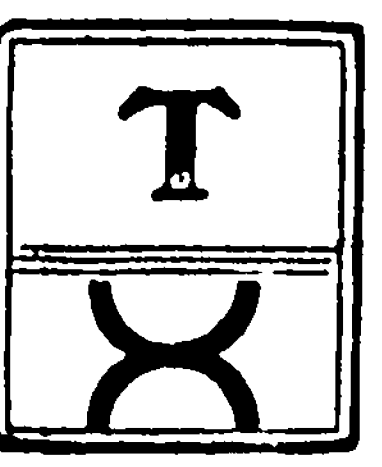
a family have grown up in want owing to the insatiable longing of the parents to own the home that they live in. They save nothing by it, but on the other hand run the risk of incurring themselves with unsalable property. They have the delusion that they are not paying rent; but they are paying rent and probably more than they can afford.

The advice that I would give is to select a house or flat well within one's means and put the balance of the savings regularly in the bank. If an opportunity in another part of the country then comes one will not find his movements hampered by the necessity of maintaining an unprofitable investment. The American people are essentially nomadic. They cannot be otherwise, with new regions to exploit, new towns to found, and new opportunities to grasp.

Take the advice of one who has passed the allotted years of three-score and ten and who has been a home owner ever since he was twenty-three, discarding from time to time what appeared to be perfectly satisfactory when it was bought, and usually, interest computed, at a loss. It is my firm conviction that no man shown own his own home until he has prosperously passed the age of sixty years.

Is Conciseness a Virtue?

By Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury.



HE gospel of conciseness, like the gospel of silence, is proclaimed in hundreds of articles and books. Every one, however little he himself follows its precepts, recommends them to his friends and charges disregard of them upon his foes. Now, conciseness is neither a good thing nor a bad thing in itself. Its value, like its appropriateness, depends upon the subject, upon the occasion, upon the audience addressed. But the success of it depends most of all upon the personality of the speaker. If terseness can be united with

vigor of expression which conveys the idea powerfully to the mind and with point which fixes it there, nothing can be more all-sufficient. Conciseness, then, has done its perfect work. But to effect this result requires great ability, if not genius; and great ability, to say nothing of genius, is very exceptional. On the other hand, when brevity is united with dullness—as it is very apt to be—it loses not merely the power to influence and to inspire, but to inform. To be concise, without being bald and jejune, is granted only to the highest order of minds. On the other hand, condensation, even when the matter is particularly valuable, is rarely entertaining. Intellectual fare can no more be made palatable by compression than can bodily. Penumbral can be described as a food intended to comprise the greatest amount of nutrition in the smallest space. It is useful—in fact, invaluable—on certain occasions and in certain places. But no one is likely to choose it as a regular article of diet, still less to entertain his friends with it at a feast.—From Harper's.

What to Eat

By Joseph B. Bowles.

IT has been indisputably proved by experiment that animal foods are more easily, more readily and more completely digested than vegetable; milk, eggs and beef being the most readily so of all foods in use, having a minimum of residue (from 3 to 6 percent) remaining undigested, while from 20 to 70 percent of all vegetable foods pass through the alimentary tract undigested. While it makes little difference as regards the obtaining of nourishment, the question, from the viewpoint of digestion and non-fermentation is decidedly

in favor of a mixed diet—not wholly one or the other. It is claimed that the eating of meat clogs the system with uric acid, producing rheumatism, etc. There is no gain, however, in changing to a vegetable diet, because the vegetables that are substituted for meat (those furnishing the protein—beans, peas and lentils) contain xanthin, a substance closely allied to the uric acid in meats and producing the same results. Summing up the pros and cons of vegetarianism and mixed diet, carefully and without prejudice weighing the one over against the other, we may safely say that it is not altogether the kind of material that enter the being, but the kind of being the materials enter.—From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE APPALACHIAN BILL.

And Other Aspects of the Need of a Radical Policy in Forestry.

If the work of saving the forests—or what is left of them by the ignorance and rapacity of corporate and private ownership—is to be set on foot, once for all, without false starts, is must be undertaken not only in a patriotic spirit, but with imagination. It is easy to learn what has been wasted in the century past—public resources probably sufficient to have made it unnecessary for any American citizen to have paid a cent of tax. What is needed, is to project the mind fifty years ahead, to consider the problem in the light of the enormous foreign population that is coming to us and learning from us ghastly lessons of laissez-faire—a policy which in matters of forestry their own governments have learned through disastrous experience to abandon.

There are unmistakable signs of a reaction in the excessive individualism, the go-as-you-please, every-man-for-himself, I-may-do-what-I-wish-with-my-own-views-of-life. A new spirit is upon us, with a new definition of eminent domain, enlarging its scope to the control of private interests that exist to the injury of the public. This is not socialism in the violent sense of the word; rightly conceived, it is a new sense of brotherhood. Its principle is, "You ought not to get your happiness at the expense of your fellow men." It does not point to confiscation; on the contrary, it promises to supply a working substitute for anarchy. It may easily be misapplied or carried too far. But it is not more dangerous than certain false methods of corporate ownership and the equally tyrannical excess of trade unionism, which together have created so much of the new social unrest. The trend of progress points to a more excellent way.

To apply this to a single aspect of the forestry question: Why should owners of enormous tracts of mountain forests be permitted to denude them to the manifest injury of the agriculture, navigation and commerce of the valleys and streams which they supply? We are accustomed to think of nature as a dominating force, whereas, its modification by human action is the most constant of phenomena. The life of man has been described as substantially a warfare against the animals, against his fellows, and against the face of nature. It is the business of government not to promote, but to restrict this warfare, as it has done in the reservation of western forests—one of the most important notes of progress the country has struck since the civil war. It is the office of the wise not only to protect the weak against the strong, but to protect the foolish from themselves.

There are signs that in this matter other countries are awake to their peril and responsibilities. British Columbia is taking time by the forelock, and, by a sweeping act, reserving for governmental control every acre of forest land not already leased. Colombia in South America, has also passed new forest laws in keeping with intelligent modern public opinion. The conference cannot directly legislate, but its recommendations and influence ought to shape a policy of co-operation between the nation and the states along uniform lines. The Appalachian bill is a step in the right direction, and ought to be enacted, but we must go farther, considering the forests of the country, with all due respect to private ownership a heritage of posterity.

An important and commendable step has just been taken by the state of New York in the purchase of Mount Marcy and other peaks of the Adirondacks at the very headwaters of the Hudson. This policy should at once be continued until the reservation reaches its maximum extent. Then the whole tract should be administered under a system which, while guaranteeing private rights, will give the state supervision of the cutting of trees. The public health, the interests of agriculture, commerce and navigation in New York and Pennsylvania call immediate consideration to the whole subject. "Be wise in time; 'tis madness to defer."—From an editorial in The Century.

Knew His Dickens.

A third form boy in a city school belongs to a family of Dickens worshippers, who have a kind of Dickens fellowship among themselves—read Dickens round the fireside, in turns, at night; quote Dickens in all sorts of little "family" catch phrases. The boy of nine took his place in the "Scripture" class this week, the lesson had been on the story of Uriah the Hittite, and the form master was driving it home by close questioning, "And what," he asked, "was the name of Uriah's wife?" Dead pause. Then the voice of the youthful Dickens scholar piped, "Please sir—Heep!"—London Chronicle.

In Doubt.

Mrs. Subbubs—O, George, that new servant girl has served notice on me to quit.

Mr. Subbubs—O, well, don't get excited about it.

Mrs. Subbubs—Yes, but the way she put it I can't tell whether she's going to get out or expects me to get out.—Philadelphia Press.

That's So.

"If it wasn't for me my class in school wouldn't have any standing at all," said Hubert.

"Nonsense!" said his aunt. "Your mother says you are at the foot of it." "I am," said Hubert. "How could it stand if it didn't have a foot?"—Chicago News.

Heavy Decrease in Births.

The vital statistics for the year 1907 show a further marked decrease in the birth rate for France which, in a century, has fallen from 1,007,000 to 774,000 a year. The reduction in the number of births last year was 33,000, as against an average decrease of 12,000 for the last seven years. The deaths in France in 1907 totalled 793,000, 19,000 more than the total of births.

Saved From Being a Cripple For Life.

"Almost six or seven weeks ago I became paralyzed all at once with rheumatism," writes Mrs. Louis McKee, 913 Seventh street, Oakland, Cal. "It struck me in the back and extended from the hip of my right leg down to my foot. The attack was so severe that I could not move in bed and was afraid that I should be a cripple for life."

"About twelve years ago I received a sample bottle of your Liniment, but never had occasion to use it, as I have always been well, but something told me that Sloan's Liniment would help me, so I tried it. After the second application I could get up out of bed, and in three days could walk, and now feel well and entirely free from pain."

"My friends were very much surprised at my rapid recovery and I was only too glad to tell them that Sloan's Liniment was the only medicine I used."

Chinese Protect Forests.

The Chinese have undertaken to nurse their forests, and the officials of the Celestial government have engaged a Japanese expert from Tokio to act as head master for the proposed school of forests at Mukden for a term of four years, with two Chinese as his assistants.

NO SKIN WAS LEFT ON BODY.

Baby was Expected to Die with Eczema—Blood Oozed Out All Over Her Body—Now Well—Doctor Said to Use Cuticura.

"Six months after birth my little girl broke out with eczema and I had two doctors in attendance. There was not a particle of skin left on her body, the blood oozed out just anywhere, and we had to wrap her in silk and carry her on a pillow for ten weeks. She was the most terrible sight I ever saw, and for six months I looked for her to die. I used every known remedy to alleviate her suffering, for it was terrible to witness. Dr. C— gave her up. Dr. B— recommended the Cuticura Remedies. She will soon be three years old and has never had a sign of the dread trouble since. We used about eight cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. James J. Smith, Dumid, Va., Oct. 14 and 22, 1906."

The Ape's Philosophy.

Prof. Gersung, the well known Vienna surgeon, in his book, "Sedimentation of Life," has a parable concerning what the ape thought of the doctrine of evolution. When news of Darwin's theory reached Simian land the wise ones proved at once that he had got hold of the wrong end of the fact. It was the ape that had evolved from man though bearing a similarity to the monkey is every way his inferior. The man is naked; he has only two hands; his undeveloped extremities are fitted only for walking on the ground; he still eats flesh; he kills his own kind and other animals; he lacks intelligence, as shown by the fact that he does not enjoy life; he dwarfs and shortens life by working and worrying to make money which, when he has made it, he is unfit to enjoy. He lives, it is true, in herds, but in perpetual competition and conflict. The ape, on the other hand, has a warm garment; he dwells above the ground, has four hands adapted to every work and for moving rapidly from branch to branch. He feeds upon only fruits and nuts, and lives peacefully in great unions. He is, bodily and mentally, the crown of creation.

Certainly, in regard to enjoying life, man is behind the ape. Having accepted as a cardinal truth, that man's business in the world is to make money, he does not, in his eager pursuit of the dollar, take time to live. Work keeps every energy of body and mind at the highest tension. As a result, the zest of life is lost; the man is old in face and heart, while young in years. When he has made his wealth he has no longer capacity to be happy. The ape is wiser.—Mary E. Bryan in Uncle Remus.

DR. TALKS OF FOOD

Pres. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out, and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth."

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

I haven't much faith in the man who complains of the work he has chosen to do. He's lazy, or else he's deficient in brains, and may be a hypocrite, too. He's likely to cheat and he's likely to rob. Away with the man who finds fault with his job.

But give me the man with the sun in his face, and the shadows all dancing behind; who can meet his reverses with calmness and grace, and never forgets to be kind; for whether he's wielding a scepter or swab, I have faith in the man who's in love with his job.

—John L. Shroy, in Lippincott's.

Miss Van Busker's Limerick.

By Mrs. George Norman.

We were none of us quite sure after all whether Miss Van Busker had or had not accepted the Duke of Derry. "This is so sudden, look," his sister, little Lady Hildegard, wickedly pretended Miss Van Busker to have said, and then that she must have time—a month or so—in which to get to know him.

So far Miss Van Busker's getting to know the Duke of Derry had seemed almost to consist in staying in country houses where he wasn't and—well, talking to his men friends. I suppose she talked about him.

A plain white envelope among her pink and mauve scented letters on the sideboard at Littlewick every morning of our stay there seemed something of an indication, however, for Lady Hildegard used to raise her pretty eyebrows whenever she came down before Miss Van Busker and saw the writing.

We were all as a party very keen, as the men called it, on limericks. We usually spent the morning spilling sheets of poor Lady Newbattle's best notepaper.

Miss Van Busker wasn't so enthusiastic as the others, however.

"I'll help," she said the first morning at breakfast—she always came down as fresh as a daisy and as sweet tempered as possible while trays were going up to a lot of the other girls' rooms. "I mayn't be a flyer, but I guess I can fix a limerick."

Capt. Croome, who is a nice looking young man, with a place in Warwickshire, and thirteen motors, but who certainly isn't clever, developed a most extraordinary taste for limericks.

"If you'd be so good, Miss Van Busker," he said, quite eagerly for him.

"Why, certainly," Miss Van Busker said, with her pretty smile and holding out a buttered roll to the pug, and Captain Croome hurried through his breakfast to go and look for a pencil and paper.

It was a dreadful week of fogs; hunting and shooting were off, and it was not cold enough to skate.

"What we should have done without these delightful limericks," Lady Newbattle confided to me, "I tremble to think."

All the rooms, and even a drafty passage called the armory, were full of people—usually two at a time—with two pencils and one piece of paper. At luncheon they didn't seem to have done so very much, but the butler spent all his time sending down to the village for sixpenny postal orders, which soon ran out and had to be fetched from the town.

The first few days Miss Van Busker had sat in the music room, and Captain Croome had sat there, too, and made noughts and crosses, as I happened to see afterward, on a whole sheaf of papers.

The other girls at this time were rather indignant with Miss Van Busker.

"If she isn't engaged to Stony" (that is, the Duke of Derry) "she might say so; and if she is, well—Captain Croome ought to know it." Lady Hildegard said to me as we went up to dress for dinner.

I think some one must have given Captain Croome a hint, for to my astonishment he joined me in a very, very damp and uncomfortable tramp around the park on the Wednesday afternoon.

"Er—ah—" he began suddenly, just as we got up to the statue of Diana above the house and as I was wondering what he'd come for—"er—ah! Is Miss Van Busker engaged to that ass?"

"Really, Captain Croome," I said, "I can't think who you mean, and I think you'd better ask Miss Van Busker anything like that yourself."

I changed the conversation, and very soon Captain Croome said he was sure I'd catch cold if we stayed out any longer, and as he wouldn't go in by himself we both went back.

Just at this time Miss Van Busker took to attaching herself to me. She is very sweet and appealing, and I liked having her, but Captain Croome would follow us about and gaze at Miss Van Busker and say nothing, and it got quite embarrassing.

"Are you—will you think it indiscreet if I ask if you are going to be married?" I said at last one evening, rather abruptly, as Miss Van Busker came into my room before dinner in an exquisite silver tissue over layers of rose-colored chiffon.

Miss Van Busker gazed pensively into the fire. "I guess I don't know," she said, thoughtfully. "I don't seem able to know. But I'll write you whenever I do," she added, brightening up.

"Thank you," I murmured, and I couldn't think of anything else to say. So we went down to the drawing

room, where Captain Croome was standing gazing at the door. He had had an enormous box of lilies of the valley from Solomon's that afternoon, my maid, who had gossip, told me while she did up my dress, and Miss Van Busker had a lovely bunch of lilies in her silver waist belt.

We were getting rather tired of limericks, but after dinner Lady Newbattle set us down to a final competition for an old-age pension, a country mansion, with fishing and shooting attached, and three footmen thrown in. We all seemed to have exhausted our ideas, however, and our best efforts were poor.

Miss Van Busker that night wore an absolutely plain white crepe dress, and her golden hair was very simply done, and she looked perfectly lovely.

Captain Croome retired to the further end of the library behind a screen, and tore up simply dozens of sheets of paper.

"Can't you get through, Captain?" Miss Van Busker called out at last, when every one had handed in their folded slips of paper.

Captain Croome started up, and went over to Miss Van Busker with quite visible anxiety, and handed her his paper, and I could not help hearing him beg her to read it.

Miss Van Busker frowned dreadfully when she opened the slip.

"Why, yours doesn't begin to be like a limerick," she said coldly to Captain Croome. "I guess you don't get the prize. What do you say?" and she leaned across and handed me the open paper.

I just glanced at it and then at Captain Croome, whose face was a study, and I crumpled it up and threw it into the fire.

"I can't do mine," I said, and I got up and went into the hall. Captain Croome followed me.

What he didn't say in general terms of the perfidy and heartlessness and general horridness of women isn't worth mentioning, and I felt quite wretched. But at last he went off into the smoking room and said he'd have a peg and turn in, and I did the same. I mean, I went up to bed.

At breakfast next day Lady Newbattle looked dreadfully worried.

"Miss Van Busker's gone, she said, looking round round the table. "She got a telegram last night. And Captain Croome got one this morning, and he's gone, too."

"Did they go together?" I said incredulously.

Lady Newbattle looked nervously at little Lady Hildegard.

"Oh, no," she said, "certainly not. Miss Van Busker had the brougham, though how she got all her luggage on it I don't know, and Captain Croome had the landaulette, and neither knew the other was going."

One of the men laughed.

"But they'll meet at the station," he said, "by Jove!"

Lady Newbattle looked more worried than ever.

"And this wire's just come from the Duke of Derry to say he'll meet her at the other end," she said wretchedly.

Lady Newbattle sighed heavily and went over and fed the dogs.

And we all, though we'd done nothing, looked rather guiltily at each other and at little Lady Hildegard, the duke's sister, who is devoted to him.

And how Miss Van Busker compounded with her two admirers at Liverpool street I can't think.—The Tatler.

BARK BEETLE IS CONQUERED.

Nature Comes to Aid of Forestry Department in Annihilating Destroyers.

After ruining a billion and a half feet of the choicest lumber in the Black Hills of South Dakota, and ravaging thousands of acres of the finest pine trees in the West the little bark beetle, which has robbed Uncle Sam's forestry division of \$10,000,000 in the last ten years, has been put to rout by nature working in her own way to accomplish that of which the scientists connected with the bureau made a complete failure. Already the beetles are on the decline in numbers and the forest rangers now believe that within a few years the little pest will have disappeared entirely from the Black Hills forests.

Last year the foresters, who had vainly tried many remedies, noticed that many of the trees attacked by the beetles were shedding their bark, effectually killing every beetle which happened to be in the tree at the time the bark fell. They investigated and soon found that every tree from which the bark had fallen was covered with a grayish slime which worked between the wood and the bark, loosening the latter from the wood and causing the death of every young beetle which happened to be in its little gallery or larvae mine. In most cases the bark simply falls from the tree, leaving the wood bare and bringing the beetles down to earth and certain death.

The foresters ceased their wood cutting and stripping and turned their attention to transplanting the new slime to different portions of the areas which the beetles had attacked, and within a few months a serious decline in the number of new trees attacked by the beetles was noticed.—New York Herald.

Takes Time.

It is true that the civilized world is gradually shedding its superstitions, but the process is slow. We have in this country the finest hospitals in the world, surgery and pathology are in a high state of development, but we have countless citizens, of more or less eminence, who carry potatoes in their pockets to cure rheumatism.—New York Times.

The Best Inheritance

By Winifred Black.



POOR laborer received a message the other night telling him that his mother over in Norway had left him a legacy of \$1000.

The laborer was so overjoyed at the news that he threw down his pick, climbed out of the ditch he was helping to dig, called together such of his companions as would listen to him and went and got so drunk that within two hours he was lying in a cell trying to remember what had happened to him.

And we look upon money as the only legacy!

If that poor, hard-working, saving, self-denying mother over there across the sea had spent every penny of that one thousand dollars on herself or on some one who would have known how to use it, how much better off that poor stupid son of hers would have been!

What an inexorable hand seems to stretch between us and our foolish hopes and wishes sometimes!

If that mother could have willed her boy common sense or self-control, she would have left a will worth the treasuring.

I wonder how many millionaires there are who wish they could write a last will and testament which would bequeath to their children the qualities which made the millions instead of the millions themselves.

I'd rather be born with common sense and a level head for an inheritance than to come into any kind of an estate that any human being can leave another.

Don't fret about that boy of yours, little anxious-eyed mother.

You won't be able to leave him a cent. Glory be; but you've already given him his inheritance.

He wears the proud sign of it in his bright, clear eyes and his head held high in honest pride.

Don't worry over that girl, either.

The gentle heart and steady brain her father gave her will outlast and outbargain a thousand fortunes cast in mere dollars.

There's too much wealth in the world now, Mr. Successful Business Man. Stop piling up gold, like a monkey with a bundle of sticks.

Spend what you have generously, but sensibly, and let that boy of yours go out and earn what he needs.

Tear up your last will and testament and try to give him something real to inherit, so that when he is your age he will go and look at the headstone that marks the place where you lie buried and say: "My father left his children something worth the leaving when he died—something that no court of law and no will contest can take away from us, something that cannot be wasted, and spent and thrown away."

Poor laborer, with your rioting thousands! I wonder if you were so much more foolish than a lot of us who laugh at you, after all.—New York American.

The Craze of Home Owning

To be Thought of Only When Prosperous and Sixty.

By August Van Dyck.



HIS craze of home owning is widespread, and is especially rampant among naturalized Americans. It is one of the first impulses that they get after reaching this country. The reason is clear. The possibilities of home owning on the Continent are remote, with the result that the ownership of a home is a cherished longing. They perceive that such ownership is possible in this country, and they set about it actively, securing it eventually at great personal sacrifice and probable extinction of freedom. The children of many

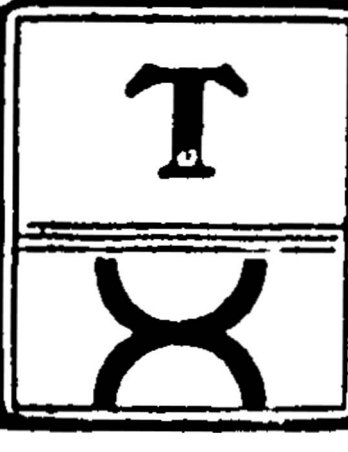
a family have grown up in want owing to the insatiable longing of the parents to own the home that they live in. They save nothing by it, but on the other hand run the risk of incurring themselves with unsalable property. They have the delusion that they are not paying rent; but they are paying rent and probably more than they can afford.

The advice that I would give is to select a house or flat well within one's means and put the balance of the savings regularly in the bank. If an opportunity in another part of the country then comes one will not find his movements hampered by the necessity of maintaining an unprofitable investment. The American people are essentially nomadic. They cannot be otherwise, with new regions to exploit, new towns to found, and new opportunities to grasp.

Take the advice of one who has passed the allotted years of three-score and ten and who has been a home owner ever since he was twenty-three, discarding from time to time what appeared to be perfectly satisfactory when it was bought, and usually, interest computed, at a loss. It is my firm conviction that no man shown own his own home until he has prosperously passed the age of sixty years.

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There are unmistakable signs of a reaction in the excessive individualism, the go-as-you-please, every-man-for-himself, I-may-do-what-I-wish-with-my-own-views-of-life. A new spirit is upon us, with a new definition of eminent domain, enlarging its scope to the control of private interests that exist to the injury of the public. This is not socialism in the violent sense of the word; rightly conceived, it is a new sense of brotherhood. Its principle is, "You ought not to get your happiness at the expense of your fellow men." It does not point to confiscation; on the contrary, it promises to supply a working substitute for anarchy. It may easily be misapplied or carried too far. But it is not more dangerous than certain false methods of corporate ownership and the equally tyrannical excess of trade unionism, which together have created so much of the new social unrest. The trend of progress points to a more excellent way.

To apply this to a single aspect of the forestry question: Why should owners of enormous tracts of mountain forests be permitted to denude them to the manifest injury of the agriculture, navigation and commerce of the valleys and streams which they supply? We are accustomed to think of nature as a dominating force, whereas, its modification by human action is the most constant of phenomena. The life of man has been described as substantially a warfare against the animals, against his fellows, and against the face of nature. It is the business of government not to promote, but to restrict this warfare, as it has done in the reservation of western forests—one of the most important notes of progress the country has struck since the civil war. It is the office of the wise not only to protect the weak against the strong but to protect the foolish from themselves.

There are signs that in this matter other countries are awake to their peril and responsibilities. British Columbia is taking time by the forelock, and, by a sweeping act, reserving for governmental control every acre of forest land not already leased. Colombia in South America, has also passed new forest laws in keeping with intelligent modern public opinion. The conference cannot directly legislate, but its recommendations and influence ought to shape a policy of co-operation between the nation and the states along uniform lines. The Appalachian bill is a step in the right direction, and ought to be enacted, but we must go farther, considering the forests of the country, with all due respect to private ownership a heritage of posterity.

An important and commendable step has just been taken by the state of New York in the purchase of Mount Marcy and other peaks of the Adirondacks at the very headwaters of the Hudson. This policy should at once be continued until the reservation reaches its maximum extent. Then the whole tract should be administered under a system which, while guaranteeing private rights, will give the state supervision of the cutting of trees. The public health, the interests of agriculture, commerce and navigation in New York and Pennsylvania call immediate consideration to the whole subject. "Be wise in time; 'tis madness to defer."—From an editorial in The Century.

Knew His Dickens.

A third form boy in a city school belongs to a family of Dickens worshippers, who have a kind of Dickens fellowship among themselves—read Dickens round the fireside, in turns, at night; quote Dickens in all sorts of little "family" catch phrases. The boy of nine took his place in the "Scripture" class this week, the lesson had been on the story of Uriah the Hittite, and the form master was driving it home by close questioning, "And what," he asked, "was the name of Uriah's wife?" Dead pause. Then the voice of the youthful Dickens scholar piped, "Please sir—Heep!"—London Chronicle.

In Doubt.

Mrs. Subbubs—O, George, that new servant girl has served notice on me to quit.

Mr. Subbubs—O, well, don't get excited about it.

Mrs. Subbubs—Yes, but the way she put it I can't tell whether she's going to get out or expects me to get out.—Philadelphia Press.

That's So.

"If it wasn't for me my class in school wouldn't have any standing at all," said Hubert.

"Nonsense!" said his aunt. "Your mother says you are at the foot of it."

"I am," said Hubert. "How could it stand if it didn't have a foot?"—Chicago News.

Heavy Decrease in Births.

The vital statistics for the year 1907 show a further marked decrease in the birth rate for France which, in a century, has fallen from 1,007,000 to 774,000 a year. The reduction in the number of births last year was 33,000, as against an average decrease of 12,000 for the last seven years. The deaths in France in 1907 totalled 793,000, 19,000 more than the total of births.

Saved From Being a Cripple For Life.

"Almost six or seven weeks ago I became paralyzed all at once with rheumatism," writes Mrs. Louis McKee, 913 Seventh street, Oakland, Cal. "It struck me in the back and extended from the hip of my right leg down to my foot. The attack was so severe that I could not move in bed and was afraid that I should be a cripple for life."

"About twelve years ago I received a sample bottle of your Liniment, but never had occasion to use it, as I have always been well, but something told me that Sloan's Liniment would help me, so I tried it. After the second application I could get up out of bed, and in three days could walk, and now feel well and entirely free from pain."

"My friends were very much surprised at my rapid recovery and I was only too glad to tell them that Sloan's Liniment was the only medicine I used."

Chinese Protect Forests.

The Chinese have undertaken to nurse their forests, and the officials of the Celestial government have engaged a Japanese expert from Tokio to act as head master for the proposed school of forests at Mukden for a term of four years, with two Chinese as his assistants.

NO SKIN WAS LEFT ON BODY.

Baby was Expected to Die with Eczema—Blood Oozed Out All Over Her Body—Now Well—Doctor Said to Use Cuticura.

"Six months after birth my little girl broke out with eczema and I had two doctors in attendance. There was not a particle of skin left on her body, the blood oozed out just anywhere, and we had to wrap her in silk and carry her on a pillow for ten weeks. She was the most terrible sight I ever saw, and for six months I looked for her to die. I used every known remedy to alleviate her suffering, for it was terrible to witness. Dr. C. gave her up. Dr. B. recommended the Cuticura Remedies. She will soon be three years old and has never had a sign of the dread trouble since. We used about eight cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. James J. Smith, Dumfries, Va., Oct. 14 and 22, 1906."

The Ape's Philosophy.

Prof. Gersung, the well known Vienna surgeon, in his book, "Sedimentation of Life," has a parable concerning what the ape thought of the doctrine of evolution. When news of Darwin's theory reached Simian land the wise ones proved at once that he had got hold of the wrong end of the fact. It was the ape that had evolved from man though bearing a similarity to the monkey is every way his inferior. The man is naked; he has only two hands; his undeveloped extremities are fitted only for walking on the ground; he still eats flesh; he kills his own kind and other animals; he lacks intelligence, as shown by the fact that he does not enjoy life; he dwarfs and shortens life by working and worrying to make money which, when he has made it, he is unfit to enjoy. He lives, it is true, in herds, but in perpetual competition and conflict. The ape, on the other hand, has a warm garment; he dwells above the ground, has four hands adapted to every work and for moving rapidly from branch to branch. He feeds upon only fruits and nuts, and lives peacefully in great unions. He is, bodily and mentally, the crown of creation.

Certainly, in regard to enjoying life, man is behind the ape. Having accepted as a cardinal truth that man's business in the world is to make money, he does not, in his eager pursuit of the dollar, take time to live. Work keeps every energy of body and mind at the highest tension. As a result, the zest of life is lost; the man is old in face and heart, while young in years. When he has made his wealth he has no longer capacity to be happy. The ape is wiser.—Mary E. Bryan in Uncle Remus.

DR. TALKS OF FOOD Pres. of Board of Health.

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out, and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth."

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

Never quite so fond a kiss,
Never such a sweet good-night,
Never heaven so near to this
Old world, as when her bright
Brown eyes looked into mine,
And with her hand that seemed divine,
My mother tucked me in.

Evening prayers of course were said,
Drowsily I must admit,
As I tumbled into bed,
Glad to have me rid of it!
Then upon the stairs her tread,
Soft and gentle in the gloom,
Spoke of love that comforted,
As her presence filled the room,
And mother tucked me in.

And in after years a man,
Went to bed at home again;
Prayed perhaps with better plan
Than he did in those days, when
He was ignorant of sin;
And he called her to his side
And could not sleep a wink,
Till his mother tucked him in.
—G. A. Warburton.

PHILLY'S FINANCIERING.

By WALTER LEON SAWYER.

"He's all toggled out, what?" said Uncle Bishop, nodding toward the ornamental young man who had just passed up the board walk.

"Don't look as if he had to work very hard," Grandfather Lane commented, straining his eyes for a final survey of the tall hat and the gloves. Abner Mitchell, the storekeeper, sent a gleeful chuckle after the retreating figure.

"Philly's specialty is workin' what he calls his brain," the storekeeper answered. "He never went in for the kinds o' labor that get ye all dirty and het up. Likely you don't know Philly as well as I do, bein's you live over 't the East End, but I've kept an eye on him these seven years, since he was twenty or thereabouts, and I'm free to say that if he ever does get muscle-bound, it'll be round the jaw.

"He was full-grown and big as anybody when he was twenty, and I cal'late by that time he'd read more'n a grown person's share of these newspaper yarns that tell how smart men start out with a lead nickel and buy marble palaces and steam-yachts—or somethin' to that effect. Philly figured that the whole trick was in keepin' all your money in sight, and keepin' it moving so fast that other folks would be kind o' dazed, and see double. Of course, if you had two dollars, and people thought you had four, you could trade four dollars' worth, or maybe six, understand?

"Well, 'bout the time his twin, that's Peter, started in easy and modest in the hen business, Philly got a job clerkin' over at the country town. I guess there was no great margin betwix his salary and his board bill. What there was, he put into clothes—and I'm findin' no fault with that, mind ye, for a young man in a shop ought to look as if the world was usin' him well. But he didn't seem to get anything to branch out on, as ye might say, till his Great-Uncle Butler died and left him and Peter a hundred and fifty dollars apiece.

"Peter knew what he wanted to do with his, and he bought an incubator and brooder and some fancy hens and some wire fencing. Philly didn't have quite enough capital to carry out his plans, so he borrowed fifty dollars at cutthroat interest from old Squire Lazenby—and then what you s'pose he did with that two hundred? He plunked it right into the bank over there, jest so's he could get a check-book.

"Mind ye, I'm not denying, nuth'er, that a check-book's a good investment, always allowin' you don't overwork it. Pay a bill with your own check, and the man that gets it he doesn't know how much you've got in the bank, whether it's ten thousand dollars or seven dollars and a half; and if you look pretty prosperous, he's most likely to lean towards ten thousand.

"But until you get used to the check-book, sort o' bridle-wise, you're likely to rare and jump and throw yourself round amazin'. Just writin' a few words on a piece of paper doesn't seem, somehow, like handin' out real money. And besides that, it tickles ye to see how glad people are to get them pieces of paper; and since they're so easy to make, and you feel so rich while you're makin' 'em, you're likely to be generous with 'em."

The storekeeper paused a moment, gulped as if swallowing hard, and scowled at the hitching-post across the street. But he did not wish to cherish such an unpleasant recollection as this evidently was, and a moment later he was once more embarked upon his tale:

"Well, folks that was placed so they could keep posted tell me that Philly never really got used to his bank-account, for all he was so neighborly with it. 'Bout as often as Peter raised another chicken, they say, Philly'd put out a check. He paid his board that way. He paid 'em out to people that wanted to send money by mail and didn't want to squander their substance on registering the letters. Ask Philly to lend ye a dollar and he'd give ye a check for it. Cal'late the clerks in the bank had to hump themselves to keep up with him—but their work didn't put any money in Philly's pockets.

"Mind ye, Philly hadn't any bad habits, and as far forth as his accommodatin' other folks would let him, he tried to keep up that two hundred he started out with. Every Saturday noon he'd carry his seven

dollars' salary to the bank and dump her in, and every few days he'd be cartin' over some little borrowin's that somebody had paid back. But Squire Lazenby's interest was eatin' in all the time, and Philly he bought more or less truck he didn't really need, jest because, as I told ye a minute ago, it's so terrible easy to make out one o' them little slips—"

The storekeeper stopped abruptly and scowled into more vacancy. "Yes?" Uncle Bishop suggested.

"I bate ye!" the storekeeper responded, feelingly. For a few seconds there was silence.

"And all this time, you want to remember, Peter's hens and incubators were a-hatchin' out chickens," the storekeeper said, all at once. That seemed to mark a change in the current of his thoughts, and with more cheerfulness he proceeded:

"There was more'n one way that things didn't work out with Philly as they do in the newspaper stories. Maybe in a big city he could have carried it through slicker, but in smaller places most everybody knows how much there acrebilly is behind anybody else. So, when capitalists came in from outside and brought a new business scheme, or there was something promising planned right here in town—then, when Philly began to swell around, and show kind of accidentally that he had a check-book, and wait to be asked inside the scheme, there was always somebody to get off a joke about the two hundred dollar checks, and Philly'd be dished.

"Then he had a desperate spell—I cal'late Squire Lazenby may have been squeezing him—and he thought he'd get rich quick, too, lending money at big interest. There were a few weeks when folks over that way that never did have much of anything before were living high. I s'pose Philly thought he'd protect himself, but, my king! a man might give me a stack of promissory notes as tall as the meetin' house steeple, but the only real security ye have, after all, is whether he means to pay his debts. And as near's I can make out, half of Philly's customers weren't any more responsible than—than them chickens of Peter's.

"Well, to make a long story short, it was more'n three years that the bank put up with Philly, while he was pushin' his little handful o' dollars back and forth and tryin' to be a millionaire by his own say-so. His salary didn't grow, the way a healthy salary ought to do, because his mind was mostly on schemes outside the shop. His money didn't grow, because he hadn't put it in the savings-bank or in some little business—like Peter's hen farm—where he could sort o' work with it. And last I heard, he didn't have any check-book, and he'd paid Squire Lazenby seventy-five dollars' interest on that borrowed fifty, and owed him sixty dollars yet."

"About that 'ere hen farm—" Uncle Bishop began.

But the storekeeper hushed him with a gesture, and leaned forward to hail a venerable citizen whose ancient horse was rambling rheumatically down the road.

"Hey, Ammi!" the storekeeper called. "I see Philly Appleton's home. Ain't this a queer time o' year to take a vacation?"

The venerable citizen checked his horse and pondered a minute.

"What's that? Oh, Philly?" he answered, at last. "Peter's give him a job, ye know. He's come back to do the letter-writin' and bookkeepin' about Peter's chickens."—Youth's Companion.

Our First "Comic Paper."

An excerpt from the Philadelphia Ledger in your last night's issue says that John Donkey was the first comic sheet published in the United States. In this instance, and maybe only this instance, Philadelphia is a little too previous. In the year 1842—I wasn't alive then, but the record shows it—a comic paper with the name of the Pictorial Wag was published in New York City, whereas John Donkey did not see the light till 1848. The proprietor of the Pictorial Wag was one R. H. Elton, a manufacturer of valentines, the editor being Thomas Nichols. The publication didn't last long, Elton finding that the manufacture of valentines was a trifle more profitable. He afterward built up Morrisania, and gave his name to the adjacent village of Eltonia.

It is a curious thing that, though we have the reputation of being a witty nation, the history of our comic papers is being marked by no less than half a hundred tombstones.—La Touche Hancock, in the New York Evening Sun.

The Earth's Innards.

Professor Wiechert, at a recent meeting of the Seismological Association at The Hague, asserted that his studies of the varying velocity of earthquake tremors passing through the interior of the globe lead to the conclusion that the earth consists of a central core of iron or steel, about 5580 miles in diameter, surrounded by a stony shell 930 miles in thickness. Between the outer solid rind and the inner layer of rock, covering the metallic core, he thinks there is a layer of liquid or plastic material, lying a little less than twenty miles below the surface of the earth.—Youth's Companion.

Newspaper Advertising the Best.

The newspaper is the best advertising medium, and the more we employ that and boycott the other the better for the community. Advertising devices and the bill-board are utterly hideous.—Professor Zueblin, in a Lecture at Boston.



MONKEYS PLAY PIRATE.

An exciting adventure with monkeys who to the number of four hundred ranged over the ship, hurling belaying pins and other missiles at the men, is the story brought in by the crew of the British steamer Braunschweig, which arrived recently at Philadelphia from Calcutta.

The ship carried a cargo of assorted jungle folk, and the escape of the monkeys was brought about by Lizzie, a mascot baboon of the Braunschweigs. Lizzie, who had the freedom of the vessel, on March 11 made her way between the decks, where the monkeys were confined, and liberated four hundred of the six hundred, which were in a large cage. The monkeys took to the rigging and for two days there was no rest among the officers or crew.

According to the men the monkeys, led by a wiry tailed specimen, frequently rushed down on the decks, picked up a belaying pin or other handy objects, which they would let fly whenever an officer or sailor walked across the decks.

Finally Captain Weitman obtained a large quantity of molasses, mixed with it three quarts of strong brandy and, putting it in pans, placed it about the decks under the rigging where the monkeys had congregated. Attracted by the sweet odor from the pans, the monkeys lost no time in making for the pans and started to devour the contents.

Soon there were four hundred monkeys staggering around the decks. This ended the trouble, for as soon as any showed signs of stupor the animals were picked up, two or three at a time, and placed back in the cages, where they sobered up in a day.

A tiger and a leopard also got out while attendants were cleaning their cages. Henry Emmermann, their caretaker, was attacked by the tiger and bitten through the right hand and clawed on the left side by the tiger before it was driven into the cage. The animals are consigned to William Bartlett, of New York.

SAVED BY SEA FROM SEA.

A miraculous escape from a hungry sea in the gale which raged last Friday morning was that of Captain George B. Hix, of the steamer Nueces, of the Mallory line.

The vessel, on her way from Galveston to New York, met squally weather on rounding Cape Hatteras, then a hundred miles to the south.

Between 3 and 4 a. m. Friday Captain Hix, who had just come down from the bridge, started toward the engineer's quarters. He is broad-shouldered and strongly built, but the roaring wind threw him against the cabin. As he recovered and turned a heavy sea swept over the deck, carrying the captain off his feet and hurling him bodily through the net that protects the starboard rail.

Not a man was in sight on the deck. The officer pacing the bridge above was as ignorant of his chief's plight as though a thousand miles away. No cry could be heard in the howling of the tempest and only his presence of mind saved the captain from a grave in the raging waters.

As his body, feet foremost, slipped through the break in the net, Hix grasped a stanchion. It was only one inch thick, but it withstood the weight of the man's body suspended over the ocean till a returning sea struck him back across the deck, clearing his body of the wreckage, and leaving him cut and bruised, but safe. Hix says it was his worst experience in a seafaring career of more than thirty years.—New York World.

SOLDIERS ENDED A DYNASTY.

In the city of Nantes the morning of November 7, 1832, was a cold one. The two soldiers on guard in the attic room of the house of Pauline and Marie-Louise du Guiny, being chilled after their long night's vigil, decided to make a fire. When they did so, the last hope that the line of Capet, Valois and Bourbon would ever reign again France had disappeared. It was the end of the end. The cause, which had never been a sure one since Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette laid their heads upon the block, was now beyond salvation.

The soldiers' names were Hoche and Lavollée. For one-half hour they emerge out of the obscurity in which they were born and died, to become pivots in the revolution of great historical events. From behind the blaze they kindled there issued the forlornest little figure in Europe—her hair dishevelled, her hands blistered, and her brown woolen gown hanging in burnt rags about her. It was the young lady who claimed the proud title of Regent of France—it was Marie Caroline Ferdinande Louise—commonly called Madame—widow of the Comte de Chambord; daughter of Francis I., King of France, the last of her race to raise the white flag with the golden lilies, which, for so many centuries, had been the foremost banner in the world.

A lost cause quickly forfeits its

hold on human attention; and yet there was a year when the Duchesse de Berry threw over international politics the most potent of all spells—that of a great mystery. From April 23, 1832, to November 7, of the same year, she vanished from public sight as completely as if the earth had opened to receive her. There was excitement in every court, and uneasiness in every cabinet, from London to Vienna, and from Moscow to Madrid. Her disappearance might mean anything, from a frivolous escapade to a European war. She had been last seen in Italy, on the road to Florence. Since then neither her brother, the King of Naples, nor her sister, the Queen of Spain, nor any sovereign, or ambassador, or journalist, or spy, had been able to trace her footsteps. The story of those seven months is one of the most romantic and futile bits of daring to be found in history.

Hoche and Lavollée fell back, astonished and agape. Their expression of surprise was so blank that Madame could not forbear to smile. None the less, they had done the work for which destiny had chosen them; they had wrought the end of the end of the longest and most splendid epoch in the history of the modern world; and the white flag with the golden lilies was hauled down for ever.—Basil King, in Harper's.

A HUMAN BRIDGE.

An imperiled family in a New York tenement house was rescued from a horrible death a few days ago by the ingenuity of two policemen. They detected a fire and turned in an alarm but before the engines arrived they perceived that a young man, his wife and two children were in imminent danger. They were in a flat on the sixth floor of the house and the flames appeared to have filled the hall on which the flat opened. There was no fire escape there, though there was one at a window on the same floor east of the roaring furnace. The policemen made their way to that room and one of them, lying flat and stretching out his hands, reached to a narrow ledge of masonry, just below the window of the room in which the imperiled family stood. His body formed a living bridge. It was tested first by the woman, the other policeman standing well forward and holding out his hands. Then the husband passed the two children along and finally stepped over the bridge himself. The heroic policeman held firmly until his comrade told him all was well and helped him to drag his strained limbs to safety. He must have had extraordinary physical strength, as well as moral courage. Few would have run so great a risk for the rescue of strangers. As we admire such heroism and self forgetfulness, let us not fail to remember that the whole human race has been delivered by such heroic qualities in their supreme degree.—Christian Herald.

FOX IN A KITCHEN.

Some exciting scenes were witnessed at Stow yesterday at the meet of the Heythorn Hounds.

A fox, on being discovered near Abbotswood, proceeded to the town, where it darted through the open door of a photographer's studio. Being driven out into the garden, the animal sprang upon the roof of some low buildings, thence climbed the roof of a house and, sliding down the opposite slope, leaped into Park street.

The fugitive then entered a house at the front door, but meeting a little girl half way up the stairs, turned tail and made his way to the kitchen, where culinary operations were in progress.

The fox mounted the table and scattered the crockery with which it was covered, many articles being smashed as they fell with a clatter on the floor. Then, espying an open door, the animal made quick exit into a garden. Hounds meanwhile, had tracked the fox to the studio, and many went right through the house and picked up the trail that led them eventually to the garden in which the fugitive was hiding.

The animal did not give in without a brave struggle for existence, leading hounds a chase over successive garden walls before he gave up his brush.—London Globe.

BOYLE OF ARRAB.

The recent death, in his eighty-sixth year, of "Boyle of Arrah" removes one of the few survivors, if there are any left, of one of the conspicuously gallant exploits of the great mutiny in India. Richard Vicars Boyle, to give him his proper name, and a proper fighting name it is, was at the outbreak of the mutiny an engineer in charge of the construction of the East Indian Railway at Arrah, which is in northern Bengal. At the first rumor of the outbreak the women and children were sent to Dinapore, and the fifteen Englishmen and Eurasians, supplemented by fifty faithful Sikhs, shut themselves up in Boyle's bungalow. Herwald Wake, magistrate of the district, took charge, and left a record of the siege written on the white-washed walls, "in case we should be scragged." The rebels had cannon, and the attack was fierce, but the little garrison held out from July 28 till August 2, when Vincent Eyre defeated the natives and relieved the siege. Boyle, who was the strategist and engineer of the defense, planning fortifications with great skill, was made a companion of the order of the Star of India, and also received a grant of land in the neighborhood. And ever since he has been "Boyle of Arrah."—The Argonaut.

The College and Good Literature

By WILLIAM SEAVER WOODS, Editor of the Literary Digest.

The number of students in the various colleges in America to-day is reckoned at about 150,000, and if our colleges can turn out an army of 150,000 every four years, charged with the leaven of idealism, I think that before long there will begin to be results. Over on the other side of the water, where literature seems to be in full flower, the national wealth is in the hands of a few great families, and the young man who is born poor is pretty sure to stay poor. It is easier for such a young man to turn to the consolations of literature and accept the assurance of the philosophers that wealth is a curse and never brings happiness. So, while the magnates are winning great fortunes in the far East, he writes stories and poems about it. In America the young man of ability can take his choice. He can either go into business and wish later that he had gone into literature, and he can go into literature and wish he had gone into business. That is, if he is unsuccessful. But as for the man who really has the divine fire, I never heard of one who was sorry for it. We cannot have, and we do not want, a literature founded on the denial of opportunity to rising young men to make their choice, but we can have a literature founded on the deliberate choice of the best minds to seek the best things; and when we have that, America is likely to have the best literature.

A Country of Patriots.

In nearly all European countries, as in England or Russia, there is a wide gulf still between the educated classes and the uneducated. It is the shameful disgrace of all our civilization. But in Georgia in the Caucasus there is no such gulf. Of course there is ignorance. Even in England some of the educated classes are not marvels of learning, and we cannot expect a much higher standing in the Caucasus. As to the Georgian peasants, there is a favorite story of a young enthusiast who for the first time attended a Social Democratic lecture given by a follower of Karl Marx, and was afterward heard praying before a sacred icon: "O Lord, make me a proletarian! Make me a proletarian soon!"

But in peasants and nobility alike I found the same quickness of intelligence, the same freedom of mind and eagerness to learn.

This alertness of mind is naturally accompanied by the passion for equality, and a peculiar readiness to shake off the droll social and political traditions that generally survive much too long. "Your name proves your noble family," said my Georgian companion to a dripping boy who had walked miles through a raging storm to pass on a borrowed book and was now drying his thin cotton clothes before our fire. "Then I must change it," answered the peasant, simply. "I refuse to be noble." He also refused to touch wine, because it pays duty to the Russian Government.—H. W. Nevins, in Harper's.

Pulse Beats.

The rate of the pulse in males at different ages is as follows: At birth, 136 beats per minute; at five years, eighty-three beats per minute; between 10-15 years, seventy-eight beats per minute; between 20-25 years, 60.7 beats per minute; between 25-30 years, seventy-one beats per minute; between 30-50 years, seventy beats per minute.

In females the rate is from one to 4.5 beats faster per minute.

Slow walking raises the pulse from ten to twenty beats, while rapid running may raise it to 140. This rise may last from half an hour to an hour.

Eating raises the pulse from eight to twenty beats; without wine, 13.1; with wine, 17.5. In the morning the pulse is ten beats higher than at night. When the barometer rises five inches the pulse increases 1.3 per minute. If the pulse be 66.6 while lying down it will be seventy when sitting and 78.9 when standing.

The Old Subscriber.

We sometimes wonder if newspaper men generally appreciate the old subscriber at his true value, says the Lansing (Iowa) Mirror. We mean the old stand-by who takes the home paper year after year, through evil as well as through good report, and pays his subscription regularly just the same as he would any other honest debt. As a general thing the old subscriber is patient and slow to wrath. He will overlook many little slights from the editor, slights which the man who borrows his readings would not stand for a minute.

"Yellow Fever" Literature

There is a yellow fever of literature specially adapted and prepared for the spread of shameless curiosity, incorrect information and complacent idiosyncrasy among all classes of the population.—Henry van Dyke.

A Large Orchard.

The largest orchards in the world are at Werder, near Berlin. They extend without a break to about 13,000 acres. They yield about 48,000,000 pounds of apples and pears every year.

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HINTS FOR THE HOUSE

To clean a copper kettle rub the kettle with powdered bath brick and pumice and then polish it with dry brick.

When pouring out tea one sometimes is annoyed to find the tea will run down the spout. To prevent this rub a little butter around the outside of the spout.

When thin tumbler sticks together, and there is danger of breaking them, do not try to pull them apart, but put them into a pan of warm suds. In a short time they can be easily separated.

If housewives who dislike to find worms when cutting apples would first put the fruit in cold water they would find that the worms would leave the apples and come to the surface of the water.

Never beat or stir cereals or rice with a spoon. It makes them pasty. Use a plated or silver fork.

Cake icing will not crack when cut if a little thick cream is added to it. Allow one teaspoonful to each white of egg.

To prevent hands from getting cold while hanging up clothes, wipe hands dry and rub thoroughly with powdered starch.

Milk will immediately and effectually extinguish the flames from gasoline or any form of petroleum, since it forms an emulsion with the oil.

In washing dishcloths, instead of using soap or borax, put a quantity of soda in the water and boil the dishcloths. The grease and soda makes a soap that does its own work.

Keep a pair of mittens made from heavy white cotton flannel to slip on when hanging out clothes.

To polish a looking glass first rub it with a duster wrung out of cold water and dipped in whiting and then polish with a dry cloth.

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Melvin W. Sheppard, the American distance runner, is so eager to be a New York policeman, that he may not accompany the Olympic team to England.

Battling Nelson is beginning to provide himself for graceful retirement, and as a first step in that direction he has bought himself a farm near San Francisco.

At the annual convention of the Middle States Regatta Association it was decided to hold the regatta this year at Washington. It will be held on the Potomac on Labor Day, September 7.

W. E. Burroughs, of the Illinois University, scored a double win in the field events at the Pennsylvania relay races. In the shot he easily outdistanced Krueger, the intercollegiate champion.

Some of the athletes at the University of Pennsylvania are inclined to resent the action taken to make them pay up their bills for training table expenses before they take part in athletic sports.

C. F. Conklin, of Chicago, defeated Lucien Ronelle, of Paris, France, in the fifth game of the 18.2 ball line billiard tournament for the international amateur championship. The score was 400 to 341.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: When the murder lust is upon him the lunatic cares very little whether he finds a victim who wears a crown upon his head or a victim who wears a cross upon his breast. It is as difficult to deal with him as it is to silence the howl of the conscienceless demagogue who incites him to violence.

WHEN MY MOTHER TUCKED ME IN.

Never quite so fond a kiss,
Never such a sweet good-night,
Never heaven so near to this
Old world, as when her bright
Brown eyes looked into mine
And with hand that seemed divine,
My mother tucked me in.

Evening prayers of course were said,
Drowsily I must admit,
As I tumbled into bed,
Glad to have me rid of it!
Then upon the stairs her tread,
Soft and gentle in the gloom,
Spoke of love that comforted,
As her presence filled the room,
And mother tucked me in.

And in after years a man,
Went to bed at home again,
Prayed perhaps with better plan
Than he did in those days, when
He was ignorant of sin;
Then he called her to his side
And could not be satisfied
Till his mother tucked him in.
—G. A. Warburton.

PHILLY'S FINANCIERING.

By WALTER LEON SAWYER.

"He's all togged out, what?" said Uncle Bishop, nodding toward the ornamental young man who had just passed up the board walk.

"Don't look as if he had to work very hard," Grandfather Lane commented, straining his eyes for a final survey of the tall hat and the gloves.

Abner Mitchell, the storekeeper, sent a gleeful chuckle after the retreating figure.

"Philly's specialty is workin' what he calls his brain," the storekeeper answered. "He never went in for the kinds o' labor that get ye all dirty and het up. Likely you don't know Philly as well as I do, bein' ye live over 't the East End, but I've kept an eye on him these seven years, since he was twenty or thereabouts, and I'm free to say that if he ever does get muscle-bound, it'll be round the jaw."

"He was full-grown and big as anybody when he was twenty, and I calculate by that time he'd read more'n a grown person's share of these newspaper yarns that tell how smart men start out with a lead nickel and buy marble palaces and steam-yachts—or somethin' to that effect. Philly figured that the whole trick was in keepin' all your money in sight, and keepin' it moving so fast that other folks would be kind o' dazed, and see double. Of course, if you had two dollars, and people thought you had four, you could trade four dollars' worth, or maybe six, understand?"

"Well, 'bout the time his twin, that's Peter, started in easy and modest in the hen business, Philly got a job clerkin' over at the country town. I guess there was no great margin betwixt his salary and his board bill. What there was, he put into clothes—and I'm findin' no fault with that, mind ye, for a young man in a shop ought to look as if he world was usin' him well. But he didn't seem to get anything to branch out on, as ye might say, till his Great-Uncle Butler died and left him and Peter a hundred and fifty dollars apiece."

"Peter knew what he wanted to do with his, and he bought an incubator and brooder and some fancy hens and some wire fencing. Philly didn't have quite enough capital to carry out his plans, so he borrowed fifty dollars at cutthroat interest from old Squire Lazenby—and then what you s'pose he did with that two hundred? He plunked it right into the bank over there, jest so's he could get a check-book."

"Mind ye, I'm not denying, nuthin' that a check-book's a good investment, always allowin' you don't overwork it. Pay a bill with your own check, and the man that gets it by doesn't know how much you've got in the bank, whether it's ten thousand dollars or seven dollars and a half; and if you look pretty prosperous, he's most likely to lean towards ten thousand."

"But until you get used to the check-book, sort o' bridle-wise, you're likely to rare and jump and throw yourself round amazin'. Just writin' a few words on a piece of paper doesn't seem, somehow, like handin' out real money. And besides that, it tickles ye to see how glad people are to get them pieces of paper; and since they're so easy to make, and you feel so rich while you're makin' 'em, you're likely to be generous with 'em."

The storekeeper paused a moment, gulped as if swallowing hard, and scowled at the hitching-post across the street. But he did not wish to cherish such an unpleasant recollection as this evidently was, and a moment later he was once more embarked upon his tale:

"Well, folks that was placed so they could keep posted tell me that Philly never really got used to his bank-account, for all he was so neighborly with it. 'Bout as often as Peter raised another chicken, they say, Philly'd put out a check. He paid his board that way. He dished 'em out to people that wanted to send money by mail and didn't want to squander their substance on registering the letters. Ask Philly to lend ye a dollar and he'd give ye a check for it. Cal'late the clerks in the bank had to hump themselves to keep up with him—but their work didn't put any money in Philly's pockets."

"Mind ye, Philly hadn't any bad habits, and as far forth as his accommodations other folks would let him, he tried to keep up that two hundred he started out with. Every Saturday noon he'd carry his seven

dollars' salary to the bank and dump her in, and every few days he'd be cartin' over some little borrowin' that somebody had paid back. But Squire Lazenby's interest was eatin' in all the time, and Philly he bought more or less truck he didn't really need, jest because, as I told ye a minute ago, it's so terrible easy to make out one o' them little slips—"

The storekeeper stopped abruptly and scowled into more vacancy. "Yes?" Uncle Bishop suggested. "I bated ye!" the storekeeper responded, feelingly. For a few seconds there was silence.

"And all this time, you want to remember, Peter's hens and incubators were a-hatchin' out chickens," the storekeeper said, all at once. That seemed to mark a change in the current of his thoughts, and with more cheerfulness he proceeded:

"There was more'n one way that things didn't work out with Philly as they do in the newspaper stories. Maybe in a big city he could have carried it through slicker, but in smaller places most everybody knows how much there acthilly is behind anybody else. So, when capitalists came in from outside and brought a new business scheme, or there was something promising planned right here in town—then, when Philly began to swell around, and show kind of accidentally that he had a check-book, and wait to be asked inside the scheme, there was always somebody to get off a joke about the two hundred dollar checks, and Philly'd be dished."

"Then he had a desperate spell—I cal'late Squire Lazenby may have been squeezing him—and he thought he'd get rich quick, too, lending money at big interest. There were a few weeks when folks over that way that never did have much of anything before were living high. I s'pose Philly thought he'd protect himself, but, my king! a man might give me a stack of promissory notes as tall as the meetin' house steeple, but the only real security ye have, after all, is whether he means to pay his debts. And as near's I can make out, half of Philly's customers weren't any more responsible than—than them chickens of Peter's."

"Well, to make a long story short, it was more'n three years that the bank put up with Philly, while he was pushin' his little handful o' dollars back and forth and tryin' to be a millionaire by his own say-so. His salary didn't grow, the way a healthy salary ought to do, because his mind was mostly on schemes outside the shop. His money didn't grow, because he hadn't put it in the savings-bank or in some little business—like Peter's hen farm—where he could sort o' work with it. And last I heard, he didn't have any check-book, and he'd paid Squire Lazenby seventy-five dollars' interest on that borrowed fifty, and owed him sixty dollars yet."

"About that 'ere hen farm—" Uncle Bishop began.

But the storekeeper hushed him with a gesture, and leaned forward to tell a venerable citizen whose ancient horse was rambling rheumatically down the road.

"Hey, Ammi!" the storekeeper called. "I see Philly Appleton's home. Ain't this a queer time o' year to take a vacation?"

The venerable citizen checked his horse and pondered a minute.

"What's that? Oh, Philly?" he answered, at last. "Peter's give him a job, ye know. He's come back to do the letter-writin' and bookkeepin' about Peter's chickens."—Youth's Companion.

Our First "Comic Paper."

An excerpt from the Philadelphia Ledger in your last night's issue says that John Donkey was the first comic sheet published in the United States.

In this instance, and maybe only this instance, Philadelphia is a little too previous. In the year 1842—I wasn't alive then, but the record shows it—a comic paper with the name of the Pictorial Wag was published in New York City, whereas John Donkey did not see the light till 1848. The proprietor of the Pictorial Wag was one R. H. Elton, a manufacturer of valentines, the editor being Thomas Nichols. The publication didn't last long, Elton finding that the manufacture of valentines was a trifle more profitable. He afterward built up Morrisania, and gave his name to the adjacent village of Eltonia.

It is a curious thing that, though we have the reputation of being a witty nation, the history of our comic papers is being marked by no less than half a hundred tombstones.—La Touche Hancock, in the New York Evening Sun.

The Earth's Innards.

Professor Wiechert, at a recent meeting of the Seismological Association at The Hague, asserted that his studies of the varying velocity of earthquake tremors passing through the interior of the globe lead to the conclusion that the earth consists of a central core of iron or steel, about 5580 miles in diameter, surrounded by a stony shell 930 miles in thickness. Between the outer solid rind and the inner layer of rock, covering the metallic core, he thinks there is a layer of liquid or plastic material, lying a little less than twenty miles below the surface of the earth.—Youth's Companion.

Newspaper Advertising the Best.

The newspaper is the best advertising medium, and the more we employ that and boycott the other the better for the community. Advertising devices and the bill-board are utterly hideous.—Professor Zueblin, in a Lecture at Boston.



MONKEYS PLAY PIRATE.

An exciting adventure with monkeys who to the number of four hundred ranged over the ship, hurling belaying pins and other missiles at the men, is the story brought in by the crew of the British steamer Braumfels, which arrived recently at Philadelphia from Calcutta.

The ship carried a cargo of assorted jungle folk, and the escape of the monkeys was brought about by Lizzie, a mascot baboon of the Braumfels. Lizzie, who had the freedom of the vessel, on March 11 made her way between the decks, where the monkeys were confined, and liberated four hundred of the six hundred, which were in a large cage. The monkeys took to the rigging and for two days there was no rest among the officers or crew.

According to the men the monkeys, led by a wiry tailed specimen, frequently rushed down on the decks, picked up a belaying pin or other handy objects, which they would let fly whenever an officer or sailor walked across the decks.

Finally Captain Weltman obtained a large quantity of molasses, mixed with it three quarts of strong brandy, and putting it in pans, placed it about the decks under the rigging where the monkeys had congregated. Attracted by the sweet odor from the pans, the monkeys lost no time in making for the pans and started to devour the contents.

Soon there were four hundred monkeys staggering around the decks. This ended the trouble, for as soon as any showed signs of stupor the animals were picked up, two or three at a time, and placed back in the cages, where they sobered up in a day.

A tiger and a leopard also got out while attendants were cleaning their cages. Henry Emmermann, their caretaker, was attacked by the tiger and bitten through the right hand and clawed on the left side by the tiger before it was driven into the cage. The animals are consigned to William Bartlett, of New York.

SAVED BY SEA FROM SEA.

A miraculous escape from a hungry sea in the gale which raged last Friday morning was that of Captain George B. Hix, of the steamer Nueces, of the Mallory line.

The vessel, on her way from Galveston to New York, met squally weather on rounding Cape Hatteras, then a hundred miles to the south.

Between 3 and 4 a. m. Friday Captain Hix, who had just come down from the bridge, started toward the engineer's quarters. He is broad-shouldered and strongly built, but the roaring wind threw him against the cabin. As he recovered and turned a heavy sea swept over the deck, carrying the captain off his feet and hurling him bodily through the net that protects the starboard rail.

Not a man was in sight on the deck. The officer pacing the bridge above was as ignorant of his chief's plight as though a thousand miles away. No cry could be heard in the howling of the tempest and only his presence of mind saved the captain from a grave in the raging waters.

As his body, feet foremost, slipped through the break in the net, Hix grasped a stanchion. It was only one inch thick, but it withstood the weight of the man's body suspended over the ocean till a returning sea struck him back across the deck, clearing his body of the wreckage, and leaving him cut and bruised, but safe. Hix says it was his worst experience in a seafaring career of more than thirty years.—New York World.

SOLDIERS ENDED A DYNASTY.

In the city of Nantes the morning of November 7, 1832, was a cold one. The two soldiers on guard in the attic room of the house of Pauline and Marie-Louise du Guiny, being chilled after their long night's vigil, decided to make a fire. When they did so, the last hope that the line of Capet, Valois and Bourbon would ever reign again France had disappeared. It was the end of the end. The cause, which had never been a sure one since Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette laid their heads upon the block, was now beyond salvation.

The soldiers' names were Hoher and Lavallee. For one-half hour they emerged out of the obscurity in which they were born and died, to become pivots in the revolution of great historical events. From behind the blaze they kindled there issued the forlornest little figure in Europe—her hair disheveled, her hands blistered, and her brown woollen gown hanging in burnt rags about her. It was the young lady who claimed the proud title of Regent of France—it was Marie Caroline Ferdinande Louise—commonly called Madame—widow of the Comte de Chambord; daughter of Francis I, King of France, the last of her race to raise the white flag with the golden lilies, which, for so many centuries, had been the foremost banner in the world.

A lost cause quickly forfeits its

hold on human attention; and yet there was a year when the Duchesse de Berry threw over international politics the most potent of all spells—that of a great mystery. From April 23, 1832, to November 7, of the same year, she vanished from public sight as completely as if the earth had opened to receive her. There was excitement in every court, and uneasiness in every cabinet, from London to Vienna, and from Moscow to Madrid. Her disappearance might mean anything, from a frivolous escapade to a European war. She had been last seen in Italy, on the road to Florence. Since then neither her brother, the King of Naples, nor her sister, the Queen of Spain, nor any sovereign, or ambassador, or journalist, or spy, had been able to trace her footsteps. The story of those seven months is one of the most romantic and futile bits of daring to be found in history.

Hoher and Lavallee fell back, astonished and agape. Their expression of surprise was so blank that Madame could not forbear to smile. None the less, they had done the work for which destiny had chosen them; they had wrought the end of the end of the longest and most splendid epoch in the history of the modern world; and the white flag with the golden lilies was hoisted down for ever.—Basil King, in Harper's.

A HUMAN BRIDGE.

An imperiled family in a New York tenement house was rescued from a horrible death a few days ago by the ingenuity of two policemen. They detected a fire and turned in an alarm but before the engines arrived they perceived that a young man, his wife and two children were in imminent danger. They were in a flat on the sixth floor of the house and the flames appeared to have filled the hall on which the flat opened. There was no fire escape there, though there was one at a window on the same floor east of the roaring furnace. The policemen made their way to that room and one of them, lying flat and stretching out his hands, reached to a narrow ledge of masonry, just below the window of the room in which the imperiled family stood. His body formed a living bridge. It was tested first by the woman, the other policeman standing well forward and holding out his hands. Then the husband passed the two children along and finally stepped over the bridge himself. The heroic policeman held firmly until his comrade told him all was well and helped him to drag his strained limbs to safety. He must have had extraordinary physical strength, as well as moral courage. Few would have run so great a risk for the rescue of strangers. As we admire such heroism and self forgetfulness, let us not fail to remember that the whole human race has been delivered by such heroic qualities in their supreme degree.—Christian Herald.

FOX IN A KITCHEN.

Some exciting scenes were witnessed at Stow yesterday at the meet of the Heythorn Hounds.

A fox, on being discovered near Abbotswood, proceeded to the town, where it darted through the open door of a photographer's studio. Being driven out into the garden, the animal sprang upon the roof of some low buildings, thence climbed the roof of a house and, sliding down the opposite slope, leaped into Park street.

The fugitive then entered a house at the front door, but meeting a little girl half way up the stairs, turned tail and made his way to the kitchen, where culinary operations were in progress.

The fox mounted the table and scattered the crockery with which it was covered, many articles being smashed as they fell with a clatter on the floor. Then, espying an open door, the animal made quick exit into a garden. Hounds meanwhile had tracked the fox to the studio, and many went right through the house and picked up the trail that led them eventually to the garden in which the fugitive was hiding.

The animal did not give in without a brave struggle for existence, leading hounds a chase over successive garden walls before he gave up his brush.—London Globe.

BOYLE OF ARRAB.

The recent death, in his eighty-sixth year, of "Boyle of Arrah" removes one of the few survivors, if there are any left, of one of the conspicuously gallant exploits of the great mutiny in India. Richard Vickers Boyle, to give him his proper name, and a proper fighting name it is, was at the outbreak of the mutiny an engineer in charge of the construction of the East Indian Railway at Arrah, which is in northern Bengal. At the first rumor of the outbreak the women and children were sent to Dinapore, and the fifteen Englishmen and Eurasians, supplemented by fifty faithful Sikhs, shut themselves up in Boyle's bungalow. Herwald Wake, magistrate of the district, took charge, and left a record of the siege written on the white-washed walls, "in case we should be scragged." The rebels had cannon, and the attack was fierce, but the little garrison held out from July 28 till August 2, when Vincent Eyre defeated the natives and relieved the siege. Boyle, who was the strategist and engineer of the defense, planning fortifications with great skill, was made a companion of the order of the Star of India, and also received a grant of land in the neighborhood. And ever since he has been "Boyle of Arrah."—The Argonaut.

The College and Good Literature

By WILLIAM SEAYER WOODS, Editor of the Literary Digest.

The number of students in the various colleges in America to-day is reckoned at about 150,000, and if our colleges can turn out an army of 150,000 every four years, charged with the leaven of idealism, I think that before long there will begin to be results. Over on the other side of the water, where literature seems to be in full flower, the national wealth is in the hands of a few great families, and the young man who is born poor is pretty sure to stay poor. It is easier for such a young man to turn to the consolations of literature and accept the assurance of the philosophers that wealth is a curse and never brings happiness. So, while the magnates are winning great fortunes in the far East, he writes stories and poems about it. In America the young man of ability can take his choice. He can either go into business and wish later that he had gone into literature, and he can go into literature and wish he had gone into business. That is, if he is unsuccessful. But as for the man who really has the divine fire, I never heard of one who was sorry for it. We cannot have, and we do not want, a literature founded on the denial of opportunity to rising young men to make their choice, but we can have a literature founded on the deliberate choice of the best minds to seek the best things; and when we have that, America is likely to have the best literature.

A Country of Patriots.

In nearly all European countries, as in England or Russia, there is a wide gulf still between the educated classes and the uneducated. It is the shameful disgrace of all our civilization. But in Georgia in the Caucasus there is no such gulf. Of course there is ignorance. Even in England some of the educated classes are not marvels of learning, and we cannot expect a much higher standing in the Caucasus. As to the Georgian peasants, there is a favorite story of a young enthusiast who for the first time attended a Social Democratic lecture given by a follower of Karl Marx, and was afterward heard praying before a sacred icon: "O Lord, make me a proletarian! Make me a proletarian soon!"

But in peasants and nobility alike I found the same quickness of intelligence, the same freedom of mind and eagerness to learn.

This alertness of mind is naturally accompanied by the passion for equality, and a peculiar readiness to shake off the droll social and political traditions that generally survive much too long. "Your name proves your noble family," said my Georgian companion to a dripping boy who had walked miles through a raging storm to pass on a borrowed book and was now drying his thin cotton clothes before our fire. "Then I must change it," answered the peasant, simply. "I refuse to be noble." He also refused to touch wine, because it pays duty to the Russian Government.—H. W. Nevins, in Harper's.

Pulse Beats.

The rate of the pulse in males at different ages is as follows: At birth, 136 beats per minute; at five years, eighty-three beats per minute; between 10-15 years, seventy-eight beats per minute; between 20-25 years, 60.7 beats per minute; between 25-30 years, seventy-one beats per minute; between 30-50 years, seventy beats per minute.

In females the rate is from one to 4.5 beats faster per minute.

Slow walking raises the pulse from ten to twenty beats, while rapid running may raise it to 140. This rise may last from half an hour to an hour.

Eating raises the pulse from eight to twenty beats; without wine, 13.1; with wine, 17.5. In the morning the pulse is ten beats higher than at night. When the barometer rises five inches the pulse increases 1.3 per minute. If the pulse be 66.6 while lying down it will be seventy when sitting and 78.9 when standing.

The Old Subscriber.

We sometimes wonder if newspaper men generally appreciate the old subscriber at his true value, says the Lansing (Iowa) Mirror. We mean the old stand-by who takes the home paper year after year, through evil as well as through good report, and pays his subscription regularly just the same as he would any other honest debt. As a general thing the old subscriber is patient and slow to wrath. He will overlook many little slights from the editor, slights which the man who borrows his readings would not stand for a minute.

"Yellow Fever" Literature.

There is a yellow fever of literature specially adapted and prepared for the spread of shameless curiosity, incorrect information and complacent idleness among all classes of the population.—Henry van Dyke.

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Some of the athletes at the University of Pennsylvania are inclined to resent the action taken to make them pay up their bills for training table expenses before they take part in athletic sports.

C. F. Conklin, of Chicago, defeated Lucien Ronkley, of Paris, France, in the fifth game of the 18 3 ball line billiard tournament for the international amateur championship. The score was 400 to 341.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: When the murder list is upon him the lunatic cares very little whether he finds a victim who wears a crown upon his head or a victim who wears a cross upon his breast. It is as difficult to deal with him as it is to silence the howl of the conscienceless demagogue who lures him to violence.

WHEN MY MOTHER TUCKED ME IN.

Never quite so fond a kiss,
Never such a sweet goodnight,
Never heaven so near to this
Old world, as when her bright
Brown eyes looked into mine
And with hand that seemed divine,
My mother tucked me in.

Evening prayers of course were said,
Drowsily I must admit,
"As I tumbled into bed,
Glad to have me rid of it!
Then upon the stairs her tread,
Soft and gentle in the gloom,
Spoke of love that comforted,
As her presence filled the room,
And mother tucked me in.

And in after years a man,
Went to bed at home again;
Prayed perhaps with better plan
Than he did in those days, when
He was ignorant of sin;
Then he called her to his side
And could not be satisfied
Till his mother tucked him in.
—G. A. Warburton.

PHILLY'S FINANCIERING.

By WALTER LEON SAWYER.

"He's all togged out, what?" said Uncle Bishop, nodding toward the ornamental young man who had just passed up the board walk.

"Don't look as if he had to work very hard," Grandfather Lane commented, straining his eyes for a final survey of the tall hat and the gloves. Abner Mitchell, the storekeeper, sent a gleeful chuckle after the retreating figure.

"Philly's specialty is workin' what he calls his brain," the storekeeper answered. "He never went in for the kinds o' labor that get ye all dirty and het up. Likely you don't know Philly as well as I do, bein' you live over 't the East End, but I've kept an eye on him these seven years, since he was twenty or thereabouts, and I'm free to say that if he ever does get muscle-bound, it'll be round the jaw.

"He was full-grown and big as anybody when he was twenty, and I calculate by that time he'd read more'n a grown person's share of these newspaper yarns that tell how smart men start out with a lead nickel and buy marble palaces and steam-yachts—or somethin' to that effect. Philly figured that the whole trick was in keepin' all your money in sight, and keepin' it moving so fast that other folks would be kind o' dazed, and see double. Of course, if you had two dollars, and people thought you had four, you could trade four dollars' worth, or maybe six, under-stand?"

"Well, 'bout the time his twin, that's Peter, started in easy and modest in the hen business, Philly got a job clerkin' over at the country town. I guess there was no great margin betwixt his salary and his board bill. What there was, he put into clothes—and I'm finding no fault with that, mind ye, for a young man in a shop ought to look as if the world was usin' him well. But he didn't seem to get anything to branch out on, as ye might say, till his Great-Uncle Butler died and left him and Peter a hundred and fifty dollars apiece.

"Peter knew what he wanted to do with his, and he bought an incubator and brooder and some fancy hens an' some wire fencing. Philly didn't have quite enough capital to carry out his plans, so he borrowed fifty dollars at cutthroat interest from old Squire Lazenby—and then what you s'pose he did with that two hundred? He plunked it right into the bank over there, jest so's he could get a check-book.

"Mind ye, I'm not denying, nuther, that a check-book's a good investment, always allowin' you don't overwork it. Pay a bill with your own check, and the man that gets it he doesn't know how much you've got in the bank, whether it's ten thousand dollars or seven dollars and a half; and if you look pretty prosperous, he's most likely to lean towards ten thousand.

"But until you get used to the check-book, sort o' bridle-wise, you're likely to rare and jump and throw yourself round amazin'. Just writin' a few words on a piece of paper doesn't seem, somehow, like handin' out real money. And besides that, it tickles ye to see how glad people are to get them pieces of paper; and since they're so easy to make, and you feel so rich while you're makin' 'em, you're likely to be generous with 'em."

The storekeeper paused a moment, gulped as if swallowing hard, and scowled at the hitching-post across the street. But he did not wish to cherish such an unpleasant recollection as this evidently was, and a moment later he was once more embarked upon his tale:

"Well, folks that was placed so they could keep posted tell me that Philly never really got used to his bank-account, for all he was so neighborly with it. 'Bout as often as Peter raised another chicken, they say, Philly'd put out a check. He paid his board that way. He dished 'em out to people that wanted to send money by mail and didn't want to squander their substance on registering the letters. Ask Philly to lend ye a dollar and he'd give ye a check for it. Calculate the clerks in the bank had to hump themselves to keep up with him—but their work didn't put any money in Philly's pockets.

"Mind ye, Philly hadn't any bad habits, and as far forth as his accommodation' other folks would let him, he tried to keep up that two hundred he started out with. Every Saturday noon he'd carry his seven

dollars' salary to the bank and dump her in, and every few days he'd be cartin' over some little borrowin' that somebody had paid back. But Squire Lazenby's interest was eatin' in all the time, and Philly he bought more or less truck he didn't really need, jest because, as I told ye a minute ago, it's so terrible easy to make out one o' them little slips—"

The storekeeper stopped abruptly and scowled into more vacancy. "Yes?" Uncle Bishop suggested. "I bate ye!" the storekeeper responded, feelingly. For a few seconds there was silence.

"And all this time, you want to remember, Peter's hens and incubators were a-hatchin' out chickens," the storekeeper said, all at once. That seemed to mark a change in the current of his thoughts, and with more cheerfulness he proceeded:

"There was more'n one way that things didn't work out with Philly as they do in the newspaper stories. Maybe in a big city he could have carried it through slicker, but in smaller places most everybody knows how much there acthilly is behind anybody else. So, when capitalists came in from outside and brought a new business scheme, or there was something promising planned right here in town—then, when Philly began to swell around, and show kind o' accidentally that he had a check-book, and wait to be asked inside the scheme, there was always somebody to get off a joke about the two hundred dollar checks, and Philly'd be dished.

"Then he had a desperate spell—I calculate Squire Lazenby may have been squeezing him—and he thought he'd get rich quick, too, lending money at big interest. There were a few weeks when folks over that way that never did have much of anything before were living high. I s'pose Philly thought he'd protect himself, but, my king! a man might give me a stack of promissory notes as tall as the meetin' house steeple, but the only real security ye have, after all, is whether he means to pay his debts. And as near's I can make out, half of Philly's customers weren't any more responsible than—than them chickens of Peter's.

"Well, to make a long story short, it was more'n three years that the bank put up with Philly, while he was pushin' his little handful o' dollars back and forth and tryin' to be a millionaire by his own say-so. His salary didn't grow, the way a healthy salary ought to do, because his mind was mostly on schemes outside the shop. His money didn't grow, because he hadn't put it in the savings-bank or in some little business—like Peter's hen farm—where he could sort o' work with it. And last I heard, he didn't have any check-book, and he'd paid Squire Lazenby seventy-five dollars' interest on that borrowed fifty, and owed him sixty dollars yet."

"About that 'ere hen farm—" Uncle Bishop began.

But the storekeeper hushed him with a gesture, and leaned forward to hush a venerable citizen whose ancient horse was rambling rheumatically down the road.

"Hey, Amm!" the storekeeper called. "I see Philly Appleton's home. Ain't this a queer time o' year to take a vacation?"

The venerable citizen checked his horse and pondered a minute.

"What's that? Oh, Philly?" he answered, at last. "Peter's give him a job, ye know. He's come back to do the letter-writin' and bookkeepin' about Peter's chickens."—Youth's Companion.

Our First "Comic Paper."

An excerpt from the Philadelphia Ledger in your last night's issue says that John Donkey was the first comic sheet published in the United States. In this instance, and maybe only this instance, Philadelphia is a little too previous. In the year 1842—I wasn't alive then, but the record shows it—a comic paper with the name of the Pictorial Wag was published in New York City, whereas John Donkey did not see the light till 1848. The proprietor of the Pictorial Wag was one R. H. Elton, a manufacturer of valentines, the editor being Thomas Nichols. The publication didn't last long, Elton finding that the manufacture of valentines was a trifle more profitable. He afterward built up Morrisania, and gave his name to the adjacent village of Eltonia.

It is a curious thing that, though we have the reputation of being a witty nation, the history of our comic papers is being marked by no less than half a hundred tombstones.—La Touche Hancock, in the New York Evening Sun.

The Earth's Innards.

Professor Wiechert, at a recent meeting of the Seismological Association at The Hague, asserted that his studies of the varying velocity of earthquake tremors passing through the interior of the globe lead to the conclusion that the earth consists of a central core of iron or steel, about 5580 miles in diameter, surrounded by a stony shell 930 miles in thickness. Between the outer solid rind and the inner layer of rock, covering the metallic core, he thinks there is a layer of liquid or plastic material, lying a little less than twenty miles below the surface of the earth.—Youth's Companion.

Newspaper Advertising the Best.

The newspaper is the best advertising medium, and the more we employ that and boycott the other the better for the community. Advertising devices and the bill-board are utterly hideous.—Professor Zueblin, in a Lecture at Boston.



MONKEYS PLAY PIRATE.

An exciting adventure with monkeys who to the number of four hundred ranged over the ship, hurling belaying pins and other missiles at the men, is the story brought in by the crew of the British steamer Braumfels, which arrived recently at Philadelphia from Calcutta.

The ship carried a cargo of assorted jungle folk, and the escape of the monkeys was brought about by Lizzie, a mascot baboon of the Braumfels. Lizzie, who had the freedom of the vessel, on March 11 made her way between the decks, where the monkeys were confined, and liberated four hundred of the six hundred, which were in a large cage. The monkeys took to the rigging and for two days there was no rest among the officers or crew.

According to the men the monkeys, led by a wiry tailed specimen, frequently rushed down on the decks, picked up a belaying pin or other handy objects, which they would let fly whenever an officer or sailor walked across the decks.

Finally Captain Weltman obtained a large quantity of molasses, mixed with it three quarts of strong brandy and, putting it in pans, placed it about the decks under the rigging where the monkeys had congregated. Attracted by the sweet odor from the pans, the monkeys lost no time in making for the pans and started to devour the contents.

Soon there were four hundred monkeys staggering around the decks. This ended the trouble, for as soon as any showed signs of stupor the animals were picked up, two or three at a time, and placed back in the cages, where they sobered up in a day.

A tiger and a leopard also got out while attendants were cleaning their cages. Henry Emmermann, their caretaker, was attacked by the tiger and bitten through the right hand and clawed on the left side by the tiger before it was driven into the cage. The animals are consigned to William Bartlett, of New York.

SAVED BY SEA FROM SEA.

A miraculous escape from a hungry sea in the gale which raged last Friday morning was that of Captain George B. Hix, of the steamer Nueces, of the Mallory line.

The vessel, on her way from Galveston to New York, met squally weather on rounding Cape Hatteras, then a hundred miles to the south.

Between 3 and 4 a. m. Friday Captain Hix, who had just come down from the bridge, started toward the engineer's quarters. He is broad-shouldered and strongly built, but the roaring wind threw him against the cabin. As he recovered and turned a heavy sea swept over the deck, carrying the captain off his feet and hurling him bodily through the net that protects the starboard rail.

Not a man was in sight on the deck. The officer pacing the bridge above was as ignorant of his chief's plight as though a thousand miles away. No cry could be heard in the howling of the tempest and only his presence of mind saved the captain from a grave in the raging waters.

As his body, feet foremost, slipped through the break in the net, Hix grasped a stanchion. It was only one inch thick, but it withstood the weight of the man's body suspended over the ocean till a returning sea struck him back across the deck, clearing his body of the wreckage, and leaving him cut and bruised, but safe. Hix says it was his worst experience in a seafaring career of more than thirty years.—New York World.

SOLDIERS ENDED A DYNASTY.

In the city of Nantes the morning of November 7, 1832, was a cold one. The two soldiers on guard in the attic room of the house of Pauline and Marie-Louise du Guiny, being chilled after their long night's vigil, decided to make a fire. When they did so, the last hope that the line of Capet, Valois and Bourbon would ever reign again France had disappeared. It was the end of the end. The cause, which had never been a sure one since Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette laid their heads upon the block, was now beyond salvation.

The soldiers' names were Hoche and Lavallee. For one-half hour they emerge out of the obscurity in which they were born and died, to become pivots in the revolution of great historical events. From behind the blaze they kindled there issued the forlornest little figure in Europe—her hair dishevelled, her hands blistered, and her brown woollen gown hanging in burnt rags about her. It was the young lady who claimed the proud title of Regent of France—it was Marie Caroline Ferdinande Louise—commonly called Madame—widow of the Comte de Chambord; daughter of Francis I., King of France, the last of her race to raise the white flag with the golden lilies, which, for so many centuries, had been the foremost banner in the world.

A lost cause quickly forfeits its

hold on human attention; and yet there was a year when the Duchesse de Berry threw over international politics the most potent of all spells—that of a great mystery. From April 23, 1832, to November 7, of the same year, she vanished from public sight as completely as if the earth had opened to receive her. There was excitement in every court, and uneasiness in every cabinet, from London to Vienna, and from Moscow to Madrid. Her disappearance might mean anything, from a frivolous escapade to a European war. She had been last seen in Italy, on the road to Florence. Since then neither her brother, the King of Naples, nor her sister, the Queen of Spain, nor any sovereign, or ambassador, or journalist, or spy, had been able to trace her footsteps. The story of those seven months is one of the most romantic and futile bits of daring to be found in history.

Hoche and Lavallee fell back, astonished and agape. Their expression of surprise was so blank that Madame could not forbear to smile. None the less, they had done the work for which destiny had chosen them; they had wrought the end of the end of the longest and most splendid epoch in the history of the modern world; and the white flag with the golden lilies was hauled down for ever.—Basil King, in Harper's.

A HUMAN BRIDGE.

An imperiled family in a New York tenement house was rescued from a horrible death a few days ago by the ingenuity of two policemen. They detected a fire and turned in an alarm but before the engines arrived they perceived that a young man, his wife and two children were in imminent danger. They were in a flat on the sixth floor of the house and the flames appeared to have filled the hall on which the flat opened. There was no fire escape there, though there was one at a window on the same floor east of the roaring furnace. The policemen made their way to that room and one of them, lying flat and stretching out his hands, reached to a narrow ledge of masonry, just below the window of the room in which the imperiled family stood. His body formed a living bridge. It was tested first by the woman, the other policeman standing well forward and holding out his hands. Then the husband passed the two children along and finally stepped over the bridge himself. The heroic policeman held firmly until his comrade told him all was well and helped him to drag his strained limbs to safety. He must have had extraordinary physical strength, as well as moral courage. Few would have run so great a risk for the rescue of strangers. As we admire such heroism and self-forgetfulness, let us not fail to remember that the whole human race has been delivered by such heroic qualities in their supreme degree.—Christian Herald.

FOX IN A KITCHEN.

Some exciting scenes were witnessed at Stow yesterday at the meet of the Heythorn Hounds.

A fox, on being discovered near Abbotswood, proceeded to the town, where it darted through the open door of a photographer's studio. Being driven out into the garden, the animal sprang upon the roof of some low buildings, thence climbed the roof of a house and, sliding down the opposite slope, leaped into Park street.

The fugitive then entered a house at the front door, but meeting a little girl half way up the stairs, turned tail and made his way to the kitchen, where culinary operations were in progress.

The fox mounted the table and scattered the crockery with which it was covered, many articles being smashed as they fell with a clatter on the floor. Then, espying an open door, the animal made quick exit into a garden. Hounds meanwhile had tracked the fox to the studio, and many went right through the house and picked up the trail that led them eventually to the garden in which the fugitive was hiding.

The animal did not give in without a brave struggle for existence, leading hounds a chase over successive garden walls before he gave up his brush.—London Globe.

BOYLE OF ARRAB.

The recent death, in his eighty-sixth year, of "Boyle of Arrah" removes one of the few survivors, if there are any left, of one of the conspicuously gallant exploits of the great mutiny in India. Richard Vickers Boyle, to give him his proper name, and a proper fighting name it is, was at the outbreak of the mutiny an engineer in charge of the construction of the East Indian Railway at Arrah, which is in northern Bengal.

At the first rumor of the outbreak the women and children were sent to Dinapore, and the fifteen Englishmen and Eurasians, supplemented by fifty faithful Sikhs, shut themselves up in Boyle's bungalow. Herwald Wake, magistrate of the district, took charge, and left a record of the siege written on the white-washed walls. "In case we should be scragged," the rebels had cannon, and the attack was fierce, but the little garrison held out from July 28 till August 2, when Vincent Eyre defeated the natives and relieved the siege. Boyle, who was the strategist and engineer of the defense, planning fortifications with great skill, was made a companion of the order of the Star of India, and also received a grant of land in the neighborhood. And ever since he has been "Boyle of Arrah."—The Argonaut.

The College and Good Literature

By WILLIAM SEAVER WOODS, Editor of the Literary Digest.

The number of students in the various colleges in America to-day is reckoned at about 150,000, and if our colleges can turn out an army of 150,000 every four years, charged with the heaven of idealism, I think that before long there will begin to be results. Over on the other side of the water, where literature seems to be in full flower, the national wealth is in the hands of a few great families, and the young man who is born poor is pretty sure to stay poor. It is easier for such a young man to turn to the consolations of literature and accept the assurance of the philosophers that wealth is a curse and never brings happiness. So, while the magnates are winning great fortunes in the far East, he writes stories and poems about it. In America the young man of ability can take his choice. He can either go into business and wish later that he had gone into literature, and he can go into literature and wish he had gone into business. That is, if he is unsuccessful. But as for the man who really has the divine fire, I never heard of one who was sorry for it. We cannot have, and we do not want, a literature founded on the denial of opportunity to rising young men to make their choice, but we can have a literature founded on the deliberate choice of the best minds to seek the best things; and when we have that, America is likely to have the best literature.

A Country of Patriots.

In nearly all European countries, as in England or Russia, there is a wide gulf still between the educated classes and the uneducated. It is the shameful disgrace of all our civilization. But in Georgia in the Caucasus there is no such gulf. Of course there is ignorance. Even in England some of the educated classes are not marvels of learning, and we cannot expect a much higher standing in the Caucasus. As to the Georgian peasants, there is a favorite story of a young enthusiast who for the first time attended a Social Democratic lecture given by a follower of Karl Marx, and was afterward heard praying before a sacred icon: "O Lord, make me a proletarian! Make me a proletarian soon!"

But in peasants and nobility alike I found the same quickness of intelligence, the same freedom of mind and eagerness to learn.

This alertness of mind is naturally accompanied by the passion for equality, and a peculiar readiness to shake off the droll social and political traditions that generally survive much too long. "Your name proves your noble family," said my Georgian companion to a dripping boy who had walked miles through a raging storm to pass on a borrowed book and was now drying his thin cotton clothes before our fire. "Then I must change it," answered the peasant, simply. "I refuse to be noble." He also refused to touch wine, because it pays duty to the Russian Government.—H. W. Nevinston, in Harper's.

Pulse Beats.

The rate of the pulse in males at different ages is as follows: At birth, 136 beats per minute; at five years, eighty-three beats per minute; between 10-15 years, seventy-eight beats per minute; between 20-25 years, 60.7 beats per minute; between 25-30 years, seventy-one beats per minute; between 30-50 years, seventy beats per minute.

In females the rate is from one to 4.5 beats faster per minute.

Slow walking raises the pulse from ten to twenty beats, while rapid running may raise it to 140. This rise may last from half an hour to an hour.

Eating raises the pulse from eight to twenty beats; without wine, 13.1; with wine, 17.5. In the morning the pulse is ten beats higher than at night. When the barometer rises five inches the pulse increases 1.3 per minute. If the pulse be 66.6 while lying down it will be seventy when sitting and 78.9 when standing.

The Old Subscriber.

We sometimes wonder if newspaper men generally appreciate the old subscriber at his true value, says the Lansing (Iowa) Mirror. We mean the old stand-by who takes the home paper year after year, through evil as well as through good report, and pays his subscription regularly just the same as he would any other honest debt. As a general thing the old subscriber is patient and slow to wrath. He will overlook many little slights from the editor, slights which the man who borrows his readings would not stand for a minute.

"Yellow Fever" Literature

There is a yellow fever of literature specially adapted and prepared for the spread of shameless curiosity, incorrect information and complacent idleness among all classes of the population.—Henry van Dyke.

A Large Orchard.

The largest orchards in the world are at Werder, near Berlin. They extend without a break to about 13,000 acres. They yield about 48,000,000 pounds of apples and pears every year.

Uninjured mammoth remains are among the vast natural resources of Siberia awaiting exploitation. For commercial purpose the skeletons are more valuable than the best Indian ivory.

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HINTS FOR THE HOUSE.

To clean a copper kettle rub the kettle with powdered bath brick and pawflin and then polish it with dry brick.

When pouring out tea one sometimes is annoyed to find the tea will run down the spout. To prevent this rub a little butter around the outside of the spout.

When thin tumbler sticks together, and there is danger of breaking them, do not try to pull them apart, but put them into a pan of warm suds. In a short time they can be easily separated.

If housewives who dislike to find worms when cutting apples would first put the fruit in cold water they would find that the worms would leave the apples and come to the surface of the water.

Never beat or stir cereals or rice with a spoon. It makes them pasty. Use a plated or silver fork.

Oatmeal will not crack when cut if a little thick cream is added to it. Allow one teaspoonful to each white of egg.

To prevent hands from getting cold while hanging up clothes, wipe hands dry and rub thoroughly with powdered starch.

Milk will immediately and effectually extinguish the flames from gasoline or any form of petroleum, since it forms an emulsion with the oil.

In washing dishcloths, instead of using soap or borax, put a quantity of soda in the water and boil the dishcloths. The grease and soda makes a soap that does its own work.

Keep a pair of mittens made from heavy white cotton flannel to slip on when hanging out clothes.

To polish a looking glass first rub it with a duster wrung out of cold water and dipped in whiting and then polish with a dry cloth.

SPORTING BRIEVITIES.

The harness horses of Judge William H. Moore won three blue ribbons at the show of the Riding and Driving Club, of Brooklyn.

August Belmont's Normal III. beat King Edward's Perrier, the favorite, in the Two Thousand Guineas race at Newmarket, England.

Since the crew work at Yale University has assumed more definite shape the prospects for a good varsity and freshman crew are bright.

Stewards of the Pennsylvania Breeders' and Racing Association announced an attractive program for the first race meet of the organization.

Melvin W. Sheppard, the American distance runner, is so eager to be a New York policeman, that he may not accompany the Olympic team to England.

Battling Nelson is beginning to provide himself for graceful retirement, and as a first step in that direction he has bought himself a farm near San Francisco.

At the annual convention of the Middle States Regatta Association it was decided to hold the regatta this year at Washington. It will be held on the Potomac on Labor Day, September 7.

W. B. Burroughs, of the Illinois University, scored a double win in the field events at the Pennsylvania relay races. In the shot he easily outdistanced Krueger, the intercollegiate champion.

Some of the athletes at the University of Pennsylvania are inclined to resent the action taken to make them pay up their bills for training table expenses before they take part in athletic sports.

C. F. Conklin, of Chicago, defeated Lucien Rerolle, of Paris, France, in the fifth game of the 18.2 balk line billiard tournament for the international amateur championship. The score was 400 to 341.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: When the murder list is upon him the lunatic cares very little whether he finds a victim who wears a crown upon his head or a victim who wears a cross upon his breast. It is as difficult to deal with him as it is to silence the howl of the conscienceless demagogue who incites him to violence.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1908.

Here and There.

Michael Cleary, aged 25, of Keffer, was fatally squeezed between a cage and some timbers at the Lincoln Colliery.

Fire, starting from a locomotive spark destroyed eight buildings at Port Royal on Friday. The buildings destroyed were four dwellings and four stables.

Mrs. Rosa Keeney, of Pottsville, aged 70 years was fatally hurt at the home of her son tripping over a rug and falling down a flight of stairs fracturing her skull.

Playing with matches in the rear of her home, 4 year old Irene Peters, daughter of John Peters, of Slatington, set fire to her clothing and was fatally burned before her mother was able to extinguish the flames.

Mrs. Maud Anderson, of Harrisburg, aged 28, killed herself Friday, by drinking carbolic acid. Domestic troubles are said to be the cause. She is survived by 3 children and her husband, from whom she was separated.

The jury in the case of Prof. Robert S. Bredt, of Allegheny college, against the Meadville Traction Co., awarded the plaintiff \$15,000 damages for the death of his wife, who was one of several killed in a trolley car accident on College Hill, Dec. 13, 1905.

Two cars of the Washington, Baltimore & Annapolis Electric Railway Co., were wrecked while running at high rate of speed two miles from Annapolis, Md., Friday night, the accident causing the death of eight persons, six men, one woman and one child.

The dead body of Anna Luchinski, 9-year old daughter of Michael Luchinski, a miner, of Scranton, was found in a box car on the coke plant switch at that place Sunday. Her throat indicated that she was choked to death after having been outraged.

George Gozovitch, the Slav, who is wanted in York on the charge of murdering Michael Tintor, a fellow countryman, at New Holland, on the night of May 22, was taken into custody Friday at Peekskill, N. Y., by the police of that place, and was brought to York jail by Detective White.

Mrs. Seth Lamon, of Martzville, shot herself in the leg, set her dress on fire, and narrowly escaped death by burning all on account of the accidental discharge of a Flobert rifle, which she had wrapped in her apron. Mrs. Lamon is an expert shot, and had been out along the road trying her marksmanship. To hide the rifle from persons who were passing, she wrapped it in her apron. It was discharged, and the 22 calibre bullet entered her leg, while the explosion fired her dress.

A fire which broke out at midnight while 3-year-old Katherine Brown, at Wilkes-Barre, was alone in her home burned her to death with her large pet dog, which was found lying upon body as if his last act had been an effort to shield her from the flames. The mother left the child alone in the house while she went to the home of a neighbor to get another child. When she returned the lower floor was a mass of flames. She was prevented from sacrificing herself by neighbors, who tried in vain to reach the child.

Mrs. Catharine Young Ward, wife of Jacob M. Ward, died Thursday at her home on the Petersburg road, near Carlisle, on what was formerly known as the Hilton farm. About 3 weeks ago Mrs. Ward tramped on a nail in the yard at her home. Lockjaw developed, but notwithstanding this, she was apparently improving, and for several days was getting along nicely. A change for the worse occurred, however, and she passed away on the day above named.

While R. H. and George Bange, of Hanover, were hitching a horse to a wagon Friday afternoon they put the wrong bridle on the animal. While George went for another bridle, R. H. held the animal by the nose, which seems to have given offense to the horse, for he suddenly bolted, throwing Mr. Bange to the ground and running over him. He received several severe bruises in the face and on other parts of the body; the vehicle was badly broken.

Taneytown—An unfortunate runaway accident occurred here, which resulted in the injury of Mrs. Norval Shumaker and the wrecking of a new buggy owned by Jos. A. Hemler. The team was hitched at the Central Hotel and the horse became frightened, broke loose and ran diagonally across the street and onto the pavement, just as Mrs. Shumaker was passing. She tried to avoid the horse, but failed, and was thrown violently into the gutter, one of the horse's hoofs striking her and two of the buggy wheels passing lengthwise over her body, resulting in a fractured rib and many severe bruises.

Stanley Shoepack of Scranton, has been depressed and friends are worried. Friday they discovered that he had dug a grave near his home, and having disrobed, was preparing to take his life after placing himself in this final resting place. It was with difficulty that he was restrained and he is now under surveillance in an asylum.

A terrible accident occurred on board the United States armored cruiser Tennessee at 11 o'clock Friday morning. While the ship was steaming at 19 knots on a speed trial off Point Huenene, Cal., a steam pipe in the the starboard engine room bursting under 235 pounds pressure, killing six men and injuring eight others, all the men in the compartment at the time.

A good recipe for making a "Merry Widow" hat is as follows: Take a bicycle wheel, superimpose on the hub one deep granite saucepan, first snipping off the handle with an axe or sledge hammer. Stitch on the whole a cover of wine colored velvet from your season's before last coat suit. Put on a 3 inch binding around the time of brim, of canary colored taffeta silk from your great grandmother's party dress. Rip 23 yds. of box ruching off your shirt waist box and drape artistically about the crown. A soup ladle and a jointed meat fork will give the whole a jaunty effect if used as hatpins.

Carlisle—George Bear, the Dickinson farmer who left his home about two weeks ago and during which time no trace of him could be found, returned Wednesday morning. He was in a dazed condition and it was some time after his arrival until he was made to understand where he was. On May 21 Bear went to Carlisle, drew some money out of bank which he had on deposit, and left for parts unknown with horse and buggy. Nothing was seen or heard of him until Tuesday night, when he surprised his family by coming back. When questioned as to where he was he stated he stated he did not know, and his mind seemed to be a perfect blank. He was very ill and it is thought he suffered a temporary attack of insanity and did not know really what he was doing. No other cause is ascribed for his peculiar actions.

Passing over southern Nebraska and portions of northern Kansas, the tornado of Friday evening was the most destructive and covered the most territory of any similar storm which visited that region in many years. At least twenty-one persons were killed, five were fatally injured and scores of others hurt. In addition, reports say several persons were killed at Byron, Neb., and Phillipsburg and Courtland, Kan., which towns have been cut off from communication. The damage to property and crops is immense. Hundreds of farmers drove into the towns seeking shelter, many of them being homeless.

School teachers who would like to earn some money during their Summer vacation, will find it profitable to write to the Circulation Department of The Philadelphia Press, 7th and Chestnut Sts. Philadelphia. The Press has a proposition for school teachers during the Summer, whereby they earn additional money by congenial work.

Leroy Berkebile, aged 16, is on trial in Somerset in Somerset for his life, charged with shooting another lad, Grant Moon, aged 16, in March. The lads quarreled over a girl.

Will L. Moore of Sellersville, sold a pigeon to a man in St. Louis some weeks ago, and recently was surprised to find the bird had returned, a distance of over 1,000 miles.

Emma Jane, wife of Franklin Flory, of Dallastown, York county, was found dead in bed by her husband Monday morning about 5 o'clock. She was 42 years old and is survived by her husband and six children.

Hurled a distance of 30 feet, two valuable mules attached to a land roller and belonging on the farm of Mrs. A. D. Strickler, of near Wrightsville, were killed Saturday morning by a train on the P. R. R.

A young son of Titus Bortner, residing near Stoverstown, York county, set his father's barn on fire last Friday afternoon while playing with matches, and a horse and other live stock were consumed with the barn. The parents of the boy were working in the field and were not aware of the fire until neighbors attracted by the blaze came across field and told them. Then it was too late to save anything in the barn. The loss is partly insured.

Financial Report

of the New Oxford Borough School District for year ending June 1st, 1908.

—RECEIPTS—	
Balance on hand from last year	\$178.61
State appropriation	392.22
Taxes of all kinds	361.00
Tuition	6.00
Loan from F. & M. Bank	198.00
	\$1,926.42
—EXPENDITURES—	
Teachers' wages	\$1,821.00
Repairing and labor	101.44
Stationary	40.77
Printing	6.50
Auditing affidavits	5.25
Attending directors' convention	9.30
Janitor's salary	80.00
Attending election Co. Supt.	9.00
Text books	113.37
Attending Co. Institute	30.00
Lumber and coal	105.27
Secretary's salary and postage	25.00
Treasurer's fees	36.94
Cash on hand	42.46
	\$1,926.42

Z. H. CASHMAN, Treas.
We, the undersigned auditors of the Borough of New Oxford, have examined the above account of Z. H. Cashman, Treasurer of New Oxford School Board, and find it correct as stated.
JOHN C. FLESHMAN, Auditors.
HARRY J. PITTENBURF.

A Good Hair-Food

Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is a genuine hair-food. It feeds, nourishes, builds up, strengthens, invigorates. The hair grows more rapidly, keeps soft and smooth, and all dandruff disappears. Aid nature a little. Give your hair a good hair-food.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle
Show it to your doctor
Ask him about it, then do as he says

You need not hesitate about using this new Hair Vigor from any fear of its changing the color of your hair. The new Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents premature grayness, but does not change the color of the hair even to the slightest degree.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Farmers & Merchants Bank,

of New Oxford, Adams County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business May 19, 1908.

RESOURCES.	
Reserve Fund.	
Cash, specie and notes.	\$ 9,631.85
Due from approved reserve agents.	25,585.60
Checks and Cash Items.	262.34
Due from Banks and Trust Co's not reserve agents.	991.16
Bills discounted not due.	250,245.29
Bills discounted overdue protested and not protested.	5,303.67
Bills discounted, time loans with collateral.	5,925.00
Investments securities owned exclusive of reserve funds, viz:	
Stocks, bonds, etc.	\$48,549.00
Mortgages and judgments of record.	\$11,675.00
Real estate.	1,425.00
Furniture and fixtures.	1,368.54
	\$360,965.45

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in.	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus Fund.	35,000.00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid.	6,846.20
Deposits subject to check.	\$3,274.59
Time Certificates of Deposit.	215,336.39
Due to banks and bankers, not reserve agents.	508.27
	\$360,965.45

State of Pennsylvania, County of Adams, ss:
I, Jas. W. Barnitz, Cashier of the above named Company do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
JAS. W. BARNITZ, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22nd day of May, 1908.
R. M. STRALEY, J. P.

CORRECT—ATTEST:
JOHN N. HERSH,
F. M. MILLER,
Z. H. CASHMAN, } Directors

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

The Farmers Bank,

of McSherrystown, Main Street, of Adams County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business May 19, 1908.

RESOURCES.	
Reserve fund.	
Cash, specie and notes.	\$ 4,569.02
Due from approved reserve agents.	\$17,719.25
Checks and Cash Items.	\$ 22,288.27
Due from Banks and Trust Co's, not reserve agents.	21.75
Bills discounted not due.	259.36
Bills discounted overdue protested and not protested.	\$4,567.07
Bills discounted, time loans with collateral.	2,052.11
Loans on call upon one or more names	\$3,957.91
Investment securities owned exclusive of reserve funds, viz:	4,000.00
Stocks, bonds, etc.	\$ 4,690.00
Mortgages and judgments of record.	\$15,525.00
Real estate.	3,530.00
Furniture and fixtures.	840.00
Overdrafts.	69.03
	\$172,089.50

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in.	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus Fund.	10,000.00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid.	10,699.17
Deposits subject to check.	\$28,982.55
Time certificate of Deposits.	67,279.88
Cashier's Checks outstanding.	622.75
Due to banks and bankers, not reserve agents.	4,456.15
Dividends unpaid.	40.00
	\$172,089.50

State of Pennsylvania, County of York, ss:
I, H. S. Reigle, Cashier of the above named Company do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
H. S. REIGLE, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of May, 1908.
JOHN B. MILLER, N. P.

CORRECT—ATTEST:
C. D. SMITH,
J. A. FOIST,
P. M. WIESE, } Directors

Notice!

The New Oxford Town Council will meet on Tuesday evening, June 16, 1908, to receive and consider bids for lighting, filling and cleaning of the street lamps. The bids to be as follows:

Bids to be at so much per light, basing it at 40 lamps. Lighting to begin when the moon rises one hour after sunset and to continue for twenty (20) consecutive nights or oftener if necessary. The price to include the delivering of coal oil to the engine house free of charge. Lamp in front of engine house to be lit every night and to remain burning all night. The Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By Order of the Council.
T. E. BOWER, Sec'y

Furniture!

The complete line of goods that fill our large rooms offers you a choice of everything needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of Furniture and Home Furnishings, but we are quoting

Special Low Prices.

UNDERTAKING in all its branches, a Specialty. United Phone.

R. J. FEISER, Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa.

Leroy Weining, 14 years old, of Pottstown, attempted to swim across the Mantaway creek on Tuesday on a wager of 10 cents, but was drowned before half way over.

Gettysburg, Pa. Gettysburg, Pa.

G. W. Weaver & Son. G. W. Weaver & Son.

THE LEADERS.

Great Wool Dress Skirt - - SALE - -

A Money Saving Proposition

Very New Styles.

Man Tailored.

Right Materials.

Panama, Serges, Voiles.

Black, Navy, Brown.

Great Choice.

Seldom does such an opportunity come to our people right in season. While there are over 100 Skirts offered there are so few of any one style that we can hardly give a description here. At the prices marked on this lot they will be cheaper than home dress-making—with the style and fit thrown in.

An idea of the new prices—when we use the word Value—we use it as based on our own former prices:

Now \$3.90,	Value \$5.00.
Now 4.90,	Value 5.75.
Now 5.90,	Value \$7 and 7.50.
Now 6.90,	Value \$8 and 8.50.
Now 7.90,	Value \$10.00 and 11.00.

About 20 - TAILORED SUITS - About 20

Balance of stock left from this season reduced "One-Fourth Off" former prices.

Many other items in the Ladies' Ready-to-Wear department—marked to close out.

G. W. Weaver & Son, Gettysburg, Penna.

No. 110

THE Dollar Watch and it's GUARANTEE

Sold by Ed. T. Auker, Your Druggist, On The Square, New Oxford.

SOME people don't take the dollar watch seriously. They think it can't be good enough for their actual use. That's because they don't know the watch. The Ingersoll is guaranteed for the first year, and after that will be repaired at 25 cents. Pretty good watch to stand such an agreement with the American people.

Over 8000 Sold Every Day.

It's more than a novelty or toy or it couldn't have such a sale.

Name Ingersoll on the dial of the watch.

OTHER INGERSOLLS, \$1.00, \$1.50 AND \$1.75 NEW LADIES' MODEL, \$2.00.

Terms.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance.—\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuation at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.—Liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

Job Printing of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1908.

Here and There.

Michael Cleary, aged 25, of Keffers, was fatally squeezed between a cage and some timbers at the Lincoln Colliery.

Mrs. Rosa Keeney, of Pottsville, aged 70 years, was fatally hurt at the home of her son tripping over a rug and falling down a flight of stairs fracturing her skull.

Playing with matches in the rear of her home, 4 year old Irene Peters, daughter of John Peters, of Slatington, set fire to her clothing and was fatally burned before her mother was able to extinguish the flames.

Mrs. Maud Anderson, of Harrisburg, aged 28, killed herself Friday, by drinking carbolic acid. Domestic troubles are said to be the cause. She is survived by 3 children and her husband, from whom she was separated.

The jury in the case of Prof. Robert S. Bréd, of Allegheny college, against the Meadville Traction Co., awarded the plaintiff \$15,000 damages for the death of his wife, who was one of several killed in a trolley car accident on College Hill, Dec. 13, 1905.

Two cars of the Washington, Baltimore & Annapolis Electric Railway Co., were wrecked while running at high rate of speed two miles from Annapolis, Md., Friday night, the accident causing the death of eight persons, six men, one woman and one child.

The dead body of Anna Luchinski, 9-year old daughter of Michael Luchinski, a miner, of Scranton, was found in a box car on the coke plant switch at that place Sunday. Her throat indicated that she was choked to death after having been outraged.

George Gogozovitch, the Slav, who is wanted in York on the charge of murdering Michael Tintor, a fellow countryman, at New Holland, on the night of May 22, was taken into custody Friday at Peckskill, N. Y., by the police of that place, and was brought to York jail by Detective White.

Mrs. Seth Lamon, of Martzville, shot herself in the leg, set her dress on fire, and narrowly escaped death by burning all on account of the accidental discharge of a Flobert rifle, which she had wrapped in her apron. Mrs. Lamon is an expert shot, and had been out along the road trying her marksmanship. To hide the rifle from persons who were passing, she wrapped it in her apron. It was discharged, and the 22 calibre bullet entered her leg, while the explosion fired her dress.

A fire which broke out at midnight while 3-year-old Katherine Brown, at Wilkes-Barre, was alone in her home burned her to death with her large pet dog, which was found lying upon body as if his last act had been an effort to shield her from the flames. The mother left the child alone in the house while she went to the home of a neighbor to get another child. When she returned the lower floor was a mass of flames. She was prevented from sacrificing herself by neighbors, who tried in vain to reach the child.

Mrs. Catharine Young Ward, wife of Jacob M. Ward, died Thursday at her home on the Petersburg road, near Carlisle, on what was formerly known as the Hilton farm. About 3 weeks ago Mrs. Ward tramped on a nail in the yard at her home. Lockjaw developed, but not withstanding this, she was apparently improving, and for several days was getting along nicely. A change for the worse occurred, however, and she passed away on the day above named.

While R. H. and George Bange, of Hanover, were hitching a horse to a wagon Friday afternoon they put the wrong bridle on the animal. While George went for another bridle, R. H. held the animal by the nose, which seems to have given offense to the horse, for he suddenly bolted, throwing Mr. Bange to the ground and running over him. He received several severe bruises in the face and on other parts of the body; the vehicle was badly broken.

Taneytown—An unfortunate runaway accident occurred here, which resulted in the injury of Mrs. Norval Shumaker and the wrecking of a new buggy owned by Jos. A. Heuler. The team was hitched at the Central Hotel and the horse became frightened, broke loose and ran diagonally across the street and onto the pavement, just as Mrs. Shumaker was passing. She tried to avoid the horse, but failed, and was thrown violently into the gutter, one of the horse's hoofs striking her and two of the buggy wheels passing lengthwise over her body, resulting in a fractured rib and many severe bruises.

Since the death of his little son, Stanley Shoppeck of Scranton, has been depressed and friends are worried. Friday they discovered that he had dug a grave near his home, and having disrobed, was preparing to take his life after placing himself in this final resting place. It was with difficulty that he was restrained and he is now under surveillance in an asylum.

A terrible accident occurred on board the United States armored cruiser Tennessee at 11 o'clock Friday morning. While the ship was steaming at 19 knots on a speed trial off Point Hueuene, Cal., a steam pipe in the starboard engine room bursting under 285 pounds pressure, killing six men and injuring eight others, all the men in the compartment at the time.

A good recipe for making a "Merry Widow" hat is as follows: Take a bicycle wheel, superimpose on the hub one deep granite saucerpan, first snipping off the handle with an axe or sledge hammer. Stitch on the whole a cover of wine colored velvet from your season's before last coat suit. Put on a 3 inch binding around the time of brim, of canary colored taffeta silk from your great grandmother's party dress. Rip 28 yds. of box ruffling off your shirt waist box and drape artistically about the crown. A soup ladle and a jointed meat fork will give the whole a jaunty effect if used as hatpins.

Carlisle—George Bear, the Dickinson farmer who left his home about two weeks ago and during which time no trace of him could be found, returned Wednesday morning. He was in a dazed condition and it was some time after his arrival until he was made to understand where he was. On May 21 Bear went to Carlisle, drew some money out of bank which he had on deposit, and left for parts unknown with horse and buggy. Nothing was seen or heard of him until Tuesday night, when he surprised his family by coming back. When questioned as to where he was he stated he did not know, and his mind seemed to be a perfect blank. He was very ill and it is thought he suffered a temporary attack of insanity and did not know really what he was doing. No other cause is ascribed for his peculiar actions.

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School teachers who would like to earn some money during their summer vacation, will find it profitable to write to the Circulation Department of The Philadelphia Press, 7th and Chestnut Sts. Philadelphia. The Press has a proposition for school teachers during the summer, whereby they earn additional money by congenial work.

Leroy Berkebile, aged 16, is on trial in Somerset in Somerset for his life, charged with shooting another lad, Grant Moon, aged 16, in March. The lads quarreled over a girl.

Will L. Moore of Sellersville, sold a pigeon to a man in St. Louis some weeks ago, and recently was surprised to find the bird had returned, a distance of over 1,000 miles.

Emma Jane, wife of Franklin Flory, of Dallastown, York county, was found dead in bed by her husband Monday morning about 5 o'clock. She was 42 years old and is survived by her husband and six children.

Hurled a distance of 30 feet, two valuable mules attached to a land roller and belonging on the farm of Mrs. A. D. Strickler, of near Wrightsville, were killed Saturday morning by a train on the P. R. R.

A young son of Titus Bortner, residing near Stoverstown, York county, set his father's barn on fire last Friday afternoon while playing with matches, and a horse and other live stock were consumed with the barn. The parents of the boy were working in the field and were not aware of the fire until neighbors attracted by the blaze came across field and told them. Then it was too late to save anything in the barn. The loss is partly insured.

Financial Report

of the New Oxford Borough School District for year ending June 1st, 1908.

—RECEIPTS.—

Balance on hand from last year, \$178.61
State appropriation, \$12.22
Taxes of all kinds, 551.59
Tuition, 6.00
Total from F. & M. Bank, 196.00
Cash on hand, \$1,926.42

—EXPENDITURES.—

Teachers' wages, \$1,823.00
Repairs and labor, 101.44
Stationery, 40.77
Printing, 6.50
Auditing salaries, 5.25
Attending directors' convention, 9.20
Auditor's salary, 80.00
Attending election Co. Supt., 9.00
Text books, 113.37
Attending Co. Institute, 30.00
Lumber and coal, 105.27
Secretary's salary and postage, 25.00
Treasurer's fees, 30.94
Cash on hand, 42.48
Total, \$1,926.42

Z. H. OASHMAN, Treas.
We, the undersigned auditors of the Borough of New Oxford, have examined the above account of Z. H. Oashman, Treasurer of New Oxford School District, and find it correct as stated.
JOHN F. MILLER, Auditors.
JOHN C. FLESHMAN, Auditors.
HARRY J. PITTEURF, Auditors.

A Good Hair-Food

Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is a genuine hair-food. It feeds, nourishes, builds up, strengthens, invigorates. The hair grows more rapidly, keeps soft and smooth, and all dandruff disappears. Aid nature a little. Give your hair a good hair-food.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

You need not hesitate about using this new Hair Vigor from any fear of its changing the color of your hair. The new Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents premature grayness, but does not change the color of the hair even to the slightest degree.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

Farmers & Merchants Bank,

of New Oxford, Adams County, Pennsylvania,

at the close of business May 19, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Reserve fund, \$ 9,831.85
Cash, specie and notes, 25,588.00
Due from approved reserve agents, 262.34
Checks and Cash Items, 991.16
Due from Banks and Trust Co's not reserve agents, 250,245.29
Bills discounted not due, 5,303.67
Bills discounted overdue protested and not protested, 5,303.67
Bills discounted, time loans with collateral, 5,925.00
Investments securities owned exclusive of reserve funds, viz:
Stocks, bonds, etc., \$48,549.00
Mortgages and judgments, 60,224.00
Real estate, 1,425.00
Furniture and fixtures, 1,368.84
Total, \$360,965.45

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in, \$ 50,000.00
Surplus fund, 35,000.00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid, 6,846.20
Deposits subject to check, \$ 58,274.50
Time Certificates of Deposit, 215,336.39
Due to banks and bankers, not reserve agents, 508.27
Total, \$360,965.45

State of Pennsylvania, County of Adams, ss.
I, Jas. W. Barnitz, Cashier of the above named Company do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
J. W. BARNITZ, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22nd day of May, 1908.
R. M. STRALEY, J. P.

CORRECT—ATTEST: JOHN N. HERSH, Directors.
F. M. MILLER, Directors.
Z. H. OASHMAN, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF—

The Farmers Bank,

of McSherrystown, Main Street, of Adams County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business

May 19, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Reserve fund, \$ 4,569.02
Cash, specie and notes, \$17,719.25
Due from approved reserve agents, 22,288.27
Checks and Cash Items, 21.75
Due from Banks and Trust Co's not reserve agents, 259.26
Bills discounted not due, 54,567.07
Bills discounted overdue protested and not protested, 2,052.11
Bills discounted, time loans with collateral, 38,957.91
Loans on call upon one or more names investment securities owned exclusive of reserve funds, viz:
Stocks, bonds, etc., \$ 4,690.00
Mortgages and judgments, 20,215.00
Real estate, 3,850.00
Furniture and fixtures, 810.00
Overdrafts, 69.03
Total, \$172,080.50

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in, \$ 50,000.00
Surplus fund, 10,000.00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid, 10,639.17
Deposits subject to check, \$28,982.55
Time certificates of deposit, 96,262.43
Cashier's Checks outstanding, 622.75
Due to banks and bankers, not reserve agents, 4,456.15
Dividends unpaid, 40.00
Total, \$172,080.50

State of Pennsylvania, County of York, ss.
I, H. S. RITZ, Cashier of the above named Company do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
H. S. RITZ, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of May, 1908.
JOHN B. MILLER, J. P.

CORRECT—ATTEST: C. D. SMITH, Directors.
J. A. POIST, Directors.
F. M. WIEST, Directors.

Notice!

The New Oxford Town Council will meet on Tuesday evening, June 16, 1908, to receive and consider bids for lighting, filling and cleaning of the street lamps. The bids to be as follows:

Bids to be at so much per light, basing it at 40 lamps. Lighting to begin when the moon rises one hour after sunset and to continue for twenty (20) consecutive nights or oftener if necessary. The price to include the delivering of coal oil to the engine house free of charge. Lamp in front of engine house to be lit every night and to remain burning all night. The Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By Order of the Council.

T. E. BOWER, Sec'y

Furniture!

The complete line of goods that fill our large rooms offers you a choice of everything needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of Furniture and Home Furnishings, but we are quoting Special Low Prices.

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches, a Specialty. United Phone.

R. J. FEISER, Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa.

Leroy Weining, 14 years old, of Pottstown, attempted to swim across the Mantawney creek on Tuesday on a wager of 10 cents, but was drowned before half way over.

Gettysburg, Pa. Gettysburg, Pa.
G. W. Weaver & Son. G. W. Weaver & Son.



Great Wool Dress Skirt - - SALE - -

A Money Saving Proposition

Very New Styles.

Man Tailored.

Right Materials.

Panama, Serges, Voiles.

Black, Navy, Brown.

Great Choice.

Seldom does such an opportunity come to our people right in season. While there are over 100 Skirts offered there are so few of any one style that we can hardly give a description here. At the prices marked on this lot they will be cheaper than home dress-making—with the style and fit thrown in.

An idea of the new prices—when we use the word Value—we use it as based on our own former prices:

Now \$3.90, ... Value \$5.00.
Now 4.90, ... Value 5.75.
Now 5.90, . . . Value \$7 and 7.50.
Now 6.90, . . . Value \$8 and 8.50.
Now 7.90, Value \$10.00 and 11.00.

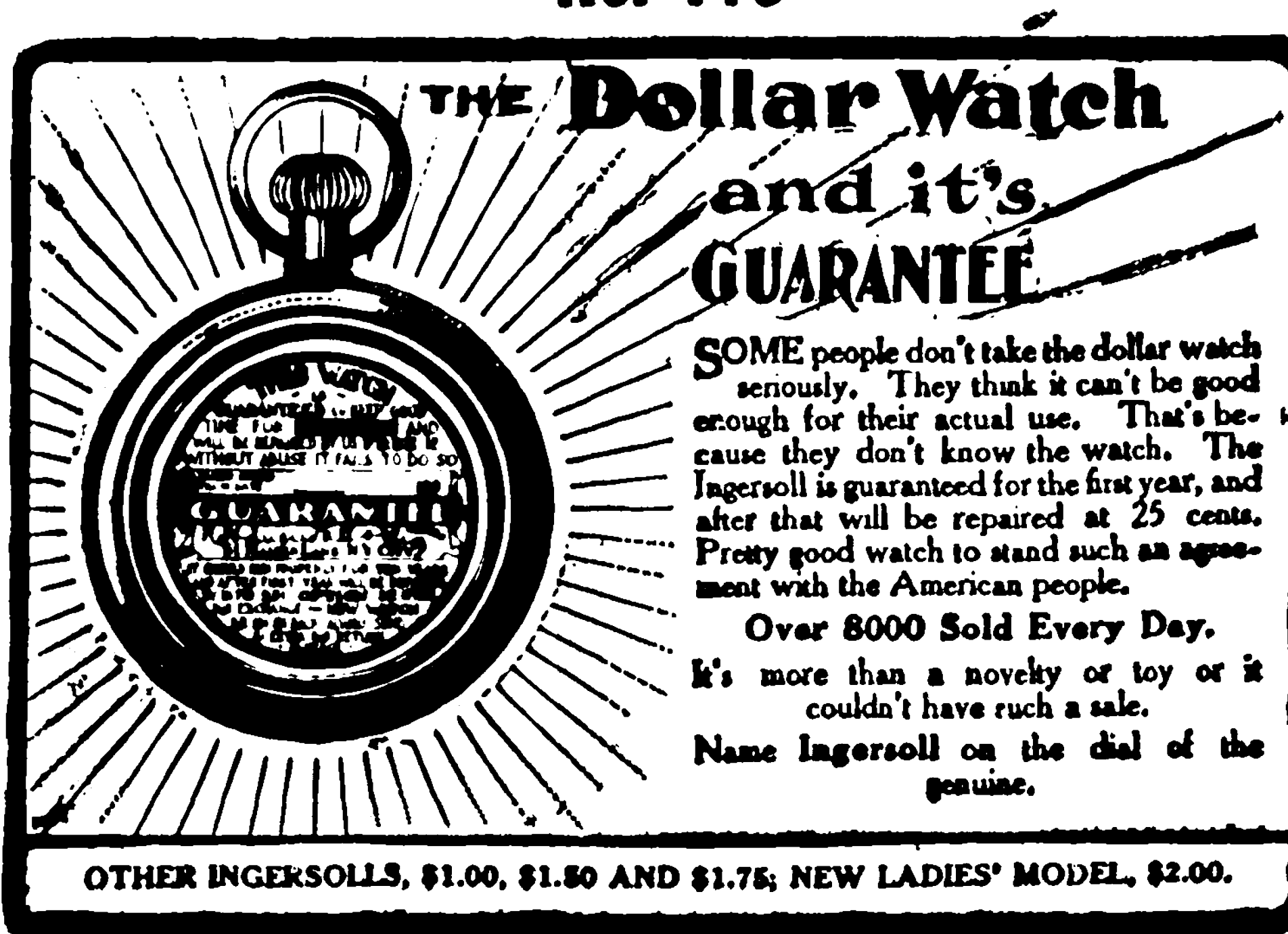
About 20 - TAILORED SUITS - About 20

Balance of stock left from this season reduced "One-Fourth Off" former prices.

Many other items in the Ladies' Ready-to-Wear department—marked to close out.

G. W. Weaver & Son,
Gettysburg, Penna.

No. 110



Sold by

Ed. T. Auker,

Your Druggist,

On The Square,

New Oxford.

OTHER INGERSOLLS, \$1.00, \$1.50 AND \$1.75; NEW LADIES' MODEL, \$2.00.

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY H. I. SMITH.

Terms.—\$1.00 per annum, in advance. If not paid within the year, no subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of time paid for will be considered a new engagement.

Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

Job Printing of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1908.

Here and There.

Michael Cleary, aged 25, of Keffers, was fatally squeezed between a cage and some timbers at the Lincoln Colliery.

Fire, starting from a locomotive spark destroyed eight buildings at Port Royal on Friday. The buildings destroyed were four dwellings and four stables.

Mrs. Rosa Keeney, of Pottsville, aged 70 years was fatally hurt at the home of her son tripping over a rug and falling down a flight of stairs fracturing her skull.

Playing with matches in the rear of her home, 4 year old Irene Peters, daughter of John Peters, of Slatington, set fire to her clothing and was fatally burned before her mother was able to extinguish the flames.

Mrs. Maud Anderson, of Harrisburg, aged 28, killed herself Friday, by drinking carbolic acid. Domestic troubles are said to be the cause. She is survived by 3 children and her husband, from whom she was separated.

The jury in the case of Prof. Robert S. Breed, of Allegheny college, against the Meadville Traction Co., awarded the plaintiff \$15,000 damages for the death of his wife, who was one of several killed in a trolley car accident on College Hill, Dec. 13, 1905.

Two cars of the Washington, Baltimore & Annapolis Electric Railway Co., were wrecked while running at high rate of speed two miles from Annapolis, Md., Friday night, the accident causing the death of eight persons, six men, one woman and one child.

The dead body of Anna Luchinski, 9-year old daughter of Michael Luchinski, a miner, of Scranton, was found in a box car on the coke plant switch at that place Sunday. Her throat indicated that she was choked to death after having been outraged.

George Gogovitch, the Slav, who is wanted in York on the charge of murdering Michael Tintor, a fellow countryman, at New Holland, on the night of May 22, was taken into custody Friday at Peckskill, N. Y., by the police of that place, and was brought to York jail by Detective White.

Mrs. Seth Lamon, of Martzville, shot herself in the leg, set her dress on fire, and narrowly escaped death by burning all on account of the accidental discharge of a Flobert rifle, which she had wrapped in her apron. Mrs. Lamon is an expert shot, and had been out along the road trying her marksmanship. To hide the rifle from persons who were passing, she wrapped it in her apron. It was discharged, and the 22 calibre bullet entered her leg, while the explosion fired her dress.

A fire which broke out at midnight while 3-year-old Katherine brown, at Wilkes-Barre, was alone in her home burned her to death with her large pet dog, which was found lying upon body as if his last act had been an effort to shield her from the flames. The mother left the child alone in the house while she went to the home of a neighbor to get another child. When she returned the lower floor was a mass of flames. She was prevented from sacrificing herself by neighbors, who tried in vain to reach the child.

Mrs. Catharine Young Ward, wife of Jacob M. Ward, died Thursday at her home on the Petersburg road, near Carlisle, on what was formerly known as the Hilton farm. About 3 weeks ago Mrs. Ward tramped on a nail in the yard at her home. Lockjaw developed, but not withstanding this, she was apparently improving, and for several days was getting along nicely. A change for the worse occurred, however, and she passed away on the day above named.

While R. H. and George Bange, of Hanover, were hitching a horse to a wagon Friday afternoon they put the wrong bridle on the animal. While George went for another bridle, R. H. held the animal by the nose, which seems to have given offense to the horse, for he suddenly bolted, throwing Mr. Bange to the ground and running over him. He received several severe bruises in the face and on other parts of the body; the vehicle was badly broken.

Taneytown—An unfortunate runaway accident occurred here, which resulted in the injury of Mrs. Norval Shumaker and the wrecking of a new buggy owned by Jos. A. Hemler. The team was hitched at the Central Hotel and the horse became frightened, broke loose and ran diagonally across the street and onto the pavement, just as Mrs. Shumaker was passing. She tried to avoid the horse, but failed, and was thrown violently into the gutter, one of the horse's hoofs striking her and two of the buggy wheels passing lengthwise over her body, resulting in a fractured rib and many severe bruises.

Since the death of his little son, Stanley Shoppeck of Scranton, has been depressed and friends are worried. Friday they discovered that he had dug a grave near his home, and having disrobed, was preparing to take his life after placing himself in this final resting place. It was with difficulty that he was restrained and he is now under surveillance in an asylum.

A terrible accident occurred on board the United States armored cruiser Tennessee at 11 o'clock Friday morning. While the ship was steaming at 10 knots on a speed trial off Point Hueneo, Cal., a steam pipe in the the starboard engine room bursting under 285 pounds pressure, killing six men and injuring eight others, all the men in the compartment at the time.

A good recipe for making a "Merry Widow" hat is as follows: Take a bicycle wheel, superimpose on the hub one deep granite saucupan, first snipping off the handle with an axe or sledge hammer. Slitch on the whole a cover of wire colored velvet from your season's before last coat suit. Put on a 3 inch binding around the time of brim, of canary colored taffeta silk from your great grandmother's party dress. Rip 23 yds. of box ruching off your shirt waist box and drape artistically about the crown. A soup ladle and a jointed meat fork will give the whole a jaunty effect if used as hatpins.

Carlisle—George Bear, the Dickinson farmer who left his home about two weeks ago and during which time no trace of him could be found, returned Wednesday morning. He was in a dazed condition and it was some time after his arrival until he was made to understand where he was. On May 21 Bear went to Carlisle, drew some money out of bank which he had on deposit, and left for parts unknown with horse and buggy. Nothing was seen or heard of him until Tuesday night, when he surprised his family by coming back. When questioned as to where he was he stated he did not know, and his mind seemed to be a perfect blank. He was very ill and it is thought he suffered a temporary attack of insanity and did not know really what he was doing. No other cause is ascribed for his peculiar actions.

Passing over southern Nebraska and portions of northern Kansas, the tornado of Friday evening was the most destructive and covered the most territory of any similar storm which visited that region in many years. At least twenty-one persons were killed, five were fatally injured and scores of others hurt. In addition, reports say several persons were killed at Byron, Neb., and Phillipsburg and Courtland, Kan., which towns have been cut off from communication. The damage to property and crops is immense. Hundreds of farmers drove into the towns seeking shelter, many of them being homeless.

School teachers who would like to earn some money during their summer vacation, will find it profitable to write to the Circulation Department of The Philadelphia Press, 7th and Chestnut Sts. Philadelphia. The Press has a proposition for school teachers during the summer, whereby they earn additional money by congenial work.

Leroy Berkebile, aged 16, is on trial in Somerset in Somerset for his life, charged with shooting another lad, Grant Moon, aged 10, in March. The lads quarreled over a girl.

Will L. Moore of Sellersville, sold a pigeon to a man in St. Louis some weeks ago, and recently was surprised to find the bird had returned, a distance of over 1,000 miles.

Emma Jane, wife of Franklin Flory, of Dallastown, York county, was found dead in bed by her husband Monday morning about 5 o'clock. She was 42 years old and is survived by her husband and six children.

Hurled a distance of 30 feet, two valuable mules attached to a land roller and belonging on the farm of Mrs. A. D. Strickler, of near Wrightsville, were killed Saturday morning by a train on the P. R. R.

A young son of Titus Bortner, residing near Stoverstown, York county, set his father's barn on fire last Friday afternoon while playing with matches, and a horse and other live stock were consumed with the barn. The parents of the boy were working in the field and were not aware of the fire until neighbors attracted by the blaze came across field and told them. Then it was too late to save anything in the barn. The loss is partly insured.

Financial Report

of the New Oxford Borough School District for year ending June 1st, 1908.

RECEIPTS.
Balance on hand from last year, \$178 61
State appropriation, 592 22
Taxes of all kinds, 951 59
Tuition, 6 00
Loan from F. & M. Bank, 198 00
Total, \$1,926 42

EXPENDITURES.
Teachers' wages, \$1,321 00
Repairing and labor, 101 44
Stationary, 40 77
Printing, 6 50
Auditing salaries, 5 25
Attending directors' convention, 9 20
Janitor's salary, 80 00
Attending election Co. Supt., 9 30
Post office, 113 37
Attending Co. Institute, 30 00
Lumber and coal, 105 27
Secretary's salary and postage, 25 00
Treasurer's fees, 30 91
Cash on hand, 42 48
Total, \$1,926 42

Z. H. CASHMAN, Treas.
We, the undersigned auditors of the Borough of New Oxford, have examined the above account of Z. H. Cashman, Treasurer of New Oxford School Board, and find it correct as stated.
JOHN F. MILLER,
JOHN C. FLESHMAN,
HARRY J. PITTEAFURE, Auditors.

A Good Hair-Food

Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is a genuine hair-food. It feeds, nourishes, builds up, strengthens, invigorates. The hair grows more rapidly, keeps soft and smooth, and all dandruff disappears. Aid nature a little. Give your hair a good hair-food.

Does not change the color of the hair.
Formula with each bottle
Show it to your doctor
Ask him about it, then do as he says.

You need not hesitate about using this new Hair Vigor from any fear of its changing the color of your hair. The new Ayer's Hair Vigor prevents premature grayness, but does not change the color of the hair even to the slightest degree.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers & Merchants Bank, of New Oxford, Adams County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business May 19, 1908.

RESOURCES.
Reserve fund, \$9 631 85
Cash, specie and notes, 25 588 60
Due from approved reserve agents, 262 94
Checks and Cash Items, 991 16
Due from Banks and Trust Co's not reserve agents, 250 245 23
Bills discounted not due, 5 308 67
Bills discounted overdue protested and not protested, 5 925 00
Bills discounted, time loans with collateral, \$48 549 00
Investments securities owned exclusive of reserve bonds, viz:
Stocks, bonds, etc., \$11 675 00
Mortgages and judgments, 60 224 00
Real estate, 1 425 00
Furniture and fixtures, 1 368 54
Total, \$960 965 45

LIABILITIES.
Capital Stock paid in, \$50 000 00
Surplus fund, 35 000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid, 6 846 20
Deposits subject to check, \$53 274 59
Time Certificates of Deposit, 215 336 39
Due to banks and bankers, not reserve agents, 268 610 98
Total, \$960 965 45

State of Pennsylvania, County of Adams, ss:
J. Jas. W. Barnitz, Cashier of the above named Company do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22nd day of May, 1908.
R. M. STRALEY, J. P.
CORRECT—ATTEST:
JOHN N. HERSH,
F. M. MILLER,
Z. H. CASHMAN, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers Bank, of McSherrystown, Main Street, of Adams County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business May 19, 1908.

RESOURCES.
Reserve fund, \$4 569 02
Cash, specie and notes, 10 000 00
Due from approved reserve agents, \$17 719 25
Checks and Cash Items, 21 75
Due from Banks and Trust Co's not reserve agents, 259 36
Bills discounted not due, 84 567 07
Bills discounted overdue protested and not protested, 2 052 11
Bills discounted, time loans with collateral, 33 957 91
Loans on call upon one or more names of record, 4 000 00
Investment securities owned exclusive of reserve bonds, viz:
Stocks, bonds, etc., \$4 690 00
Mortgages and judgments, 20 215 00
Real estate, 3 850 00
Furniture and fixtures, 800 00
Overdrafts, 69 03
Total, \$172 080 50

LIABILITIES.
Capital Stock paid in, \$50 000 00
Surplus fund, 10 000 00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid, 10 699 17
Deposits subject to check, \$28 982 55
Time certificate of Deposits, 67 279 88
Cashier's Checks outstanding, 622 75
Due to banks and bankers, not reserve agents, 4 456 15
Dividends unpaid, 40 00
Total, \$172 080 50

State of Pennsylvania, County of York, ss:
L. H. S. Reigle, Cashier of the above named Company do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of May, 1908.
JOHN B. MILLER, J. P.
CORRECT—ATTEST:
O. D. SMITH,
J. A. W. BARNITZ,
P. M. WIEST, Directors.

Notice!

The New Oxford Town Council will meet on Tuesday evening, June 16, 1908, to receive and consider bids for lighting, filling and cleaning of the street lamps. The bids to be as follows:
Bids to be at so much per light, basing it at 40 lamps. Lighting to begin when the moon rises one hour after sunset and to continue for twenty (20) consecutive nights or oftener if necessary. The price to include the delivering of coal oil to the engine house free of charge. Lamp in front of engine house to be lit every night and to remain burning all night. The Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.
By Order of the Council.
T. E. BOWER, Sec'y

Furniture!

The complete line of goods that fill our large rooms offers you a choice of everything needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of Furniture and Home Furnishings, but we are quoting

Special Low Prices.
UNDERTAKING
in all its branches, a Specialty. United Phone.
R. J. FEISER,
Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa.

Leroy Weining, 14 years old, of Pott town, attempted to swim across the Mantawny creek on Tuesday on a wager of 10 cents, but was drowned before half way over.

Gettysburg, Pa.

Gettysburg, Pa.

G. W. Weaver & Son.

G. W. Weaver & Son.

THE LEADERS.

Great Wool Dress Skirt - - S A L E . - -

A Money Saving Proposition

Very New Styles.

Man Tailored.

Right Materials.

Panama, Serges, Voiles.

Black, Navy, Brown.

Great Choice.

Seldom does such an opportunity come to our people right in season. While there are over 100 Skirts offered there are so few of any one style that we can hardly give a description here. At the prices marked on this lot they will be cheaper than home dress-making—with the style and fit thrown in.

An idea of the new prices—when we use the word Value—we use it as based on our own former prices:

Now \$3.90, ... Value \$5.00.
Now 4.90, ... Value 5.75.
Now 5.90, . . . Value \$7 and 7.50.
Now 6.90, . . . Value \$8 and 8.50.
Now 7.90, Value \$10.00 and 11.00.

About 20 - TAILORED SUITS - About 20

Balance of stock left from this season reduced "One-Fourth Off" former prices.

Many other items in the Ladies' Ready-to-Wear department—marked to close out.

G. W. Weaver & Son,
Gettysburg, Penna.

No. 110

THE Dollar Watch
and it's **GUARANTEE**



SOME people don't take the dollar watch seriously. They think it can't be good enough for their actual use. That's because they don't know the watch. The Jagersoll is guaranteed for the first year, and after that will be repaired at 25 cents. Pretty good watch to stand such an agreement with the American people.

Over 8000 Sold Every Day.

It's more than a novelty or toy or it couldn't have such a sale.

Name Jagersoll on the dial of the genuine.

OTHER INGERSOLLS, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$1.75; NEW LADIES' MODEL, \$2.00.

Sold by

Ed. T. Auken,

Your Druggist,

On The Square,

New Oxford.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1908.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

J. B. Solt of Cumberland township, lost a 300 pound hog last week by death.

A Merry Widow hat with a veil is simply the old-fashioned hoop-skirt reversed.

Mrs. R. J. Feiser is having a fine large porch erected to the front of her home on Philadelphia street.

A marriage license was granted to Chas. H. Martz and Flora A. Jickrode, both of Mountpleasant township.

One of the differences between a cow chewing her cud and a girl chewing gum is that the cow generally looks thoughtful.

Floyd E. Wolf of Abbotstown, while driving the bread wagon Friday afternoon was overcome by the heat but is fully recovered again.

The Littlestown extension of the Hanover & McSherrystown street railway, it is expected, will be completed about the latter part of August.

FOR RENT.—House, stable and garden two miles from New Oxford. Possession at once. Apply to

R. M. STRALEY, New Oxford.

Webster Shank, of Latimore township, has been suffering very much recently with blood poisoning on his face caused by picking a pimple.

Saturday, June 27, Sheriff Colestock will sell at the court house a lot of ground situate in Gettysburg, the property of Mrs. Mary E. Miller.

E. M. Glant and B. F. Piper of Aspers, left for Castleroad, South Dakota, Monday. Mr. Glant and Mr. Piper expect to walk the distance in fifteen days.

Rev. Harvey Bickle, a recent graduate of the Gettysburg Theological Seminary, has accepted the Upper Meridian charge which also includes Zions church.

PUBLIC SALE.—Smoked Meats and Lard, at 5 o'clock Saturday evening, June 13, at the restaurant of J. H. Plymire, Center Square, New Oxford. T. E. Warner.

A lawn festival for the benefit of the Sunday school, will be held at the Pines Church, on Saturday evening, June 13. All kinds of refreshments will be served.

William Yohe of Heidlersburg, who has been working on the saw mill of George Silliks, near Baltimore, had a tree to fall on him recently and is now at home for repairs.

Miss Elmira Ruff, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. Daniel Ruff of Philadelphia St., has been re-elected teacher of second primary school at Gettysburg, at a salary of \$50 per month.

In a very loosely played game of ball between a team from Hanover and the local nine, at this place Saturday afternoon, the latter were victorious by the score of 17 to 16.

Dairyman and Mrs. L. H. Miller of Mountpleasant township, whose daughter was married last week, have the hearty thanks of the printers for a bountiful supply of wedding cake, etc.

Mrs. A. F. Harnish of Latimore, was whitewashing fence on Monday morning when she suffered a sunstroke and became very ill for a couple of days but is said to be improved at this writing.

The members of the Immaculate Conception parish will hold a festival on the lawn adjoining the rectory, Carlisle street, on Saturday evening, June 20. All kinds of refreshments will be served.

There's always something missing with out I. W. HARPER whiskey. It's so old and so extensively used everywhere that we should find it hard to get along without it. Sold by C. T. Hersh, New Oxford.

Among the twenty-one graduates of the Hanover High School, the exercises of which were held in the opera house on Thursday evening, was Miss Helen Ruth, daughter of Mrs. M. D. Feiser, this place.

While butchering one day recently David Hartman of Franklin township, met with an accident. He was unjointing the leg of a beef when the knife slipped off and caught Mr. Hartman in the leg making a painful cut.

Several weeks ago the small bank of Earl Myers, son of R. B. Myers of Arendtsville, was stolen. Last week the bank, mutilated and empty, was found in the tail race of Mr. Myers' mill under some overhanging bushes.

Arendtsville, June 5.—John B. Haverstock found a land turtle on Noah Fleck's farm near this place. It had the initial H. L. 1860 cut on its shell. It is supposed it was marked by Henry Lady who resided in this locality about that time.

Charles Dahlhammer met with a painful accident Monday morning while chopping wood for Geo. Stitzel near Clear Springs. The axe coming in contact with a log above his head causing it to rebound and cutting a deep gash in his scalp, necessitating four stitches to sew it up.

Boys' stilt, fitted up with an adjustable step, are being manufactured by the Hanover Plow Handle Co. for the Hanover Stilt Co., which has applied for a patent. Orders have already been filled for parties in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington, Harrisburg, York and Chambersburg.

Robert Hamme, a four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hamme of Hanover, fell from the seat of a buckboard wagon Monday and broke both bones of his left forearm.

Miss Martha E. Grove of Hanover, was badly cut and bruised about the head, face and body, on Saturday last, by falling over a loose plank in the alley alongside her home.

Mrs. Conrad Moul, of Hanover, observed her 91st birthday anniversary Monday in a quiet manner. Mrs. Moul is hale and hearty, her only ailment being a slight deficiency in hearing.

The Hanover school ended last week and the following Adams county teachers have returned to their homes: Miss Bess Brown of New Oxford, Miss Haar of Abbotstown, Miss Laura Kraber of Hampton, Miss Helen Stonieser of Littlestown, Norman H. Haar of Abbotstown.

The Musselman Canning Company are making excavations for a cellar preparatory to the building of a large addition to their factory at Biglerville. When completed it will make the main building 252 feet long. The company is also installing a vinegar plant at the present time.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Byers of Littlestown have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary, and Rev. David S. Martin, of New Freedom, York county, the ceremony taking place in St. Paul's Lutheran church, Littlestown at high noon Wednesday, June 17.

An unknown man made way with the chewing gum machine at the hotel in Fairfield Saturday evening and taking from it the \$2.50 which the machine contained, left it in a cornfield where it was found Sunday. The hotel was crowded at the time it was taken but no one saw the man.

Mr. John F. Garret, residing on the Daniel Slagle farm, formerly the Kohler farm, near Lilly's mill, lost an exceptionally fine bay mare on Thursday night. Friday morning when Mr. Garret came to the stable he found the animal lying dead in the stall, having bled to death from hemorrhages.

Last week one day at Uriah Powell's, near Hilltown, they heard the chickens and birds making a great noise, when they went to see what was creating the racket they found a large black snake on a tree trying to rob a bird's nest. A gun was secured and the reptile was shot. It measured 6 feet in length.

The Immaculate Conception parochial schools closed a very successful nine months term this week. The tancy work, paintings, drawings, etc., done in the schools during the season will be on exhibition in the school building Sunday and Monday, and a general invitation is extended the public to call and inspect this work.

During Saturday evening's electrical storm a singular occurrence happened at the residence of rural mail carrier C. E. Butt at East Berlin. During a rumbling peal of thunder the houses shook and broke to hundreds of pieces, a plate glass in the front door, measuring 27½x36½ inches. No other damage was done by the strange concussion.

The Board of Trustees of Mount Tabor church have decided to build a new church. The old structure which was erected in 1860, is about worn out but will be used until the new structure is completed and which will be located at the cross-roads. The plans are now in the hands of the trustees and work will start as soon as possible.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has affirmed the lower court in the case of Noah Sullivan and Paul E. Sullivan vs. the Hanover Cordage Company, in a suit in which \$4,000 damages were awarded for the loss of an arm by Paul Sullivan, minor son of Noah Sullivan of Hanover. The case was heard before Judge Bittenger in the York county court, the jury finding in favor of the plaintiffs for the above amount.

A correspondent writes: "It is not generally known that at the Friends Grove Meeting House, near Center Mills, there lies the body of an old Indian who piloted Gen. George Washington from Fort Duquesne during the French and Indian War. On Washington's way east this Indian died and was buried at the above stated place. A small sandstone marks the tomb which is covered by brambles and briars."

A man giving his name as Corwell and his home at Waynesboro, was employed for some days as hod carrier on the new house of J. M. Bream, on Pitt street. On Friday the man left town and a pair of new shoes and a coat belonging to Mr. John Null, porter at the Eagle Hotel, disappeared at the same time. The man had purchased the coat from Mr. Null but forgot to pay for same, and the shoes went without being purchased.

A man named Conley, from the Pigeon Hills, came to Hanover Wednesday evening and exhibited a hornet's nest the size of a hen's egg attached to the side of the buggy, near the seat. The vehicle, which is an old one, is kept standing behind the barn at his home, and when not in use the hornets are busy enlarging their home. When the owner desires to take a drive, the hornets willingly vacate until the old buggy returns, when they again start business at the old stand.

Waddle Caught.

Gettysburg, June 6.—John Waddle was arrested this morning at 3 o'clock at Creagerstown, Md., by John Stull, constable of Thurmont. The local authorities have been carrying on a diligent search for the man ever since the assault in Gettysburg two weeks ago and have had many false clues to follow. Several days ago District Attorney Keith learned that Waddle was in the neighborhood of Thurmont, and he at once got in touch with parties in that place and the local authorities located the exact place at which Waddle was stopping. Sheriff Colestock and Constable Wilson at once called up Constable Stull of Thurmont and told him to arrest the man on sight. Constable Stull drove to Creagerstown, about three miles away and going to the hotel where the man was reported to be, went to his room and told him he was under arrest. Waddle denied that he was from Gettysburg and said he was not the man wanted.

When arrested he at first said that he would not come back to Adams county without requisition papers. Later his father talked to him over the telephone and told him to come back without causing any trouble. Waddle agreed and Sheriff Colestock and Constable Wilson left in Eberhart's automobile at 11 o'clock to get the man. The charge on which the man will be tried at August sessions will be that he did "stab, cut and wound" Jennie Nary and did cause her bodily injury dangerous to life, with intent to commit murder.

Monday morning a hearing was held before Justice of the Peace Hill. Upon the conclusion of the hearing Waddle was held in default of \$2,000 bail for August term of Court.

Exciting Runaway.

Hanover, June 8.—A frightful runaway occurred Saturday evening about 8 o'clock on the streets of Hanover, and it seems almost miraculous that no one was killed or seriously injured. Harry Hartlaub of McSherrystown, and Miss Mary Marshall of Irishtown, were coming to Hanover when a part of the harness broke as they were driving across the trolley tracks in front of the home of Emanuel Walker on High street extended. The horse immediately began kicking and started to run away. Mr. Hartlaub jumped from the buggy to catch hold of the horse and was thrown to the street, the wheels of the vehicle passing over him, severely bruising his body. The thoroughly frightened animal then ran up McSherrystown Avenue, kicking at every jump, Miss Marshall sitting in the buggy. The young lady, in attempting to jump from the buggy in front of the residence of George Kline, on McSherrystown Avenue, fell, striking her face and right arm, which were badly cut. She also sustained several bruises on different parts of her body. Miss Marshall was assisted into the home of Mr. Kline, where she received medical treatment by Dr. J. H. Bittenger. The injuries, although painful, are not serious. Persons on McSherrystown Avenue and High street extended who witnessed the runaway can scarcely realize the fact that the young lady escaped death. After Miss Marshall had fallen from the buggy the maddened animal continued to Carlisle street and up to Center Square. Running toward Frederick street he collided with a survey owned by Henry Shafer, of Schwartz's school house, which was standing in front of the J. W. Fischer & Co. store. The collision threw the horse to the ground and wrecked the buggy.

Stole Rohrbach's Bicycle.

Wednesday officer Duttera arrested Bernard Storm, at Lancaster, on a warrant issued by Squire Sell, charged on oath of Daniel B. Rohrbach of near Hanover, with the larceny of a bicycle. Storm was given a hearing before Squire Sell Thursday morning, after which, in default of bail, he was committed to jail for the action of the August grand jury. The history of the case is as follows: On May 2 last Rohrbach came to Hanover on his wheel, which is a new "Ivers Johnson," and for which he paid \$47.50, and on entering the store of Julius W. Fischer to transact business he placed the wheel on the outside. On returning for his wheel, Mr. Rohrbach found that it had disappeared. The matter was placed in the hands of Officer Duttera, who traced the man and wheel to Mount Rock and later to Lancaster City, where the arrest was made and the wheel recovered. Storm confessed to the theft.

Young Storm is a son of Mr. Frank Storm of near Mt. Rock, Mountpleasant township.

Youthful Burglars.

Sunday evening at 6 o'clock, three boys burglarized the grocery store of Geo. W. Wertz, in Hanover. The boys were seen to enter the alley between the residence of J. C. Coshon and Wertz's store by several neighbors, among them Chas. Hoffman, who yelled at the boys while they were busy rifling the till and show case, which scared them away. The youthful burglars, the eldest of whom, Mr. Hoffman says, seemed about 13 years of age, entered the building by way of a window in the rear and left by way of the front door, after securing a watch, several knives and the small change from the money drawer. The burglary was one of the boldest in the history of the town, occurring in broad daylight, when the streets were filled with people. The boys were seen and recognized by several neighbors.

Death Doings.

Mrs. Lucetta, wife of Mr. Charles Senft, died at her home along the Berlin road, Hamilton township, at 4 o'clock Wednesday morning after a lingering illness from cancer, in the 68th year of her age. She is survived by her husband, one son, Levi Senft, at home, one daughter, Mrs. James Hildebrand, of East Berlin, and one stepson, Wm. Senft of Midway. The time for holding the funeral had not been decided at the time of going to press.

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Mrs. Catharine Rebert, widow of Edward Rebert, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Annie B. Geiselman, 641 Linden Avenue, York, on Tuesday, and was buried at Christ Church, near Littlestown, Thursday. She was aged 80 years and 29 days.

John B. Rudisill died at his home in Hanover at 6:54 a. m. Friday from pneumonia, aged about 56 years. Mr. Rudisill, who was a motorman employed by the Hanover & McSherrystown Street Railway Co., was critically ill from pneumonia last February, but had sufficiently recovered to be out and about, and in fact started to work, but was forced to stop on account of his emaciated condition. Wednesday last he again became critically ill, and gradually grew weaker until death occurred. Deceased is survived by his wife and four children.

Jacob A. Keller, a butcher by occupation, died last Saturday evening at 7 o'clock, at his residence in Littlestown, from a most rare disease, "purpura hemorrhagica"—a rare blood disease terminating in internal and external hemorrhages. He was aged 76 years, 6 months and 16 days. The deceased was ill but three weeks.

John H. Wiest died at his home in York at 5:35 o'clock Thursday morning of consumption aged 44 years, 10 months and 2 days. Deceased was the second son of the late J. H. Wiest and was born and reared in this place. He was twice married and is survived by the second wife and one son from the first wife. He is also survived by his mother, Mrs. Sarah Wiest of South Peters street, two brothers—Chas. A. Wiest of Chambersburg, and William S. Wiest of Hanover, and two sisters—Mrs. Chas. H. Emmert of New Oxford, and Mrs. Harry Mowery of Baltimore. Funeral Monday, June 8, at 2 p. m. Services at the house and interment in Prospect Hill Cemetery, at York.

Peter A. Gulden died at the home of his brother, Jerome Gulden, in Bonneville on Friday from Strangulated Hernia, aged 51 years, 3 months and 27 days. Deceased was never married and made his home with his brother. The funeral took place Monday morning, interment being made in the Catholic Cemetery, Bonneville, after a Mass of Requiem, Rev. Fr. Burhart officiating.

James Munshour, a veteran of the Civil War, residing at Greenmount, died Friday of organic heart disease aged 69 years, 5 months and 13 days. Mr. Munshour was born near Emmitsburg and lived there until he was married, when he moved to Cumberland township where he has since resided. He was a farmer but was compelled to cease his work in this pursuit last Fall when he became ill. He served with Cole's Cavalry and was a pensioner. Surviving him are his wife, one son and three daughters.

Hymenial.

Mr. Samuel L. Wolf, son of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Wolf of Hamilton township, and Miss Mary A. Sheely, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. James Sheely, at the edge of town, at 9 o'clock Sunday evening by Rev. Geo. N. Lauffer.

Horace W. Michael and Miss Elizabeth A. Slagle were married Wednesday morning at the home of the bride, in Hanover, by Rev. C. M. Stock.

Miss Gertrude Bowling of Fairfield, and Bernard Peters of Emmitsburg, were married in St. Joseph's church, Wednesday at 8 o'clock, in Emmitsburg.

Mrs. Rebecca Liggit, of the Liggit farm near Littlestown, and Charles Johnson, of Elizabeth, N. J., were married in the latter place last week.

Emanuel Berkheimer, a member of the firm of Berkheimer Brothers, bakers, of Abbotstown, and Miss Nora Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Miller, of same place, hied away to Baltimore on Saturday where they were united in marriage. The wedding was a surprise to their many friends.

The New Oxford School Board reorganized Tuesday evening, Messrs. Emmert and Sheets retiring from the Board and Winand and Bream taking their place. Following are the officers: Pres. Dr. W. R. Snyder; Sec. J. W. Barnitz; Treas. Z. H. Cashman. The same teachers were re-elected.—Prof. D. Ruff, Principle; Miss Marge Brown, No. 2; Miss Nita Cashman, No. 3. Term 8 months, commencing August 31, 1908.

Animal Hanged Himself.

Mr. Adam Long residing on the farm of his mother, Mrs. Lewis Long, near Myers' mill, Mountpleasant township, lost a large fat bull on Thursday night. The animal, which was dehorned, was tied in the stable, and in some manner got the chain over the top of his head and strangled to death. The animal weighed about 1000 pounds.

Change in Schedule.

Sunday, June 7, the Summer schedule on the W. M. Railroad went into effect. Trains hereafter will leave New Oxford on week days as follows: Eastward—8:28 a. m., 3:21 and 6:34 p. m. Westward—9:45 a. m., and 6:18 p. m. The Sunday train for Pen-Mar will leave this station at 10:10 a. m., and for York at 7:38 p. m.

Bitten by Horse.

George Thomas, of Huntington township, was the victim of a peculiar and painful accident on last Wednesday. He was plowing in the field and was arranging something about the harness on one of the horses when the animal bit him on the face tearing the flesh loose from the cheek bone from ear to mouth and making a horrible wound. The injured man was hurried to the office of Dr. Miller in York Springs, who had to insert fourteen stitches to close the wound.

Seriously Injured.

Elias Spangler, aged about 65 years, was seriously injured at Brillhart's Station Wednesday afternoon while assisting to unload large crates of iron from a wagon, and his condition is reported to be critical. Mr. Spangler resides at the Hotel O'Bold in Hanover, and is employed as a traveling representative of a harvesting machine company. He went to Brillhart's Station Tuesday on a business trip, and assisted in the loading of iron machinery. While he was standing aside of the wagon, one of the boxes tilted and fell on him. He was knocked unconscious and physicians were sent for. His head and upper portion of the body are bruised, a rib is broken and there are internal injuries.

Sunday night 20 fine chickens and 23 ducks were stolen from the premises of E. R. Kester, at Midway.

According to the assessors' returns, there are 1229 schillden between the ages of 6 and 16 years in Hanover.

While hewing logs Monday Edward Bucher of Cashtown, cut his leg with a broad ax.

While handling a heavy piece of wood one day recently, Howard Yeatts of York Springs, tripped and fell heavily spraining his back and receiving severe bruises.

A game of ball between the strong Spring Grove and New Oxford A. A. teams will be played on the local diamond Saturday afternoon. An exciting game is anticipated.

PUBLIC SALE.—Of Smoked Meats and Lard, at 5 o'clock Saturday evening, June 13, at the restaurant of J. H. Plymire, Center Square, New Oxford. T. E. Warner.

Clarence Bream of Cashtown, was thrown from a wagon Monday and the ligaments in his left arm between the elbow and shoulder were torn. Mr. Bream was standing on the wagon and was thrown out by a sudden plunge of the horse.

Work is progressing rapidly on the reservoir for the Biglerville water plant. The water will be carried into the town in six inch mains from the reservoir which is located on Yellow Hill, about 1½ miles from the borough limits, with a pressure of about 150 feet.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Gettysburg College which opened Tuesday morning President Hefelbower announced the unconditional gift of \$100,000 from John E. Firch, a wealthy mine owner of Oakland, Cal. The money is to be used for the erection of a science building which will be called the Firch Science Building in honor of the donor. President Hefelbower also announced the prospect of another gift of \$100,000 from another man.

A dog supposed to be suffering from rabies was noticed by several persons to pass through town on Sunday. The animal which was small and of yellow color, came in Hanover street, and passed out Carlisle street. The pet dog of Mr. M. J. Eberhart, at Qualityville, was bitten by the animal and he was noticed to attempt to bite several guineas along his route. It is claimed the same dog passed through Hanover the same day where he bit several other dogs.

The presence of mind of Miss Mary Smith Tuesday morning prevented a serious fire. Miss Smith was in the yard at her home on Hanover street, and going into the kitchen she found that something had gone wrong with the gasoline stove and that it was ablaze, the oil cloth being on fire. Seeing that there was great danger of the fire spreading, she first turned off the oil and then smothered the flames with a rug. Her hand was badly burned but she prevented a more serious fire by her prompt action.

A very agreeable surprise was tendered Miss Mary Myers, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Myers, near New Chester, Monday evening, in honor of the anniversary of her birthday. A pleasant evening was spent by all present. Music was furnished by Messrs. Dicks, Staubb and Strasbaugh.

PERSONAL.

Miss Florence Hersh of Pitt street, is on an extended visit to friends in Ohio. Miss Elizabeth Hersh of Pitt street, visited friends at Chambersburg the past week.

Mrs. Belle Carbaugh, Mrs. Felix and Lloyd Hartman, of Cashtown, spent several days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Sanders, on the Himes farm at New Oxford Flouring Mills.

Mr. Mark L. Staub of Berlin Junction, is attending the State Camp, Sons of Veterans, at Williamsport.

Miss Mary Lingg, New Oxford, Mrs. F. X. Miller of Hunterstown, Mrs. Henry Miller and Mrs. Elizabeth Ziegler of Mechanicsburg, spent Friday at the home of Mrs. Willis A. Witter, at Qualityville. The latter is a sister of Mrs. Witter.

Mr. Chas. E. Hummer and family of York, who were circulating among friends here for several days returned home on Monday.

Prothonotary and Mrs. W. A. Tanghinbaugh of Gettysburg, spent Sunday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Spangler on the Himes farm, Pitt street.

Mr. John Gulden of Hanover, spent several days at the home of his son A. J. Gulden, Hanover street.

Mrs. Annie Bowman of Hanover, spent Sunday with her cousin Mrs. A. J. Gulden, Hanover street, who is confined to her home by illness. Lat is slowly convalescing.

Mrs. Rose Fissel of Littlestown, has been spending the past week at the home of her aunt, Mrs. G. C. Sheely, Philadelphia street.

Edis Cook, son of Mrs. Louisa Cook, Hanover street, has secured a position at Sparrow's Point and leaves for that place this Thursday.

Dwelling Burned.

Seven Stars, June 4.—The house owned by Walter Settle and occupied by Daniel Settle, between this place and Mc Knightstown was totally destroyed by fire about 11 o'clock this morning, and is a complete loss. It was a substantial brick dwelling. The fire is supposed to have originated among some wood which was put in the wood box yesterday and is thought to have smoldered until to-day when the flames broke out. The men were in the fields at the time the fire was discovered and they were summoned by the ringing of the farm bell. The greater part of the furniture was saved but it was impossible to save the structure as the flames had too great a headway.

Exciting Runaway.

The two horse market team of Mr. S. M. Smith of Bonneville, figured in an exciting runaway at Gettysburg one evening last week. It was about 9:30 o'clock and Mr. Smith had just unloaded a lot of eggs and country produce at B. Lightner's warehouse when the horses took fright and started to run. When they reached Washington street a freight train blocked them from going South and they took the railroad track following the same around the "Y" jerking the big wagon over the ties and rails as far as the bridge which crosses the Tiber. Here the one horse fell; his feet and legs going down between the ties. The other horse became loose from the wagon and succeeded in reaching the other side in safety. A crowd soon gathered and by hard work the horse was rescued from his perilous position without being injured except that he was slightly scratched and bruised.

Mr. Smith, in attempting to free the horse, was kicked in the stomach and face while the animal struggled. But these injuries were not of a serious nature and he was able to take the team back to Bonneville immediately after the accident.

The Children's Day services in the M. E. church on Sunday evening were largely attended. The decorations were very pretty and the musical program was of a high character. The children taken their respective parts admirably.

Notice.

Believing it to be the mutual interest of all customers, employees and ourselves we, the undersigned business men of New Oxford, agree to close our respective places of business at 6 o'clock p. m., except Monday and Saturday nights, after Tuesday, June 16th, until Sept. 1st:

Sheely & Bro., Gilbert & Son, J. E. C. Miller, John F. Miller, C. H. Emmert, C. E. Jacobs.

Under the same arrangement the meat stores will close at 8 p. m.

WEAVER PIANOS AT GETTYSBURG COLLEGE.

A fine upright Weaver Piano has been furnished the Druids Society of Gettysburg College. Prof. C. C. Storrick writes: "We have nothing but commendation to express as regards the Weaver Piano. I have had several experts examine the piano and all have been unanimous in their approval of the Weaver Piano. I can and will heartily recommend it."

WEAVER ORGAN & PIANO CO., Manufacturers, York, Pa.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$.88
No. 2 ".....80
Raked ".....50
Rye.....55 @ 70
Corn.....75 @ 80
Oats.....45 @ 50
Clover seed, per lb.....10 @ 12
Timothy seed.....1 00 @ 1 04
Rye Straw.....6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay.....8 00 @ 9 00

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1908.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

J. B. Solt of Cumberland township, lost a 300 pound hog last week by death.

A Merry Widow hat with a veil is simply the old-fashioned hoop-skirt reversed. Mrs. R. J. Feiser is having a fine large porch erected to the front of her home on Philadelphia street.

A marriage license was granted to Chas. H. Martz and Flora A. Jickrode, both of Mountpleasant township.

One of the differences between a cow chewing her cud and a girl chewing gum is that the cow generally looks thoughtful.

Floyd E. Wolf of Abbotstown, while driving the bread wagon Friday afternoon was overcome by the heat but is fully recovered again.

The Littletown extension of the Hanover & McSherrytown street railway, it is expected, will be completed about the latter part of August.

For Rent.—House, stable and garden two miles from New Oxford. Possession at once. Apply to R. M. STRALEY, New Oxford.

Webster Shank, of Latimore township, has been suffering very much recently with blood poisoning on his face caused by picking a pimple.

Saturday, June 27, Sheriff Colestock will sell at the court house a lot of ground situate in Gettysburg, the property of Mrs. Mary E. Miller.

E. M. Glant and B. F. Piper of Aspers, left for Castleroad, South Dakota, Monday. Mr. Glant and Mr. Piper expect to walk the distance in fifteen days.

Rev. Harvey Bickle, a recent graduate of the Gettysburg Theological Seminary, has accepted the Upper Meridian charge which also includes Zions church.

PUBLIC SALE.—Smoked Meats and Lard, at 5 o'clock Saturday evening, June 13, at the restaurant of J. H. Plymire, Center Square, New Oxford. T. E. Warner.

A lawn festival for the benefit of the Sunday school, will be held at the Pines Church, on Saturday evening, June 13. All kinds of refreshments will be served.

William Yohe of Heidlersburg, who has been working on the saw mill of George Silliks, near Baltimore, had a tree to fall on him recently and is now at home for repairs.

Miss Elmira Ruff, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. Daniel Ruff of Philadelphia St., has been re-elected teacher of second primary school at Gettysburg, at a salary of \$50 per month.

In a very loosely played game of ball between a team from Hanover and the local nine, at this place Saturday afternoon, the latter were victorious by the score of 17 to 16.

Dairyman and Mrs. L. H. Miller of Mountpleasant township, whose daughter was married last week, have the hearty thanks of the printers for a bountiful supply of wedding cake, etc.

Mrs. A. F. Harnish of Latimore, was whitewashing fence on Monday morning when she suffered a sunstroke and became very ill for a couple of days but is said to be improved at this writing.

The members of the Immaculate Conception parish will hold a festival on the lawn adjoining the rectory, Carlisle street, on Saturday evening, June 20. All kinds of refreshments will be served.

There's always something missing with out L. W. HARPER whiskey. It's so old and so extensively used everywhere that we should find it hard to get along without it. Sold by C. T. Hersh, New Oxford.

Among the twenty-one graduates of the Hanover High School, the exercises of which were held in the opera house on Thursday evening, was Miss Helen Ruth, daughter of Mrs. M. D. Feiser, this place.

While butchering one day recently David Hartman of Franklin township, met with an accident. He was unjoining the leg of a beef when the knife slipped off and caught Mr. Hartman in the leg making a painful cut.

Several weeks ago the small bank of Earl Myers, son of R. B. Myers of Arendtsville, was stolen. Last week the bank, mutilated and empty, was found in the tail race of Mr. Myers' mill under some overhanging bushes.

Arendtsville, June 5.—John B. Haverstock found a land turtle on Noah Fleck's farm near this place. It had the initials H. L. 1890 cut on its shell. It is supposed it was marked by Henry Lady who resided in this locality about that time.

Charles Dahlhammer met with a painful accident Monday morning while chopping wood for Geo. Stitzel near Clear Springs. The axe coming in contact with a log above his head causing it to rebound and cutting a deep gash in his scalp, necessitating four stitches to sew it up.

Boye's stilt, fitted up with an adjustable step, are being manufactured by the Hanover Plow Handle Co. for the Hanover Stilt Co., which has applied for a patent. Orders have already been filled for parties in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington, Harrisburg, York and Chambersburg.

Robert Hamme, a four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hamme of Hanover, fell from the seat of a buckboard wagon Monday and broke both bones of his left forearm.

Miss Martha E. Grove of Hanover, was badly cut and bruised about the head, face and body, on Saturday last, by falling over a loose plank in the alley alongside her home.

Mrs. Conrad Moul, of Hanover, observed her 91st birthday anniversary Monday in a quiet manner. Mrs. Moul is hale and hearty, her only ailment being a slight deficiency in hearing.

The Hanover school ended last week and the following Adams county teachers have returned to their homes: Miss Bess Brown of New Oxford, Miss Haar of Abbotstown, Miss Laura Kraber of Hampton, Miss Helen Stonieser of Littlestown, Norman H. Haar of Abbotstown.

The Musselman Canning Company are making excavations for a cellar preparatory to the building of a large addition to their factory at Biglerville. When completed it will make the main building 252 feet long. The company is also installing a vinegar plant at the present time.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Byers of Littlestown have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary, and Rev. David S. Martin, of New Freedom, York county, the ceremony taking place in St. Paul's Lutheran church, Littlestown at high noon Wednesday, June 17.

An unknown man made way with the chewing gum machine at the hotel in Fairfield Saturday evening and taking from it the \$2.50 which the machine contained, left it in a cornfield where it was found Sunday. The hotel was crowded at the time it was taken but no one saw the man.

Mr. John F. Garret, residing on the Daniel Slagle farm, formerly the Kohler farm, near Lilly's mill, lost an exceptionally fine bay mare on Thursday night. Friday morning when Mr. Garret came to the stable he found the animal lying dead in the stall, having bled to death from hemorrhages.

Last week one day at Uriah Powell's, near Hilltown, they heard the chickens and birds making a great noise, when they went to see what was creating the racket they found a large black snake on a tree trying to rob a birds nest. A gun was secured and the reptile was shot. It measured 6 feet in length.

The Immaculate Conception parochial schools closed a very successful nine months term this week. The tancy work, paintings, drawings, etc., done in the schools during the season will be on exhibition in the school building Sunday and Monday, and a general invitation is extended the public to call and inspect this work.

During Saturday evening's, electrical storm a singular occurrence happened at the residence of rural mail carrier C. E. Butt at East Berlin. During a rumbling peal of thunder the house shook and broke to hundreds of pieces, a plate glass in the front door, measuring 27x36 1/2 inches. No other damage was done by the strange concussion.

The Board of Trustees of Mount Tabor church have decided to build a new church. The old structure which was erected in 1860, is about worn out but will be used until the new structure is completed and which will be located at the cross-roads. The plans are now in the hands of the trustees and work will start as soon as possible.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has affirmed the lower court in the case of Noah Sullivan and Paul E. Sullivan vs. the Hanover Cordage Company, in a suit in which \$4,000 damages were awarded for the loss of an arm by Paul Sullivan, minor son of Noah Sullivan of Hanover. The case was heard before Judge Bittenger in the York county court, the jury finding in favor of the plaintiffs for the above amount.

A correspondent writes: "It is not generally known that at the Friends Grove Meeting House, near Center Mills, there lies the body of an old Indian who piloted Gen. George Washington from Fort Duquesne during the French and Indian War. On Washington's way east this Indian died and was buried at the above stated place. A small sandstone marks the tomb which is covered by brambles and briars.

A man giving his name as Corwell and his home at Waynesboro, was employed for some days as hod carrier on the new house of J. M. Bream, on Pitt street. On Friday the man left town and a pair of new shoes and a coat belonging to Mr. John Null, porter at the Eagle Hotel, disappeared at the same time. The man had purchased the coat from Mr. Null but for got to pay for same, and the shoes went without being purchased.

A man named Conley, from the Pigeon Hills, came to Hanover Wednesday evening and exhibited a hornet's nest the size of a hen's egg attached to the side of the buggy, near the seat. The vehicle, which is an old one, is kept standing behind the barn at his home, and when not in use the hornets are busy enlarging their home. When the owner desires to take a drive, the hornets willingly vacate until the old buggy returns, when they again start business at the old stand.

Waddle Caught.

Gettysburg, June 6.—John Waddle was arrested this morning at 3 o'clock at Creagerstown, Md., by John Stull, constable of Thurmont. The local authorities have been carrying on a diligent search for the man ever since the assault in Gettysburg two weeks ago and have had many false clues to follow. Several days ago District Attorney Keith learned that Waddle was in the neighborhood of Thurmont, and he at once got in touch with parties in that place and the local authorities located the exact place at which Waddle was stopping. Sheriff Colestock and Constable Wilson at once called up Constable Stull of Thurmont and told him to arrest the man on sight. Constable Stull drove to Creagerstown, about three miles away and going to the hotel where the man was reported to be, went to his room and told him he was under arrest. Waddle denied that he was from Gettysburg and said he was not the man wanted.

When arrested he at first said that he would not come back to Adams county without requisition papers. Later his father talked to him over the telephone and told him to come back without causing any trouble. Waddle agreed and Sheriff Colestock and Constable Wilson left in Eberhart's automobile at 11 o'clock to get the man. The charge on which the man will be tried at August sessions will be that he had "stab, cut and wound one Jennie Nary and did cause her bodily injury dangerous to life, with intent to commit murder."

Monday morning a hearing was held before Justice of the Peace Hill. Upon the conclusion of the hearing Waddle was held in default of \$2,000 bail for August term of Court.

Exciting Runaway.

Hanover, June 8.—A frightful runaway occurred Saturday evening about 8 o'clock on the streets of Hanover, and it seems almost miraculous that no one was killed or seriously injured. Harry Hartlaub of McSherrytown, and Miss Mary Marshall of Irishtown, were coming to Hanover when a part of the harness broke as they were driving across the trolley tracks in front of the home of Emanuel Walker on High street extended. The horse immediately began kicking and started to run away. Mr. Hartlaub jumped from the buggy to catch hold of the horse and was thrown to the street, the wheels of the vehicle passing over him, severely bruising his body. The thoroughly frightened animal then ran up McSherrytown Avenue, kicking at every jump, Miss Marshall sitting in the buggy. The young lady, in attempting to jump from the buggy in front of the residence of George Kline, on McSherrytown Avenue, fell, striking her face and right arm, which were badly cut. She also sustained several bruises on different parts of her body. Miss Marshall was assisted into the home of Mr. Kline, where she received medical treatment by Dr. J. H. Bittenger. The injuries, although painful, are not serious. Persons on McSherrytown Avenue and High street extended who witnessed the runaway can scarcely realize the fact that the young lady escaped death. After Miss Marshall had fallen from the buggy the maddened animal continued to Carlisle street and up to Center Square. Running toward Frederick street he collided with a surrey owned by Henry Shafer, of Schwartz's school house, which was standing in front of the J. W. Fischer & Co. store. The collision threw the horse to the ground and wrecked the buggy.

Stole Rohrbaugh's Bicycle.

Wednesday officer Duttera arrested Bernard Storm, at Lancaster, on a warrant issued by Squire Sell, charged on oath of Daniel B. Rohrbaugh of near Hanover, with the larceny of a bicycle. Storm was given a hearing before Squire Sell Thursday morning, after which, in default of bail, he was committed to jail for the action of the August grand jury. The history of the case is as follows: On May 2 last Rohrbaugh came to Hanover on his wheel, which is a new "Ivers Johnson," and for which he paid \$47.50, and on entering the store of Julius W. Fischer to transact business he placed the wheel on the outside. On returning for his wheel, Mr. Rohrbaugh found that it had disappeared. The matter was placed in the hands of Officer Duttera, who traced the man and wheel to Mount Rock and later to Lancaster City, where the arrest was made and the wheel recovered. Storm confessed to the theft.

Young Storm is a son of Mr. Frank Storm of near Mt. Rock, Mountpleasant township.

Youthful Burglars.

Sunday evening at 6 o'clock, three boys burglarized the grocery store of Geo. W. Wertz, in Hanover. The boys were seen to enter the alley between the residence of J. C. Coshun and Wertz's store by several neighbors, among them Chas. Hoffman, who yelled at the boys while they were busy rifling the till and show case, which scared them away. The youthful burglars, the eldest of whom, Mr. Hoffman says, seemed about 13 years of age, entered the building by way of a window in the rear and left by way of the front door, after securing a watch, several knives and the small change from the money drawer. The burglary was one of the boldest in the history of the town, occurring in broad daylight, when the streets were filled with people. The boys were seen and recognized by several neighbors.

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Miss Gertrude Bowling of Fairfield, and Bernard Peters of Emmitsburg, were married in St. Joseph's church, Wednesday at 8 o'clock, in Emmitsburg.

Mrs. Rebecca Liggit, of the Liggit farm near Littlestown, and Charles Johnson, of Elizabeth, N. J., were married in the latter place last week.

Emanuel Berkheimer, a member of the firm of Berkheimer Brothers, bakers, of Abbotstown, and Miss Nora Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Miller, of same place, hied away to Baltimore on Saturday where they were united in marriage. The wedding was a surprise to their many friends.

The New Oxford School Board reorganized Tuesday evening, Messrs. Emmert and Sheetz retiring from the Board and Winand and Bream taking their place. Following are the officers: Pres. Dr. W. R. Snyder; Sec. J. W. Barnitz; Treas. Z. H. Cashman. The same teachers were re-elected.—Prof. D. Ruff, Principle; Miss Marge Brown, No. 2; Miss Nita Cashman, No. 3. Term 8 months, commencing August 31, 1908.

Animal Hanged Himself.

Mr. Adam Long residing on the farm of his mother, Mrs. Lewis Long, near Myers' mill, Mountpleasant township, lost a large fat bull on Thursday night. The animal, which was dehorned, was tied in the stable, and in some manner got the chain over the top of his head and strangled to death. The animal weighed about 1000 pounds.

Change in Schedule.

Sunday, June 7, the summer schedule on the W. M. Railroad went into effect. Trains hereafter will leave New Oxford on week days as follows: Eastward—8:28 a. m., 3:21 and 6:34 p. m. Westward—9:45 a. m., and 6:18 p. m. The Sunday train for Pen-Mar will leave this station at 10:10 a. m., and for York at 7:38 p. m.

Bitten by Horse.

George Thomas, of Huntingdon township, was the victim of a peculiar and painful accident on last Wednesday. He was plowing in the field and was arranging something about the harness on one of the horses when the animal bit him on the face tearing the flesh loose from the cheek bone from ear to mouth and making a horrible wound. The injured man was hurried to the office of Dr. Diller in York Springs, who had to insert fourteen stitches to close the wound.

Seriously Injured.

Elias Spangler, aged about 65 years, was seriously injured at Brillhart's Station Wednesday afternoon while assisting to unload large crates of iron from a wagon, and his condition is reported to be critical. Mr. Spangler resides at the Hotel O'Bold in Hanover, and is employed as a traveling representative of a harvesting machine company. He went to Brillhart's Station Tuesday on a business trip, and assisted in the loading of iron machinery. While he was standing aside of the wagon, one of the boxes tilted and fell on him. He was knocked unconscious and physicians were sent for. His head and upper portion of the body are bruised, a rib is broken and there are internal injuries.

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While handling a heavy piece of wood one day recently, Howard Yeatts of York Springs, tripped and fell heavily spraining his back and receiving severe bruise.

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Clarence Bream of Cashtown, was thrown from a wagon Monday and the ligaments in his left arm between the elbow and shoulder were torn. Mr. Bream was standing on the wagon and was thrown out by a sudden plunge of the horse.

Work is progressing rapidly on the reservoir for the Biglerville water plant. The water will be carried into the town in six inch mains from the reservoir which is located on Yellow Hill, about 1 1/2 miles from the borough limits, with a pressure of about 150 feet.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Gettysburg College which opened Tuesday morning President Hefelbrow announced the unconditional gift of \$100,000 from John E. Fitch, a wealthy mine owner of Oakland, Cal. The money is to be used for the erection of a science building which will be called the Fitch Science Building in honor of the donor. President Hefelbrow also announced the prospect of another gift of \$100,000 from another man.

A dog supposed to be suffering from rabies was noticed by several persons to pass through town on Sunday. The animal which was small and of yellow color, came in Hanover street, and passed out Carlisle street. The pet dog of Mr. M. J. Elrehart, at Qualityville, was bitten by the animal and he was noticed to attempt to bite several guineas along his route. It is claimed the same dog passed through Hanover the same day where he bit several other dogs.

The presence of mind of Miss Mary Smith Tuesday morning prevented a serious fire. Miss Smith was in the yard at her home on Hanover street, and going into the kitchen she found that something had gone wrong with the gasoline stove and that it was ablaze, the oil cloth being on fire. Seeing that there was great danger of the fire spreading, she first turned off the oil and then smothered the flames with a rug. Her hand was badly burned but she prevented a more serious fire by her prompt action.

A very agreeable surprise was tendered Miss Mary Myers, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Myers, near New Chester, Monday evening, in honor of the anniversary of her birthday. A pleasant evening was spent by all present. Music was furnished by Messrs. Dicks, Staubb and Straesbaugh.

PERSONAL.

Miss Florence Hersh of Pitt street, is on an extended visit to friends in Ohio. Miss Elizabeth Hersh of Pitt street, visited friends at Chambersburg the past week.

Mrs. Belle Carbaugh, Mrs. Felix and Lloyd Hartman, of Cashtown, spent several days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Sanders, on the Himes farm at New Oxford Flouring Mills.

Mr. Mark L. Staub of Berlin Junction, is attending the State Camp, Sons of Veterans, at Williamsport.

Miss Mary Lingg, New Oxford, Mrs. F. X. Miller of Hunterstown, Mrs. Henry Miller and Mrs. Elizabeth Ziegler of Mechanicsburg, spent Friday at the home of Mrs. Willis A. Witter, at Qualityville. The latter is a sister of Mrs. Witter.

Mr. Chas. E. Hummer and family of York, who were circulating among friends here for several days returned home on Monday.

Prothonotary and Mrs. W. A. Taughinbaugh of Gettysburg, spent Sunday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Spangler on the Himes farm, Pitt street.

Mr. John Gulden of Hanover, spent several days at the home of his son A. J. Gulden, Hanover street.

Mrs. Annie Bowman of Hanover, spent Sunday with her cousin Mrs. A. J. Gulden, Hanover street, who is confined to her home by illness, but is slowly convalescing.

Miss Rosa Fissel of Littlestown, has been spending the past week at the home of her aunt, Mrs. G. C. Sheely, Philadelphia street.

Ellis Cook, son of Mrs. Louisa Cook, Hanover street, has secured a position at Sparrow's Point and leaves for that place this Thursday.

Dwelling Burned.

Seven Stars, June 4.—The house owned by Walter Settle and occupied by Daniel Settle, between this place and McKnightstown was totally destroyed by fire about 11 o'clock this morning, and is a complete loss. It was a substantial brick dwelling. The fire is supposed to have originated among some wood which was put in the wood box yesterday and is thought to have smoldered until today when the flames broke out. The men were in the fields at the time the fire was discovered and they were summoned by the ringing of the farm bell. The greater part of the furniture was saved but it was impossible to save the structure as the flames had too great a headway.

Exciting Runaway.

The two horse market team of Mr. S. M. Smith of Bonneauville, figured in an exciting runaway at Gettysburg one evening last week. It was about 9:30 o'clock and Mr. Smith had just unloaded a lot of eggs and country produce at B. Lightner's warehouse when the horses took flight and started to run. When they reached Washington street a freight train blocked them from going South and they took the railroad track following the same around the "Y" jerking the big wagon over the ties and rails as far as the bridge which crosses the Tiber. Here the one horse fell his feet and legs going down between the ties. The other horse became loose from the wagon and succeeded in reaching the other side in safety. A crowd soon gathered and by hard work the horse was rescued from his perilous position without being injured except that he was slightly scratched and bruised.

Mr. Smith, in assisting to free the horse, was kicked in the stomach and face while the animal struggled. But these injuries were not of a serious nature and he was able to take the team back to Bonneauville immediately after the accident.

The Children's Day services in the M. E. church on Sunday evening were largely attended. The decorations were very pretty and the musical program was of a high character. The children taken their respective parts admirably.

Notice.

Believing it to be the mutual interest of all customers, employees and ourselves we, the undersigned business men of New Oxford, agree to close our respective places of business at 6 o'clock p. m., except Monday and Saturday nights, after Tuesday, June 16th, until Sept. 1st:

Sheely & Bro., Gilbert & Son,
J. E. C. Miller, John F. Miller,
C. H. Emmert, O. E. Jacobs.

Under the same arrangement the meat stores will close at 8 p. m.

Miller & Herman, O. E. Jacobs.

WEAVER PIANOS AT

GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

A fine upright Weaver Piano has been furnished the Druids Society of Gettysburg College. Prof. C. C. Storrick writes "We have nothing but commendation to express as regards the Weaver Piano. I have had several experts examine the piano and all have been unanimous in their approval of the Weaver Piano. I can and will heartily recommend it."

WEAVER ORGAN & PIANO CO.,

Manufacturers, York, Pa.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$.88
No. 2 ".....80
Haked ".....80
Rye.....55 @ 70
Corn.....75 @ 80
Oats.....45 @ 50
Clover seed, per lb.....1.00 @ 1.18
Timothy seed.....80 @ 90
Rye straw.....80 @ 90
Timothy hay.....80 @ 90

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1908.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

J. B. Solt of Cumberland township, lost a 300 pound hog last week by death.

A Merry Widow hat with a veil is simply the old-fashioned hoop-skirt reversed.

Mrs. R. J. Feiser is having a fine large porch erected to the front of her home on Philadelphia street.

A marriage license was granted to Chas. H. Martz and Flora A. Jickrode, both of Mountpleasant township.

One of the differences between a cow chewing her cud and a girl chewing gum is that the cow generally looks thoughtful.

Floyd E. Wolf of Abbottstown, while driving the bread wagon Friday afternoon was overcome by the heat but is fully recovered again.

The Littlestown extension of the Hanover & McSherrystown street railway, it is expected, will be completed about the latter part of August.

FOR RENT.—House, stable and garden two miles from New Oxford. Possession at once. Apply to

R. M. STRALEY, New Oxford.

Webster Shank, of Latimore township, has been suffering very much recently with blood poisoning on his face caused by picking a pimple.

Saturday, June 27, Sheriff Colestock will sell at the court house a lot of ground situate in Gettysburg, the property of Mrs. Mary E. Miller.

E. M. Glant and B. F. Piper of Aspers, left for Castlewood, South Dakota, Monday. Mr. Glant and Mr. Piper expect to walk the distance in fifteen days.

Rev. Harvey Bickle, a recent graduate of the Gettysburg Theological Seminary, has accepted the Upper Meridian charge which also includes Zions church.

PUBLIC SALE.—Smoked Meats and Lard, at 5 o'clock Saturday evening, June 13, at the restaurant of J. H. Plymire, Center Square, New Oxford. T. E. Warner.

A lawn festival for the benefit of the Sunday school, will be held at the Pines Church, on Saturday evening, June 13. All kinds of refreshments will be served.

William Yohe of Heidlersburg, who has been working on the saw mill of George Silliks, near Baltimore, had a tree to fall on him recently and is now at home for repairs.

Miss Elmira Ruff, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. Daniel Ruff of Philadelphia St., has been re-elected teacher of second primary school at Gettysburg, at a salary of \$50 per month.

In a very loosely played game of ball between a team from Hanover and the local nine, at this place Saturday afternoon, the latter were victorious by the score of 17 to 16.

Dairymen and Mrs. L. H. Miller of Mountpleasant township, whose daughter was married last week, have the hearty thanks of the printers for a bountiful supply of wedding cake, etc.

Mrs. A. F. Harnish of Latimore, was whitewashing fence on Monday morning when she suffered a sunstroke and became very ill for a couple of days but is said to be improved at this writing.

The members of the Immaculate Conception parish will hold a festival on the lawn adjoining the rectory, Carlisle street, on Saturday evening, June 20. All kinds of refreshments will be served.

There's always something missing with out I. W. HARTER whiskey. It's so old and so extensively used everywhere that we should find it hard to get along without it. Sold by C. T. Hersh, New Oxford.

Among the twenty-one graduates of the Hanover High School, the exercises of which were held in the opera house on Thursday evening, was Miss Helen Ruth, daughter of Mrs. M. D. Feiser, this place.

While butchering one day recently David Hartman of Franklin township, met with an accident. He was unjamming the leg of a beef when the knife slipped off and caught Mr. Hartman in the leg making a painful cut.

Several weeks ago the small bank of Earl Myers, son of R. B. Myers of Andertown, was stolen. Last week the bank, mutilated and empty, was found in the tail race of Mr. Myers' mill under some overhanging bushes.

Arendtsville, June 5.—John B. Haverstock found a land turtle on Noah Fleck's farm near this place. It had the initial H. L. 1880 cut on its shell. It is supposed it was marked by Henry Lady who resided in this locality about that time.

Charles Dahlhammer met with a painful accident Monday morning while chopping wood for Geo. Stitzel near Clear Springs. The axe coming in contact with a log above his head causing it to rebound and cutting a deep gash in his scalp, necessitating four stitches to sew it up.

Boys' stilt, fitted up with an adjustable step, are being manufactured by the Hanover Plow Handle Co. for the Hanover Stilt Co., which has applied for a patent. Orders have already been filled for parties in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington, Harrisburg, York and Chambersburg.

Robert Hamme, a four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hamme of Hanover, fell from the seat of a buckboard wagon Monday and broke both bones of his left forearm.

Miss Martha E. Grove of Hanover, was badly cut and bruised about the head, face and body, on Saturday last, by falling over a loose plank in the alley alongside her home.

Mrs. Conrad Moul, of Hanover, observed her 91st birthday anniversary Monday in a quiet manner. Mrs. Moul is hale and hearty, her only ailment being a slight deficiency in hearing.

The Hanover school ended last week and the following Adams county teachers have returned to their homes: Miss Bees Brown of New Oxford, Miss Haar of Abbottstown, Miss Laura Kraber of Hampton, Miss Helen Stoner of Littlestown, Norman H. Haar of Abbottstown.

The Musselman Canning Company are making excavations for a cellar preparatory to the building of a large addition to their factory at Biglerville. When completed it will make the main building 252 feet long. The company is also installing a vinegar plant at the present time.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Byers of Littlestown have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary, and Rev. David S. Martin, of New Freedom, York county, the ceremony taking place in St. Paul's Lutheran church, Littlestown at high noon Wednesday, June 17.

An unknown man made way with the chewing gum machine at the hotel in Fairfield Saturday evening and taking from it the \$2.50 which the machine contained, left it in a cornfield where it was found Sunday. The hotel was crowded at the time it was taken but no one saw the man.

Mr. John F. Garrett, residing on the Daniel Slagle farm, formerly the Kohler farm, near Lilly's mill, lost an exceptionally fine bay mare on Thursday night. Friday morning when Mr. Garrett came to the stable he found the animal lying dead in the stall, having bled to death from hemorrhages.

Last week one day at Uriah Powell's, near Hilltown, they heard the chickens and birds making a great noise, when they went to see what was creating the racket they found a large black snake on a tree trying to rob a birds nest. A gun was secured and the reptile was shot. It measured 6 feet in length.

The Immaculate Conception parochial schools closed a very successful nine months term this week. The lacy work, paintings, drawings, etc., done in the schools during the season will be on exhibition in the school building Sunday and Monday, and a general invitation is extended the public to call and inspect this work.

During Saturday evening's electrical storm a singular occurrence happened at the residence of rural mail carrier C. E. Butt at East Berlin. During a rumbling peal of thunder the househook broke to hundreds of pieces, a plate glass in the front door, measuring 27x34 inches. No other damage was done by the strange concussion.

The Board of Trustees of Mount Tabor church have decided to build a new church. The old structure which was erected in 1860, is about worn out but will be used until the new structure is completed and which will be located at the cross-roads. The plans are now in the hands of the trustees and work will start as soon as possible.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has affirmed the lower court in the case of Noah Sullivan and Paul E. Sullivan vs. the Hanover Cordage Company, in a suit in which \$4,000 damages were awarded for the loss of an arm by Paul Sullivan, minor son of Noah Sullivan of Hanover. The case was heard before Judge Bittenger in the York county court, the jury finding in favor of the plaintiffs for the above amount.

A correspondent writes: "It is not generally known that at the Friends Grove Meeting House, near Center Mills, there lies the body of an old Indian who piloted Gen. George Washington from Fort Duquesne during the French and Indian War. On Washington's way east this Indian died and was buried at the above stated place. A small sandstone marks the tomb which is covered by brambles and briars."

A man giving his name as Corwell and his home at Waynesboro, was employed for some days as a hod carrier on the new house of J. M. Bream, on Pitt street. On Friday the man left town and a pair of new shoes and a coat belonging to Mr. John Null, porter at the Eagle Hotel, disappeared at the same time. The man had purchased the coat from Mr. Null but forgot to pay for same, and the shoes went without being purchased.

A man named Conley, from the Pigeon Hills, came to Hanover Wednesday evening and exhibited a hornet's nest the size of a hen's egg attached to the side of the buggy, near the seat. The vehicle, which is an old one, is kept standing behind the barn at his home, and when not in use the hornets are busy enlarging their home. When the owner desires to take a drive, the hornets willingly vacate until the old buggy returns, when they again start business at the old stand.

Waddle Caught.

Gettysburg, June 6.—John Waddle was arrested this morning at 3 o'clock at Creagerstown, Md., by John Stull, constable of Thurmont. The local authorities have been carrying on a diligent search for the man ever since the assault in Gettysburg two weeks ago and have had many false clues to follow. Several days ago District Attorney Keith learned that Waddle was in the neighborhood of Thurmont, and he at once got in touch with parties in that place and the local authorities located the exact place at which Waddle was stopping. Sheriff Colestock and Constable Wilson at once called up Constable Stull of Thurmont and told him to arrest the man on sight. Constable Stull drove to Creagerstown, about three miles away and going to the hotel where the man was reported to be, went to his room and told him he was under arrest. Waddle denied that he was from Gettysburg and said he was not the man wanted.

When arrested he at first said that he would not come back to Adams county without requisition papers. Later his father talked to him over the telephone and told him to come back without causing any trouble. Waddle agreed and Sheriff Colestock and Constable Wilson left in Eberhart's automobile at 11 o'clock to get the man. The charge on which the man will be tried at August sessions will be that he did "stab, cut and wound one Jennie Nary and did cause her bodily injury dangerous to life, with intent to commit murder."

Monday morning a hearing was held before Justice of the Peace Hill. Upon the conclusion of the hearing Waddle was held in default of \$2,000 bail for August term of Court.

Exciting Runaway.

Hanover, June 8.—A frightful runaway occurred Saturday evening about 8 o'clock on the streets of Hanover, and it seems almost miraculous that no one was killed or seriously injured. Harry Hartlaub of McSherrystown, and Miss Mary Marshall of Irishtown, were coming to Hanover when a part of the harness broke as they were driving across the trolley tracks in front of the home of Emanuel Walker on High street extended. The horse immediately began kicking and started to run away. Mr. Hartlaub jumped from the buggy to catch hold of the horse and was thrown to the street, the wheels of the vehicle passing over him, severely bruising his body. The thoroughly frightened animal then ran up McSherrystown Avenue, kicking at every jump, Miss Marshall sitting in the buggy. The young lady, in attempting to jump from the buggy in front of the residence of George Kline, on McSherrystown Avenue, fell, striking her face and right arm, which were badly cut. She also sustained several bruises on different parts of her body. Miss Marshall was assisted into the home of Mr. Kline, where she received medical treatment by Dr. J. H. Bittenger. The injuries, although painful, are not serious. Persons on McSherrystown Avenue and High street extended who witnessed the runaway can scarcely realize the fact that the young lady escaped death. After Miss Marshall had fallen from the buggy the maddened animal continued to Carlisle street and up to Center Square. Running toward Frederick street he collided with a surrey owned by Henry Shafer, of Schwartz's school house, which was standing in front of the J. W. Fischer & Co. store. The collision threw the horse to the ground and wrecked the buggy.

Stole Rohrbach's Bicycle.

Wednesday officer Dutera arrested Bernard Storm, at Lancaster, on a warrant issued by Squire Sell, charged on oath of Daniel B. Rohrbach of near Hanover, with the larceny of a bicycle. Storm was given a hearing before Squire Sell Thursday morning, after which, in default of bail, he was committed to jail for the action of the August grand jury. The history of the case is as follows: On May 2 last Rohrbach came to Hanover on his wheel, which is a new "Ivers Johnson," and for which he paid \$47.50, and on entering the store of Julius W. Fischer to transact business he placed the wheel on the outside. On returning for his wheel, Mr. Rohrbach found that it had disappeared. The matter was placed in the hands of Officer Dutera, who traced the man and wheel to Mount Rock and later to Lancaster City, where the arrest was made and the wheel recovered. Storm confessed to the theft.

Young Storm is a son of Mr. Frank Storm of near Mt. Rock, Mountpleasant township.

Youthful Burglars.

Sunday evening at 6 o'clock, three boys burglarized the grocery store of Geo. W. Wertz, in Hanover. The boys were seen to enter the alley between the residence of J. C. Coshun and Wertz's store by several neighbors, among them Chas. Hoffman, who yelled at the boys while they were busy rifling the till and show case, which scared them away. The youthful burglars, the eldest of whom, Mr. Hoffman says, seemed about 13 years of age, entered the building by way of a window in the rear and left by way of the front door, after securing a watch, several knives and the small change from the money drawer. The burglary was one of the boldest in the history of the town, occurring in broad daylight, when the streets were filled with people. The boys were seen and recognized by several neighbors.

Death Doings.

Mrs. Lucetta, wife of Mr. Charles Senft, died at her home along the Berlin road, Hamilton township, at 4 o'clock Wednesday morning after a lingering illness from cancer, in the 69th year of her age. She is survived by her husband, one son, Levi Senft, at home, one daughter, Mrs. James Hildebrand, of East Berlin, and one stepson, Wm. Senft of Midway. The time for holding the funeral had not been decided at the time of going to press.

William Williamson died at his home along the State road in Latimore township on Tuesday afternoon from dropsy, aged about 57 years. The deceased had been in ill health for the past several months.

Mrs. Catharine Rebert, widow of Edward Rebert, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Annie B. Geiselman, 641 Linden Avenue, York, on Tuesday, and was buried at Christ Church, near Littlestown, Thursday. She was aged 80 years and 29 days.

John B. Rudisill died at his home in Hanover at 6:54 a. m. Friday from pneumonia, aged about 56 years. Mr. Rudisill, who was a motorman employed by the Hanover & McSherrystown Street Railway Co., was critically ill from pneumonia last February, but had sufficiently recovered to be out and about, and in fact started to work, but was forced to stop on account of his emaciated condition. Wednesday last he again became critically ill, and gradually grew weaker until death occurred. Deceased is survived by his wife and four children.

Jacob A. Keller, a butcher by occupation, died last Saturday evening at 7 o'clock, at his residence in Littlestown, from a most rare disease, "purpura hemorrhagica"—a rare blood disease terminating in internal and external hemorrhages. He was aged 76 years, 6 months and 16 days. The deceased was ill but three weeks.

John H. Wiest died at his home in York at 8:35 o'clock Thursday morning of consumption aged 44 years, 10 months and 2 days. Deceased was the second son of the late J. H. Wiest and was born and reared in this place. He was twice married and is survived by the second wife and one son from the first wife. He is also survived by his mother, Mrs. Sarah Wiest of South Peters street, two brothers—Chas. A. Wiest of Chambersburg, and William S. Wiest of Hanover, and two sisters—Mrs. Chas. H. Emmert of New Oxford, and Mrs. Harry Mowery of Baltimore. Funeral Monday, June 8, at 2 p. m. Services at the house and interment in Prospect Hill Cemetery, at York.

Peter A. Gulden died at the home of his brother, Jerome Gulden, in Bonneauville on Friday from Strangulated Hernia, aged 51 years, 3 months and 27 days. Deceased was never married and made his home with his brother. The funeral took place Monday morning, interment being made in the Catholic Cemetery, Bonneauville, after a Mass of Requiem, Rev. Fr. Burkhart officiating.

James Munshour, a veteran of the Civil War, residing at Greenmount, died Friday of organic heart disease aged 69 years, 5 months and 13 days. Mr. Munshour was born near Emmitsburg and lived there until he was married, when he moved to Cumberland township where he has since resided. He was a farmer but was compelled to cease his work in this pursuit last fall when he became ill. He served with Cole's Cavalry and was a pensioner. Surviving him are his wife, one son and three daughters.

Hymenial.

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Clarence Bream of Cashtown, was thrown from a wagon Monday and the ligaments in his left arm between the elbow and shoulder were torn. Mr. Bream was standing on the wagon and was thrown out by a sudden plunge of the horse.

Work is progressing rapidly on the reservoir for the Biglerville water plant. The water will be carried into the town in six inch mains from the reservoir which is located on Yellow Hill, about 1½ miles from the borough limits, with a pressure of about 150 feet.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Gettysburg College which opened Tuesday morning President Hefelbower announced the unconditional gift of \$100,000 from John E. Firch, a wealthy mine owner of Oakland, Cal. The money is to be used for the erection of a science building which will be called the Firch Science Building in honor of the donor. President Hefelbower also announced the prospect of another gift of \$100,000 from another man.

A dog supposed to be suffering from rabies was noticed by several persons to pass through town on Sunday. The animal which was small and of yellow color, came in Hanover street, and passed out Carlisle street. The pet dog of Mr. M. J. Ehrehart, at Qualityville, was bitten by the animal and he was noticed to attempt to bite several guineas along his route. It is claimed the same dog passed through Hanover the same day where he bit several other dogs.

The presence of mind of Miss Mary Smith Tuesday morning prevented a serious fire. Miss Smith was in the yard at her home on Hanover street, and going into the kitchen she found that something had gone wrong with the gasoline stove and that it was ablaze, the oil cloth being on fire. Seeing that there was great danger of the fire spreading, she first turned off the oil and then smothered the flames with a rug. Her hand was badly burned but she prevented a more serious fire by her prompt action.

A very agreeable surprise was tendered Miss Mary Myers, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Myers, near New Chester, Monday evening, in honor of the anniversary of her birthday. A pleasant evening was spent by all present. Music was furnished by Messrs. Dicks, Staubb and Straebaugh.

PERSONAL.

Miss Florence Hersh of Pitt street, is on an extended visit to friends in Ohio.

Miss Elizabeth Hersh of Pitt street, visited friends at Chambersburg the past week.

Mrs. Belle Carbaugh, Mrs. Felix and Lloyd Hartman, of Cashtown, spent several days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Sanders, on the Himes farm at New Oxford Flouring Mills.

Mr. Mark L. Staub of Berlin Junction, is attending the State Camp, Sons of Veterans, at Williamsport.

Miss Mary Ling, New Oxford, Mrs. F. X. Miller of Hunterstown, Mrs. Henry Miller and Mrs. Elizabeth Ziegler of Mechanicsburg, spent Friday at the home of Mrs. Willis A. Witter, at Qualityville. The latter is a sister of Mrs. Witter.

Mr. Chas. E. Hummer and family of York, who were circulating among friends here for several days returned home on Monday.

Prothonotary and Mrs. W. A. Taughinbaugh of Gettysburg, spent Sunday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Spangler on the Himes farm, Pitt street.

Mr. John Gulden of Hanover, spent several days at the home of his son A. J. Gulden, Hanover street.

Mrs. Annie Bowman of Hanover, spent Sunday with her cousin Mrs. A. J. Gulden, Hanover street, who is confined to her home by illness, but is slowly convalescing.

Miss Rose Fissel of Littlestown, has been spending the past week at the home of her aunt, Mrs. G. C. Sheely, Philadelphia street.

Ellis Cook, son of Mrs. Louisa Cook, Hanover street, has secured a position at Sparrow's Point and leaves for that place this Thursday.

Dwelling Burned.

Seven Stars, June 4.—The house owned by Walter Settle and occupied by Daniel Settle, between this place and M. Knightstown was totally destroyed by fire about 11 o'clock this morning, and is a complete loss. It was a substantial brick dwelling. The fire is supposed to have originated among some wood which was put in the wood box yesterday and is thought to have smoldered until today when the flames broke out. The men were in the fields at the time the fire was discovered and they were summoned by the ringing of the farm bell. The greater part of the furniture was saved but it was impossible to save the structure as the flames had too great a headway.

Exciting Runaway.

The two horse market team of Mr. S. M. Smith of Bonneauville, figured in an exciting runaway at Gettysburg one evening last week. It was about 9:30 o'clock and Mr. Smith had just unloaded a lot of eggs and country produce at B. Lightner's warehouse when the horses took fright and started to run. When they reached Washington street a freight train blocked them from going South and they took the railroad track following the same around the "Y" jerking the big wagon over the ties and rails as far as the bridge which crosses the Tiber. Here the one horse left his feet and legs going down between the ties. The other horse became loose from the wagon and succeeded in reaching the other side in safety. A crowd soon gathered and by hard work the horse was rescued from his perilous position without being injured except that he was slightly scratched and bruised.

Mr. Smith, in assisting to free the horse, was kicked in the stomach and face while the animal struggled. But these injuries were not of a serious nature and he was able to take the team back to Bonneauville immediately after the accident.

The Children's Day services in the M. E. church on Sunday evening were largely attended. The decorations were very pretty and the musical program was of a high character. The children taken their respective parts admirably.

Notice.

Believing it to be the mutual interest of all customers, employees and ourselves we, the undersigned business men of New Oxford, agree to close our respective places of business at 6 o'clock p. m., except Monday and Saturday nights, after Tuesday, June 10th, until Sept. 1st: Sheely & Bro., Gilbert & Son, J. E. C. Miller, John F. Miller, C. H. Emmert.

Under the same arrangement the meat stores will close at 8 p. m.

Miller & Herman, O. E. Jacobs.

WEAVER PIANOS AT

GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

A fine upright Weaver Piano has been furnished the Druids Society of Gettysburg College. Prof. C. C. Storrick writes "We have nothing but commendation to express as regards the Weaver Piano. I have had several experts examine the piano and all have been unanimous in their approval of the Weaver Piano. I can and will heartily recommend it."

WEAVER ORGAN & PIANO CO.,

Manufacturers, York, Pa.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$.88
No. 2 ".....\$.80
Raked ".....\$.80
Rye.....\$.55 @ .70
Corn.....\$.45 @ .70
Oats.....\$.45 @ .50
Clover seed, per lb.....\$.10 @ .12
Timothy seed.....\$ 1.00 @ 1.04
Rye straw.....\$ 6.00 @ 7.00
Timothy hay.....\$ 8.00 @ 9.00

I am the plough,
Master of Life,
Where my sharp coulter leads
Cones of fertility;
And by my furrows
Gladden and satisfied,
Follow the peoples!

I am the glimmering dawn,
Narrowing circlewise—
Leaving wide gaps where Death
Swung his black gates anon—
Traced the foundations where
Rose the proud battlements,
Bastions and walls round
The City of Life.

To me for charity
Come the worn mendicants,
—W. G. Hole, in London Spectator.

Footling it painfully
Out from the darkness
Into the silence—
Here are my arms for you
Yours for me abundantly—
Yours while the earth knows
Summer and winter,
Seed-time and harvest—
East and be glad!

Egypt and Nineveh,
Rome and Assyria
Were but my pensioners;
I am the permanent,
Still stand my kingdoms—
Still wave the cornfields—
Seemingly but slave indeed,
Master of Life am I—
I am the plough!

—W. G. Hole, in London Spectator.

The Identity of Diane.

By Muriel Hine.

My bag was already on the hansom and Brice was handing in my gun case when the telegraph boy ran up the steps.

"For Carrington," he admitted, in answer to my hurried question.

Just a few minutes later, and I might have been saved all the embarrassments of that October afternoon; but, as it was, I tore the envelope open and read:

"Diane coming by 3.20 train; please bring her down—Augusta."

That is so like my cousin's wife! When the last trump sounds for the last soul to hand in its reckoning, Augusta will have gone back for her lace pocket handkerchief.

So now, at the seventh hour, I was expected to rise to the situation and act as cicerone to a total stranger. For who on earth was "Diane"? That was the question that tortured me as my hansom carried me all too quickly to our trusting place.

I remembered vaguely that when Augusta married my cousin, Stanfield Fane, there was a talk of French connections; of a niece from Perigord to join the bridesmaid's ranks; of a dash of French blood that drove Augusta recklessly to Paquin for her wedding gown, amply atoned for by the stiff magnificence of her fine English lace.

For to lay to Augusta's charge any Gallic frivolity would be to stretch one's imagination to snapping point! I was still immersed in the problem of Diane's identity when my hansom pulled up at Paddington. There Fortune played into my hand, for as I stood waiting for my turn at the ticket office I heard a lady's voice, with the unmistakable throaty "r" of the Parisian, demand a "first class" for Wryborough.

The station was dark; but as she turned her head I caught a glimpse of a dainty reticence profile under the smooth masses of her well-dressed hair, and the next way she gathered up her skirts over her little high heeled boots confirmed me in my conclusions as to her nationality.

Meanwhile, as she tripped briskly down the platform, I reminded myself with a certain lightening of spirit of my obligations to Augusta, and a few minutes later found us both seated in the opposite corners of a through carriage for the little country station.

It was even with a certain anxiety that I frowned at possible intruders, and we were just about to start when a frantic porter, dragging an unwilling spaniel by a leash, came panting up the platform.

The dog was thrust into the van adjoining, none too gently, I fear, as a yelp rang out before the door was slammed, followed by a low and mournful howl. As the train puffed out I glanced at my pretty companion.

Her piquant face showed a ready sympathy. "Oh, le pauvre!" she murmured softly, as a second mournful note rose and quivered and died away.

Here was my opportunity. "I'm always sorry for poor dumb animals," I began, somewhat lamely, but the lady broke in with a mischievous smile.

"Dumb?" she queried, with the prettiest little accent in the world. "O—ough!" went the spaniel next door, and we both laughed aloud.

A cold autumn wind blew in at the open window, and, seeing her hand on the cash, I rose to her assistance.

"Merci, monsieur!" said my companion. "We will shut out the owls!" "We may as well be warm," I said, stifling a smile. "It is a long journey to Wryborough."

"Tiens! Monsieur goes there, too?" She raised her finely arched brows, evidently in ignorance of Augusta's ninth-hour decision.

Then a happy thought struck me, I would keep the fact of my destination secret up to the last moment, and only when we had both arrived at Wryborough Court should she know I was one of the house party for the week end.

"I am going down for the shooting," I said vaguely.

She nodded her head wisely.

"I saw monsieur had his gun. Will it be for birds now or for foxes?" Luckily for me, the spaniel chiming in again stifled my involuntary gasp.

"We don't shoot foxes in this country," I began, and promptly kicked myself for being pedantic when I saw the hurt expression on Diane's pretty face; "but we hunt them," I added swiftly.

"Enfin!" She shrugged her shoulders slightly. "It does come to ze same, n'est ce pas?—zey die!"

She looked out at the bare trees and autumn gloom, and gave a little shiver as she continued:

"For my sake, I would prefer to

be shot. I do not like to imagine myself, for instance, to be ate by dogs! It is your favorite picture here—ze sport print! Is it not, monsieur? In ze air ze poor fox upside down, and below ze dogs in rows, most fierce and 'ungry. Mon Dieu, I pity 'im!"

I felt at all costs the subject must be dropped.

"We don't hunt much at Wryborough," I said evasively. "We've no pack near enough."

The name of the place changed the current of her thoughts.

"Perhaps you know ze Court, where I go to stay with Mrs. Stanfield Fane and family? You have an acquaintance wif them, monsieur?"

"I have known them for years," I said carelessly. "It's a pretty place—a typical English country house."

She watched me a little anxiously. I thought.

"An' ze children—you know ze'm?" she hazarded, at last.

"Of course," I answered, somewhat bewildered. "Regular little demons they are, too!"

A horrified look swept over her face.

"I do not understand," she murmured. "Demons? Zat is devils, is it not? But monsieur jests!"—as I laughed aloud.

"Monkeys," I amended. "What you call 'petits gamins' in your charming country."

I was rewarded by her smile of acknowledgement.

"I was only thinking of the tricks they played the last time I was there with poor old Fraulein, the German governess. Would it amuse you to hear the story?"

"But yes!" said Diane, eagerly.

She leaned forward to catch my words above the increasing rattle of the train, and I moved across so as to pour the harrowing story into her ear. The fast fading light from the window outlined her pretty profile, but threw her face into shadow, so that I could not judge of its expression; and as I came to the crisis of the children's practical joke we rattled down an incline into a deep cutting between high banks.

"I wonder the fright didn't kill her," I wound up cheerfully, "but it takes a lot to kill a German governess."

To my horror, by way of response I caught a stifled sob.

"Oh, it was cruel, cruel!" came a despairing voice. "Mon Dieu, what impossible children—barbaric—without hearts!"

"Good gracious!" I ejaculated. "I'm awfully sorry! I'd no idea you'd take it that way! They shan't play tricks on you, I promise you that!"

In the gloom I saw that she turned her face aside and her handkerchief went up stealthily to her eyes.

"Why, I'm staying in the house!" I assured her eagerly. "I wasn't going to tell you, just for the joke, but as it is, I'll see you through. The children shan't worry you."

"You are most good, came a stifled voice, "and it is foolish, indeed, to be upset; but ze long journey—and England is so strange!"

Her poor little apology touched me to the heart, and involuntarily I laid my hand over hers.

"Do forgive me!" I entreated. "It was all my silly fault!"

She turned to me with a dawning smile on her still quivering lips; her large brown eyes with the tired shadows beneath met my own in a grateful silence, and at that precise moment the train gave a loud whistle and darted into a tunnel, leaving us in total darkness.

A faint scream came from my pretty companion.

"Quel horreur!" I heard her say in a strangled voice, and the hand in mine clutched me with nervous force.

"It's not a long one!" I shouted, reassuringly, above the roar of the train's passage, leaning a little toward her.

Bump, went the carriage over the uneven rails, and the softest cheek in the world came up against my own.

I vow it was not my fault, but just a combination of circumstances too strong to withstand.

But, as it was, the train popped out as inconsiderately as it had dashed into that confounded tunnel, and there was Diane's glossy head comfortably popped against my shoulder and my arm firmly planted round that neat French waist!

The sunshine blinked at us impudently from behind a heavy cloud and the sudden glare completed my confusion, but my little companion, with native grace, swiftly extricated herself from what we both, I think, felt to be a false situation.

She rose quickly to her feet and straightened her tumbled hair in the dingy mirror opposite.

"Monsieur must excuse . . ." she

said, rapidly, with carefully averted face. "It is not often that I find myself so faint!—but a tunnel—with no lamp—impossible to figure to another the suffocation it produces!"

Her hands went up to her slender throat with true dramatic effect—the clever little woman! My admiration for her rose by leaps and bounds.

And suddenly the picture of Augusta's face had she but peeped in upon us and realized the result of her telegraphic precipitation flashed before my mental vision.

Our eyes met, as Diane turned away from the glass; at first shyly, then with a gathering sense of mischief, and I could not resist the impulse.

"I was thinking of Augusta," I answered, the challenge of those arched eyebrows. "She asked me to look after you coming down, you know!"

But a look of bewilderment came into her expressive eyes.

"Augusta? I do not understand."

"My cousin, of course, Mrs. Fane." It was my turn to be puzzled now, for the lady gave a little inarticulate cry, and turned to me, her hands clasped together, her face despairing.

"She must n'vair know," she stammered. "I did not imagine to myself that monsieur was of the 'ouse! Mon Dieu! It would be wiser that we are not acquainted."

She broke off with a shrug of her shoulders, and sat down in the far corner of the carriage.

"Enfin," she concluded, "monsieur understands—we have not met."

The sudden change nettled me. Why, too, this desperate fear of Augusta? Surely she could not believe that I would be guilty of gossiping!

"I am afraid I can hardly agree to that," I said, in a voice as frigid as her own, "seeing that I was asked, as I mentioned before, to travel down with you."

Her pretty face grew pink.

"Monsieur must forgive me—but I cannot understand!"

I dived into my pocket and, producing the crumpled telegram, I handed it across silently and at arm's length.

She took it with a little deprecatory smile, and read it slowly through aloud.

"Diane coming by 3.30 train; please bring her down, Augusta."

"You see"—I began, triumphantly; but at this moment the train drew up at Clipstone Junction, and a friendly station master broke in upon our tete-a-tete.

"You're all right for Wryborough, sir! It's the slip carriage. 'Ope you're quite well, sir. Right away there!" He waved his arm vigorously, and we were off again, grunting and jerking down the steep incline.

"An' who is Diane?" said my companion, thoughtfully.

I gave a violent start.

"Why—do you mean to say—you? Aren't you Diane?" I shouted in my excitement.

"Mais non! Monsieur," came the demure voice, "I am Julie—Julie Angeliqne Danton, zat is my name. I do not understand."

Again that maddening reiteration. "Pon my soul, I don't either!" I said in my annoyance, but at the sound of my voice mademoiselle drew herself up stiffly.

"I am sorry—it is evident monsieur has made a mistake—" she looked at me indignantly, "several mistakes," she amended, with cool precision.

I felt I had deserved it, but the situation was desperate.

"I beg your pardon," I said hurriedly; "please don't misunderstand me. I'm so awfully worried over that wire. Don't you see"—I leaned forward confidentially—"I'm delighted to have met you, of course, but if you aren't Diane, where is she?—and what shall I say to Augusta?"

For a moment she struggled for composure, and then she laughed aloud.

"I cannot 'elp it," she cried. "It is so funny! And monsieur's face. Mon Dieu! It is like a play!"

I joined in wrathfully.

"It's all very well for you," I said as the carriage slowly slackened speed, "but here we are at Wryborough, and where the dickens is Diane?"

The door opened, and I helped my companion to alight, with a quick glance down the empty platform.

Thank goodness Augusta had not come to meet us! But I congratulated myself too soon, for, as I turned to the van for my luggage, a sound of wheels fell on my ears and I saw across the low hedge my cousin's wife effect and massive in the phaeton, driving up at full speed.

At the moment the door of the van swung back, and the first "luggage" to alight was the spaniel, straining at his leash, bounding and curvetting with joy at his release.

The solitary porter, holding him, turned to me in his trouble.

"If you don't mind taking the dawg, sir," he suggested, "I'll 'ave the port-manteau out in a minute."

I was quieting the half frantic animal when Augusta appeared on the scene.

"How are you?" she said, heartily. "I'm afraid I'm late, but one of those hateful traction engines was crawling up the lane before us, and there wasn't room to pass. You've brought Diane, I see. That's capital!"

I looked at her in speechless amazement, but luckily her attention was riveted on the dog.

"Poor old girl!—there—there!" She fondled the glossy coat. "Diddums hate its nasty journey then? Poor girlie, poor old Diane!"

She raised her head a moment as a neat figure passed us with carefully averted face, guided by the tall footman with obvious condescension to the distant cab.

"There goes the new governess," said Augusta, cheerfully; "an improvement on old Fraulein, isn't she, Dick? But you must be famished, so come along—only I'm such a baby over old Diane." She took the leash from me and moved forward. "I am glad you found her! I was so afraid you'd get the wire, and not the letter, and wonder whatever I meant, and I simply couldn't bear the idea of her coming down from the vet, all by her lonesome in a nasty van—eh, Diane?"

I murmured something incoherent as I helped my cousin's wife into the phaeton.

Diane settled herself comfortably between my knees, and as Augusta gathered up the reins into her capable hands she gave me a little nod of approval.

"I see you've made great friends already," she commented, "you and Diane?"

I resisted a rising desire to laugh, and answered her gravely.

"Friendship isn't the word for it," I said.—Black and White.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

When terrified the ostrich will travel 25 miles an hour.

The smallest quadruped in the world is the pigmy mouse of Siberia.

The cry of a wounded hare resembles that of a child in distress.

Argentina has a 54-mile horse railway. It is the largest in the world.

In Hungary it is compulsory to insure against accidents and disease.

The city of Leipsic gives prize money to women who nurse their infants.

Every German soldier's equipment includes a bible and a half pound cake of chocolate.

A training school for aeronauts and constructors of airships has been established in Paris.

French laundries are controlled by law. All soiled linen and its containers are disinfected when received at the laundries.

The birth rate in New York City in 1907 was one baby every 3 1/2 minutes during the year. The death rate was one in every 5 1/3 minutes. There was a marriage for every 8 1/3 minutes.

All German soldiers must learn to swim. Some of them are so expert that, with their clothing on their heads and carrying guns and ammunition, they can swim several hundred yards.

Mrs. W. C. Lewis of Bogard is puzzled over one of her hens which hatched 11 chickens from a sitting of 10 eggs. She says that she frequently counted the eggs and knows positively there were only 10.

The home for many years of the poet Cowper at Olney, Bucks, has just undergone a thorough renovation, conducted on reverent lines, at the hands of the trustees in whom it is vested as a museum.

The 25th anniversary of the death of the Russian surgeon Pirogoff was celebrated by conferring his name on a street and hospital at St. Petersburg and endowing an annual prize for works on surgery.

While services were being held in the First United Presbyterian church, at Bellefontaine, Ohio, the congregation was alarmed by the tolling of the bell. An electrical storm was in progress and the bell had been rung by a stroke of lightning.

A compilation made by the Rev. Dr. D. L. Leonard of foreign missionary statistics of the world shows that the total contributions of the missionary societies to foreign missions last year amounted to \$22,459,650, an increase over the previous year of almost \$1,200,000.

Locomotives Turn Themselves. Gasoline engines and electric motors have taken the place of manual labor in the operation of changing the direction of a locomotive on a turntable. These mechanical powers have reduced the cost of operating a turntable by hand from about \$15 per 24 hours to \$5 for turning 400 locomotives.

Now a bright genius has thought of a method the expense of which is so small that it can hardly be estimated. It consists of a compressed air motor placed beneath the turntable and operated from air furnished by the air-brake pump on the locomotive being turned. Connection is made between the engine and the motor with a piping and hose. An air pressure of 50 pounds will turn the locomotive, and as the turning is all done in two minutes the amount of steam used to work the pump is too small to reckon.—Popular Mechanics.

The Balkan Peril.

A strange story reaches us from one of the Balkan states, where commercial morality is still in its infancy. At a recent banquet given at the house of the prime minister a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the minister of justice, next to whom he was sitting, had taken his watch.

The prime minister said: "Ah, he shouldn't have done that. I will get it back for you." Sure enough, towards the end of the evening, the watch was returned to its owner. "And what did he say?" asked the guest. "Sh-h! He does not know I have got it back," said the prime minister.—Punch.

THE BRONCO VANISHING.

Government Interested Because of Need of Cavalry Mounts.

Not everybody is aware that the broncho is following in the footsteps of the bison and the Texas steer; that is, the path of extinction. Artists and story writers who have drawn their inspiration of the great west from visits to the Museum of Natural History have been inclined to conceal this fact. Without the bronco, where would western fiction be? What artist of the plains could thrill without a realistic picture of a four-legged cyclone boring holes in zenith and nadir? One cannot entirely blame the artistic and literary fraternity for conserving the bronco along with her oines and bandits as material necessary to art. The cowboy is going with the bronco. Both are indispensable in literature. Therefore, they continue to exist on paper. Immortality, or at least a lengthened lease of life, is guaranteed them until the American reader happens to yawn and remark, "Tell me about something else."

The United States government, however, is concerned about the disappearance of the bronco, and regrets that it cannot make believe about the matter, like the writers. The problem of obtaining mounts for cavalrymen has become more serious every day. A real cavalryman can't ride on a make-believe horse. The cutting up of the range into small farms has put the cowboy out of business; the bronco is disappearing with the man who exercised his body in tremendous journeys across the plains and developed a high intelligence in him with the work of managing cattle.

To breed an improved bronco type for the use of the cavalry is now the purpose of the experts in charge of the government stud at Fort Collins, Colorado. They want to create and perpetuate an animal with all the endurance, lung power and intelligence of the bronco, but possessing qualities enabling him to be useful in all parts of the United States. The Fort Collins stud began the experiment a few years ago of producing an original American carriage horse, and the notable stallion Carmon, formerly Thomas W. Lawton's prize winner Glorious Thundercloud, was purchased by a committee of judges of horseflesh. The department of agriculture approved the new carriage horse, with a view to its distribution among the farmers of the land. Since then Carmon has produced several good looking offspring. The best of the carriage stock will be used in creating the cavalry type.

The dry, pure air of Colorado is considered ideal for the making of a cavalry horse that will do anything, from carrying an obese colonel to charging up hill at future San Juans, playing polo and intelligently ramping through crowds on sidewalks. A horse that is loyal and will obey orders without being troubled with conscientious scruples is desired.—New York Tribune.

A Wasted Opportunity.

"Ole Bill" Foote and "Ole Bill" English were political travelling companions, and many stories were told of their joint journeying, but a new one now has come out of the South.

The two hardy Democratic campaigners were doing Southern California one election time and got into the wild country at the back of Los Angeles. One night they reached a farm-house where they had expected to find lodgings. The farmer had nothing but two armchairs. Foote and English pleaded for beds—cots, trundle beds—anything that looked like a bed. Nothing doing.

The campaigners, like Napoleon, or Grant, or like Washington at Valley Forge, slept in their chairs.

When the first advance agents of dawn scudded out of the West the politicians laboriously got out of their chairs and went out for fresh air. They met the old farmer milking the cow with the crumpled horn.

"Do you know, gentlemen," he said blandly, and without contrition, "you could have had a bed after all. I was expecting two Democraticators here last night and saved the beds for them, but somehow or other they never showed up, dang 'em."—San Francisco Call.

Telephone Talkers.

While Americans may not appreciate the title of the world's greatest talkers, it is indubitably conferred upon them by the annual report of the American Telephone & Telegraph company for 1907, which has just been made public.

It shows that the average daily number of telephone calls in this country last year was 18,624,600, an increase of more than 2,000,000 calls a day over 1906, and an average of 75 talks for every man, woman and child in the country. No other country in the world can even approach this record.

In many ways the report marks an epoch since in addition to giving the fullest publicity to all matters, it contains an endorsement of the policy of public control as advocated by Governor Hughes in his recommendations to the legislature, but hitherto opposed by most public service corporations.—Boston Post.

Earthquake-Proof House.

An Englishman, a brother of the famous Lord Kitchener, is building a house in Jamaica which he declares will be absolutely earthquake proof. The walls are being made of rows of drain pipes placed on end and filled with cement in between. A casing of cement goes on the outside and thin wood inside. The plan has been approved by well known building engineers.—Grit.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

It takes a woman to wing the bird of time.

The antidote for flattery is a young brother.

In the sea of life bargains are the breakers.

Air castles are property that no creditor can touch.

A cabbage by any other name would be as common.

Life's primrose path is carpeted with the long green.

Because a man is always at his post is no sign he's a stick.

Many a true friendship hath been cut with the knife of candor.

A secret that you can't tell is worse than money you can't spend.

A beauty doesn't have to be brilliant. A peach isn't expected to preach.

In the alphabet of charm there is no such letter as L. Every one is you.

There's as good fish in the sea as have been caught—with golden bait.

When you jump at a conclusion there's no telling where you'll land.

Many a beautiful literary balloon hath been punctured by a blue pencil.

Who cares for the flowers of fame? Why, you can't even trim a hat with them.

A romantic young girl's rose colored dreams are all perfumed with orange blossoms.

Any material may be utilized for a silk purse, provided it is properly lined with gold.

A girl never thinks much of a sweetheart or a photograph that doesn't flatter her.

Poverty is a gaunt old preacher that makes more saints than all the ordained ministers.

A small boy considers a bathtub about the most unnecessary of all the modern necessities.

Don't hope to recognize the devil these days by his hoofs. He has them manicured past recognition.

Don't marry a man for his money, Bedelia. But hesitate before you turn a nice fellow down just because he has an automobile.

It's a sordid old world when we have to sell our dreams to buy bread, but then again it's a peach of a world to acknowledge dreams have a certain market value.—From "Eve's Ex-grams" in the New York Tribune.

THE MASTER OF LIFE.

I am the plough,
Master of Life,
Where my sharp coulter leads
Censures sterility;
And by my furrows
Gladdened and satisfied,
Follow the people!

I, in the glimmering dawn,
Furrowing circlewise—
Leaving wide gaps where Death
Swung his black gates anon—
Traced the foundations where
Rose the proud battlements,
Bastions and walls round
The City of Life!

To me for charity
Come the worn mendicants,

Footling it painfully
Out from the darkness
Into the silence—
Here are my aims for you
Poured forth abundantly—
Yours while the earth knows
Summer and winter,
Seed-time and harvest—
Eat and be glad!

Egypt and Nineveh,
Rome and Assyria
Were but my pensioners;
I am the permanent,
Still stand my kingdoms—
Still wave the cornfields—
Seemingly but slave indeed,
Master of Life am I—
I am the plough!

—W. G. Holo, in London Spectator.

The Identity of Diane.

By Muriel Hine.

My bag was already on the hansom and Brice was handing in my gun case when the telegraph boy ran up the steps.

"For Carrington," he admitted, in answer to my hurried question.

Just a few minutes later, and I might have been saved all the embarrasments of that October afternoon; but, as it was, I tore the envelope open and read:

"Diane coming by 3.20 train; please bring her down—Augusta."

That is so like my cousin's wife! When the last trump sounds for the last soul to hand in its reckoning, Augusta will have gone back for her lace pocket handkerchief!

So now, at the seventh hour, I was expected to rise to the situation and act as eclaircisseur to a total stranger. For who on earth was "Diane"? That was the question that tortured me as my hansom carried me all too quickly to my trusting place.

I remembered vaguely that when Augusta married my cousin, Stanfield Fane, there was a talk of French connections! of a niece from Perigord to join the bridesmaid's ranks; of a dash of French blood that drove Augusta recklessly to Paquin for her wedding gown, amply atoned for by the stiff magnificence of her fine English presence.

For to lay to Augusta's charge any Gallic frivolity would be to stretch one's imagination to snapping point! I was still immersed in the problem of Diane's identity when my hansom pulled up at Paddington. There Fortune played into my hand, for as I stood waiting for my turn at the ticket office I heard a lady's voice, with the unmistakable throaty "ah" of the Parisian, demand a "first class" for Wryborough.

The station was dark; but as she turned her head I caught a glimpse of a dainty reticulated profile under the smooth masses of her well-dressed hair, and the neat way she gathered up her skirts over her little high heeled boots confirmed me in my conclusions as to her nationality.

Meanwhile, as she tripped briskly down the platform, I reminded myself with a certain lightening of spirit of my obligations to Augusta, and a few minutes later found us both seated in the opposite corners of a through carriage for the little country station.

It was even with a certain anxiety that I frowned at possible intruders, and we were just about to start when a frantic porter, dragging an unwilling spaniel by a leash, came panting up the platform.

The dog was thrust into the van adjoining, none too gently, I fear, as a yelp rang out before the door was slammed, followed by a low and mournful howl. As the train puffed out I glanced at my pretty companion.

Her piquant face showed a ready sympathy. "Oh, le pauvre!" she murmured softly, as a second mournful note rose and quivered and died away.

Here was my opportunity. "I'm always sorry for poor dumb animals," I began, somewhat lamely, but the lady broke in with a mischievous smile.

"Dumb?" she queried, with the prettiest little accent in the world. "O—ought!" went the spaniel next door, and we both laughed aloud.

A cold autumn wind blew in at the open window, and, seeing her hand on the sash, I rose to her assistance. "Merci, monsieur!" said my companion. "We will shut out the owls!"

"We may as well be warm," I said, stifling a smile. "It is a long journey to Wryborough."

"Tiens! Monsieur goes there, too?" She raised her finely arched brows, evidently in ignorance of Augusta's ninth-hour decision.

Then a happy thought struck me, I would keep the fact of my destination secret up to the last moment, and only when we had both arrived at Wryborough Court should she know I was one of the house party for the week end.

"I am going down for the shooting," I said vaguely. She nodded her head wisely.

"I saw monsieur had his gun. Will he be for birds now or for foxes?" Luckily for me, the spaniel chiming in again stifled my involuntary gasp.

"We don't shoot foxes in this country," I began, and promptly kicked myself for being pedantic when I saw the hurt expression on Diane's pretty face; "but we hunt them," I added swiftly.

"Enfin!" She shrugged her shoulders slightly. "It does come to me same, n'est ce pas?—zoy die!" She looked out at the bare trees and autumn gloom, and gave a little shiver as she continued:

"For my sake, I would prefer to be shot. I do not like to imagine myself, for instance, to be ate by dogs! It is your favorite picture here—zo 'sport print,' is it not, monsieur? In ze air zo poor fox upside down, and below zo dogs in rows, most fierce and 'ungry. Mon Dieu, I pity 'im!"

I felt at all costs the subject must be dropped. "We don't hunt much at Wryborough," I said evasively. "We've no pack near enough."

The name of the place changed the current of her thoughts. "Perhaps you know ze Court, where I go to stay with Mrs. Stanfield Fane and family? You have an acquaintance wth them, monsieur?"

"I have known them for years," I said carelessly. "It's a pretty place—a typical English country house."

She watched me a little anxiously, I thought. "An' ze children—you know zem?" she hazarded, at last.

"Of course," I answered, somewhat bewildered. "Regular little demons they are, too!"

A horrified look swept over her face. "I do not understand," she murmured. "Demons? Zat is devils, is it not? But monsieur jests!"—as I laughed aloud.

"Monkeys," I amended. "What you call 'petits gamins' in your charming country."

I was rewarded by her smile of acknowledgement. "I was only thinking of the tricks they played the last time I was there with poor old Fraulein, the German governess. Would it amuse you to hear the story?"

"But yes!" said Diane, eagerly. She leaned forward to catch my words above the increasing rattle of the train, and I moved across so as to pour the harrowing story into her ear. The fast fading light from the window outlined her pretty profile, but threw her face into shadow, so that I could not judge of its expression; and as I came to the crisis of the children's practical joke we rattled down an incline into a deep cutting between high banks.

"I wonder the fright didn't kill her," I wound up cheerfully, "but it takes a lot to kill a German governess."

To my horror, by way of response I caught a stifled sob. "Oh, it was cruel, cruel!" came a despairing voice. "Mon Dieu, what impossible children—barbaric—without 'earst!'"

"Good gracious!" I ejaculated. "I'm awfully sorry! I'd no idea you'd take it that way! They shan't play tricks on you, I promise you that!"

In the gloom I saw that she turned her face aside and her handkerchief went up stealthily to her eyes. "Why, I'm staying in the house!" I assured her eagerly. "I wasn't going to tell you, just for the joke, but as it is, I'll see you through. The children shan't worry you."

"You are most good, came a stifled voice, "and it is foolish, indeed, to be upset; but ze long journey—and England is so strange!"

Her poor little apology touched me to the heart, and involuntarily I laid my hand over hers. "Do forgive me!" I entreated. "It was all my silly fault!"

She turned to me with a dawning smile on her still quivering lips; her large brown eyes with the tired shadows beneath met my own in a grateful silence, and at that precise moment the train gave a loud whistle and darted into a tunnel, leaving us in total darkness.

A faint scream came from my pretty companion. "Quel horreur!" I heard her say in a strangled voice, and the hand in mine clutched me with nervous force. "It's not a long one!" I shouted, reassuringly, above the roar of the train's passage, leaning a little toward her.

Bump, went the carriage over the uneven rails, and the softest cheek in the world came up against my own!

I vow it was not my fault, but just a combination of circumstances too strong to withstand.

But, as it was, the train popped out as inconsiderately as it had dashed into that confounded tunnel, and there was Diane's glossy head comfortably popped against my shoulder and my arm firmly planted round that neat French waist!

The sunshine blinked at us impudently from behind a heavy cloud and the sudden glare completed my confusion, but my little companion, with native grace, swiftly extricated herself from what we both, I think, felt to be a false situation.

She rose quickly to her feet and straightened her tumbled hair in the dinky mirror opposite.

"Monsieur must excuse . . ." she said, rapidly, with carefully averted face. "It is not often that I find myself to faint!—but a tunnel—with no lamp—impossible to figure to another the suffocation it produces!"

Her hands went up to her slender throat with true dramatic effect—the clever little woman! My admiration for her rose by leaps and bounds.

And suddenly the picture of Augusta's face had she but peeped in upon us and realized the result of her telegraphic precipitation flashed before my mental vision.

Our eyes met, as Diane turned away from the glass; at first shyly, then with a gathering sense of mischief, and I could not resist the impulse.

"I was thinking of Augusta," I answered the challenge of those arched eyebrows. "She asked me to look after you coming down, you know!"

But a look of bewilderment came into her expressive eyes. "Augusta? I do not understand."

"My cousin, of course, Mrs. Fane." It was my turn to be puzzled now, for the lady gave a little inarticulate cry, and turned to me, her hands clasped together, her face despairing.

"She must nevaire know," she stammered. "I did not imagine to myself that monsieur was of the 'ouse! Mon Dieu! It would be wiser that we are not acquainted."

She broke off with a shrug of her shoulders, and sat down in the far corner of the carriage.

"Enfin," she concluded, "monsieur understands—we 'ave not met."

The sudden change nettled me. Why, too, this desperate fear of Augusta? Surely she could not believe that I would be guilty of gossiping!

"I am afraid I can hardly agree to that," I said, in a voice as frigid as her own, "seeing that I was asked, as I mentioned before, to travel down with you."

Her pretty face grew pink. "Monsieur must forgive me—but I cannot understand!"

I dived into my pocket, and, producing the crumpled telegram, I handed it across silently and at arm's length.

She took it with a little deprecatory smile, and read it slowly through aloud.

"Diane coming by 3.30 train; please bring her down, Augusta."

"You see—I began, triumphantly; but at this moment the train drew up at Clifton Junction, and a friendly station master broke in upon our tete-a-tete.

"You're all right for Wryborough, sir! It's the slip carriage. 'Ope you're quite well, sir. Right away there!" He waved his arm vigorously, and we were off again, grunting and jerking down the steep incline.

"An' who is Diane?" said my companion, thoughtfully.

I gave a violent start. "Why—do you mean to say—you? Aren't you Diane?" I shouted in my excitement.

"Mais non! Monsieur," came the demure voice, "I am Julie—Julie Angellique Danton, zat is my name. I do not understand."

Again that maddening reiteration. "Pon my soul, I don't either!" I said in my annoyance, but at the sound of my voice mademoiselle drew herself up stiffly.

"I am sorry—it is evident monsieur 'as made a mistake—" she looked at me indignantly, "several mistakes," she amended, with cool precision.

I felt I had deserved it, but the situation was desperate. "I beg your pardon," I said hurriedly; "please don't misunderstand me. I'm so awfully worried over that wire. Don't you see?"—I leaned forward confidentially—"I'm delighted to have met you, of course, but if you aren't Diane, where is she?—and what shall I say to Augusta?"

For a moment she struggled for composure, and then she laughed aloud. "I cannot 'elp it," she cried, "it is so funny! And monsieur's face. Mon Dieu! It is like a play!"

I joined in wrathfully. "It's all very well for you," I said as the carriage slowly slackened speed, "but here we are at Wryborough, and where the dickens is Diane?"

The door opened, and I helped my companion to alight, with a quick glance down the empty platform.

Thank goodness Augusta had not come to meet us! But I congratulated myself too soon, for, as I turned to the van for my luggage, a sound of wheels fell on my ears and I saw across the low hedge my cousin's wife effect and massive in the phaeton, driving up at full speed.

At the moment the door of the van swung back, and the first "juggo" to alight was the spaniel, straining at his leash, bounding and curvetting with joy at his release.

The solitary porter, holding him, turned to me in his trouble. "If you don't mind taking the dawg, sir," he suggested, "I'll 'ave the portmanteau out in a minute."

I was quieting the half frantic animal when Augusta appeared on the scene.

"How are you?" she said, heartily, "I'm afraid I'm late, but one of those hateful traction engines was crawling up the lane before us, and there wasn't room to pass. You've brought Diane, I see. That's capital!"

I looked at her in speechless amazement, but luckily her attention was riveted on the dog.

"Poor old girl—there—there!" She fondled the glossy coat. "Diddums hate its nasty journey then? Poor girlie, poor old Diane!"

She raised her head a moment as a neat figure passed us with carefully averted face, guided by the tall footman with obvious condescension to the distant cab.

"There goes the new governess," said Augusta, cheerfully; "an improvement on old Fraulein, isn't she, Diane? But you must be famished, so come along—only I'm such a baby over old Diane." She took the leash from me and moved forward. "I am glad you found her! I was so afraid you'd get the wire, and not the letter, and wonder whatever I meant, and I simply couldn't bear the idea of her coming down from the vet, all by her lonesome in a nasty van—eh, Diane?"

I murmured something incoherent as I helped my cousin's wife into the phaeton.

Diane settled herself comfortably between my knees, and as Augusta gathered up the reins into her capable hands she gave me a little nod of approval.

"I see you've made great friends already," she commented, "you and Diane?"

I resisted a rising desire to laugh, and answered her gravely. "Friendship isn't the word for it," I said.—Black and White.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

When terrified the ostrich will travel 25 miles an hour.

The smallest quadruped in the world is the pigmy mouse of Siberia.

The cry of a wounded hare resembles that of a child in distress.

Argentina has a 54-mile horse railway. It is the largest in the world.

In Hungary it is compulsory to insure against accidents and disease.

The city of Leipzig gives prize money to women who nurse their infants.

Every German soldier's equipment includes a bible and a half pound cake of chocolate.

A training school for acrobats and constructors of airships has been established in Paris.

French laundries are controlled by law. All soiled linen and its containers are disinfected when received at the laundries.

The birth rate in New York City in 1907 was one baby every 3 1-2 minutes during the year. The death rate was one in every 5 1-3 minutes. There was a marriage for every 8 1-3 minutes.

All German soldiers must learn to swim. Some of them are so expert that, with their clothing on their heads and carrying guns and ammunition, they can swim several hundred yards.

Mrs. W. C. Lewis of Bogard is puzzled over one of her hens which hatched 11 chickens from a sitting of 10 eggs. She says that she frequently counted the eggs and knows positively there were only 10.

The home for many years of the poet Cowper at Olney, Bucks, has just undergone a thorough renovation, conducted on reverent lines, at the hands of the trustees in whom it is vested as a museum.

The 25th anniversary of the death of the Russian surgeon Pirogoff was celebrated by conferring his name on a street and hospital at St. Petersburg and endowing an annual prize for works on surgery.

While services were being held in the First United Presbyterian church, at Bellefontaine, Ohio, the congregation was alarmed by the tolling of the bell. An electrical storm was in progress and the bell had been rung by a stroke of lightning.

A compilation made by the Rev. Dr. D. L. Leonard of foreign missionary statistics of the world shows that the total contributions of the missionary societies to foreign missions last year amounted to \$22,459,680, an increase over the previous year of almost \$1,200,000.

Locomotives Turn Themselves. Gasoline engines and electric motors have taken the place of manual labor in the operation of changing the direction of a locomotive on a turntable. These mechanical powers have reduced the cost of operating a turntable by hand from about \$15 per 24 hours to \$5 for turning 400 locomotives.

Now a bright genius has thought of a method the expense of which is so small that it can hardly be estimated. It consists of a compressed air motor placed beneath the turntable and operated from air furnished by the air brake pump on the locomotive being turned. Connection is made between the engine and the motor with a piping and hose. An air pressure of 50 pounds will turn the locomotive, and as the turning is all done in two minutes the amount of steam used to work the pump is too small to reckon.—Popular Mechanics.

THE BRONCO VANISHING.

Government Interested Because of Need of Cavalry Mounts.

Not everybody is aware that the broncho is following in the footsteps of the bison and the Texas steer; that is, the path of extinction. Artists and story writers who have drawn their inspiration of the great west from visits to the Museum of Natural History have been inclined to conceal this fact. Without the broncho, where would western fiction be? What artist of the plains could thrill without a realistic picture of a four-legged cyclone boring holes in zenith and nadir? One cannot entirely blame the artistic and literary fraternity for conserving the broncho along with her omeins and bandits as material necessary to art. The cowboy is going with the broncho. Both are indispensable in literature. Therefore, they continue to exist on paper. Immortality, or at least a lengthened lease of life, is guaranteed them until the American reader happens to yawn and remark, "Tell me about something else."

The United States government, however, is concerned about the disappearance of the broncho, and regrets that it cannot make believe about the matter, like the writers. The problem of obtaining mounts for cavalrymen has become more serious every day. A real cavalryman can't ride on a make-believe horse. The cutting up of the range into small farms has put the cowboy out of business; the broncho is disappearing with the man who exercised his body in tremendous journeys across the plains and developed a high intelligence in him with the work of managing cattle.

To breed an improved bronco type for the use of the cavalry is now the purpose of the experts in charge of the government stud at Fort Collins, Colorado. They want to create and perpetuate an animal with all the endurance, lung power and intelligence of the bronco, but possessing qualities enabling him to be useful in all parts of the United States. The Fort Collins stud began the experiment a few years ago of producing an original American carriage horse, and the notable stallion Carmon, formerly Thomas W. Lawson's prize winner Glorious Thundercloud, was purchased by a committee of judges of horseflesh. The department of agriculture approved the new carriage horse, with a view to its distribution among the farmers of the land. Since then Carmon has produced several good looking offspring. The best of the carriage stock will be used in creating the cavalry type.

The dry, pure air of Colorado is considered ideal for the making of a cavalry horse that will do anything, from carrying an obese colonel to charging up hill at future San Juans, playing polo and intelligently ramping through crowds on sidewalks. A horse that is loyal and will obey orders without being troubled with conscientious scruples is desired.—New York Tribune.

A Wasted Opportunity. "Ole Bill" Foote and "Ole Bill" English were political travelling companions, and many stories were told of their joint journeying, but a new one now has come out of the South.

The two hardy Democratic campaigners were doing Southern California one election time and got into the wild country at the back of Los Angeles. One night they reached a farm-house where they had expected to find lodgings. The farmer had nothing but two armchairs. Foote and English pleaded for beds—cots, trundle beds—anything that looked like a bed. Nothing doing.

The campaigners, like Napoleon, or Grant, or like Washington at Valley Forge, slept in their chairs.

When the first advance agents of dawn scudded out of the West the politicians laboriously got out of their chairs and went out for fresh air. They met the old farmer milking the cow with the crumpled horn.

"Do you know, gentlemen," he said blandly, and without contrition, "you could have had a bed after all. I was expecting two Democratocorators here last night and saved the beds for them, but somehow or other they never showed up, dang 'em."—San Francisco Call.

Telephone Talkers. While Americans may not appreciate the title of the world's greatest talkers, it is indubitably conferred upon them by the annual report of the American Telephone & Telegraph company for 1907, which has just been made public.

It shows that the average daily number of telephone calls in this country last year was 18,624,000, an increase of more than 2,000,000 calls a day over 1906, and an average of 75 talks for every man, woman and child in the country. No other country in the world can even approach this record.

In many ways the report marks an epoch since in addition to giving the fullest publicity to all matters, it contains an endorsement of the policy of public control as advocated by Governor Hughes in his recommendations to the legislature, but hitherto opposed by most public service corporations.—Boston Post.

Earthquake-Proof House. An Englishman, a brother of the famous Lord Kitchener, is building a house in Jamaica which he declares will be absolutely earthquake proof. The walls are being made of rows of drain pipes placed on end and filled with cement in between. A casing of cement goes on the outside and thin wood inside. The plan has been approved by well known building engineers.—Grit.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

It takes a woman to wing the bird of time.

The antidote for flattery is a young brother.

In the sea of life bargains are the breakers.

Air castles are property that no creditor can touch.

A cabbage by any other name would be as common.

Life's primrose path is carpeted with the long green.

Because a man is always at his post is no sign he's a stick.

Many a true friendship hath been cut with the knife of candor.

A secret that you can't tell is worse than money you can't spend.

A beauty doesn't have to be brilliant. A peach isn't expected to preach.

In the alphabet of charm there is no such letter as I. Every one is you.

There's as good fish in the sea as have been caught—with golden bait.

When you jump at a conclusion there's no telling where you'll land.

Many a beautiful literary balloon hath been punctured by a blue pencil.

Who cares for the flowefs of fame? Why, you can't even trim a hat with them.

A romantic young girl's rose colored dreams are all perfumed with orange blossoms.

Any material may be utilized for a silk purse, provided it is properly lined with gold.

A girl never thinks much of a sweetheart or a photograph that doesn't flatter her.

Poverty is a gaunt old preacher that makes more saints than all the ordained ministers.

A small boy considers a bathtub about the most unnecessary of all the modern necessities.

Don't hope to recognize the devil these days by his hoofs. He has them manicured past recognition.

Don't marry a man for his money, Bedelia. But hesitate before you turn a nice fellow down just because he has an automobile.

It's a sordid old world when we have to sell our dreams to buy bread, but then again it's a peach of a world to acknowledge dreams have a certain market value.—From "Eve's Exgrams" in the New York Telegram.

BAN ON RICE AND OLD SHOES. Western Railway Says They Must Not Be Thrown in Its Stations.

Young folks living along the line of the Chicago and Northwestern railway are convinced that it is a mistake to accuse a corporation of having no soul. At any rate that is the opinion of the tender beings who are contemplating matrimony.

In the first place the railroad inaugurated a honeymoon special to California some time ago. That in itself was a great bid for popularity with the brides and bridegrooms to be. But it was nothing in general application to the latest move on the part of the road.

This is nothing more nor less than an order forbidding the throwing of rice, old shoes and other wedding accessories in or about Chicago and Northwestern trains.

"Something simply had to be done," said an official of the road. "Enthusiastic friends of the bridal couples were carrying things to an extreme and a check was necessary."

"Young couples would come down to the train with large satin bows tied on the rear of their carriages, and as they started for the train a terrific storm of rice and old shoes would break loose. Innocent and inoffensive people who were boarding the same train, but had not been guilty of anything, not even marriage, would get most of the missiles. Hence the new order, which will be enforced in the strictest fashion."—New York Sun.

The Three Peanut States. Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia are the leading peanut states. In Virginia the white peanut and the small red peanut are the varieties chiefly produced, while Georgia also produces this small red nut. In Tennessee the white nut, which is larger than the red and the larger variety of the red nut are raised. The chief peanut counties are Humphreys, Perry, Hickman and Dickson, but the area of peanut cultivation has been enlarged in more recent years. Few peanuts are produced in East or West Tennessee, but in the counties named they are the chief money crop of a large percent of the farmers. The peanut has many names—goober, plndar, earthnut, groundnut, groundpea. Northern soldiers called them goobers, and there was a well known song entitled "Grabbing Goober Peas," which was a favorite with troops "marching through Georgia." According to the 1904 census the total peanut crop amounted to 11,964,000 bushels, valued at \$7,270,000.—Nashville American.

His Present. Ezekiel had no stockings, so the night before Christmas he hung his trousers in the chimney of the tumble-down Florida shack that he calls home.

The next morning a Northern visitor in the village, calling at the cabin with some presents for the family, was greeted by Ezekiel's smiling face, which protruded from a narrow opening in the door. After wishing him a Merry Christmas, the lady asked what he had received for presents.

"Ah guess Ah got er nigger," said Ezekiel. "Mah pants is gone."—Youth's Companion.

I am the plough,
Faster of life,
Where my sharp coulter leads
Closes sterility;
And by my progress
Gladdened and satisfied,
Follow the people!

I in the glimmering dawn,
Following circled
Leaving wide gaps where Death
Sings his black gates anon—
Traced the foundations where
Rose the proud battlements,
Bastions and walls round
The City of Life!

To me for charity
Come the worn mendicants,

Footling it painfully
Out from the darkness
Into the silence—
Here are my arms for you
Poured forth abundantly—
Young while the earth knows
Summer and winter,
Seed-time and harvest—
Eat and be glad!

Egypt and Nineveh,
Rome and Assyria;
Were but my pensioners;
I am the permanent,
Still stand my kingdoms—
Still wave the cornfields—
Seemingly but slave indeed,
Master of Life am I—
I am the plough!

—W. G. Illolo, in London Spectator.

The Identity of Diane.

By Muriel Hine.

My bag was already on the hansom and Brice was handing in my gun case when the telegraph boy ran up the steps.

"For Carriston," he admitted, in answer to my hurried question.

Just a few minutes later, and I might have been saved all the embarrassments of that October afternoon; but, as it was, I tore the envelope open and read:

"Diane coming by 3.30 train; please bring her down.—Augusta."

That is so like my cousin's wife! When the last trump sounds for the last soul to hand in its reckoning, Augusta will have gone back for her lace pocket handkerchief.

So now, at the seventh hour, I was expected to rise to the situation and act as eulogist to a total stranger. For who on earth was "Diane"? That was the question that tortured me as my hansom carried me all too quickly to our trusting place.

I remembered vaguely that when Augusta married my cousin, Stanfield Fane, there was a talk of French connections! of a niece from Perigord to join the bridesmaid's ranks; of a dash of French blood that drove Augusta recklessly to Paquin for her wedding gown, amply atoned for by the stiff magnificence of her fine English presence.

For to lay to Augusta's charge any Gallic frivolity would be to stretch one's imagination to snapping point!

I was still immersed in the problem of Diane's identity when my hansom pulled up at Paddington. There Fortune played into my hand, for as I stood waiting for my turn at the ticket office I heard a lady's voice, with the unmistakable throaty "r" of the Parisian, demand a "first class" for Wryborough.

The station was dark; but as she turned her head I caught a glimpse of a dainty reticence profile under the smooth masses of her well-dressed hair, and the neat way she gathered up her skirts over her little high-heeled boots confirmed me in my conclusions as to her nationality.

Meanwhile, as she tripped briskly down the platform, I reminded myself with a certain lightening of spirit of my obligations to Augusta, and a few minutes later found us both seated in the opposite corners of a through carriage for the little country station.

It was even with a certain anxiety that I frowned at possible intruders, and we were just about to start when a frantic porter, dragging an unwilling spaniel by a leash, came panting up the platform.

The dog was thrust into the van adjoining, none too gently, I fear, as a yelp rang out before the door was slammed, followed by a low and mournful howl. As the train puffed out I glanced at my pretty companion.

Her pliant face showed a ready sympathy.

"Oh, le pauvre!" she murmured softly, as a second mournful note rose and quivered and died away.

Here was my opportunity.

"I'm always sorry for poor dumb animals," I began, somewhat lamely, but the lady broke in with a mischievous smile.

"Dumb?" she queried, with the prettiest little accent in the world.

"O—ough!" went the spaniel next door, and we both laughed aloud.

A cold autumn wind blew in at the open window, and, seeing her hand on the sash, I rose to her assistance.

"Merci, monsieur!" said my companion. "We will shut out the owls!"

"We may as well be warm," I said, stifling a smile. "It is a long journey to Wryborough."

"Tiens! Monsieur goes there, too?" She raised her finely arched brows, evidently in ignorance of Augusta's ninth-hour decision.

Then a happy thought struck me, I would keep the fact of my destination secret up to the last moment, and only when we had both arrived at Wryborough Court should she know I was one of the house party for the week end.

"I am going down for the shooting," I said vaguely.

She nodded her head wisely.

"I saw monsieur had his gun. Will he be for birds now or for foxes?"

Luckily for me, the spaniel chiming in again stifled my involuntary gasp.

"We don't shoot foxes in this country," I began, and promptly kicked myself for being pedantic when I saw the hurt expression on Diane's pretty face; "but we hunt them," I added swiftly.

"Enfin!" She shrugged her shoulders slightly. "It does come to be same, n'est ce pas?—zoy die!"

She looked out at the bare trees and autumn gloom, and gave a little shiver as she continued:

"For my sake, I would prefer to

be shot. I do not like to imagine myself, for instance, to be ate by dogs! It is your favorite picture here—'a sport print,' is it not, monsieur? In ze air ze poor fox upside down, and below ze dogs in rows, most fierce and ungrateful. Mon Dieu, I pity 'im!"

I felt at all costs the subject must be dropped.

"We don't hunt much at Wryborough," I said evasively. "We've no pack near enough."

The name of the place changed the current of her thoughts.

"Perhaps you know ze Court, where I go to stay with Mrs. Stanfield Fane and family? You have an acquaintance viz them, monsieur?"

"I have known them for years," I said carelessly. "It's a pretty place—a typical English country house."

She watched me a little anxiously, I thought.

"An' ze children—you know zem?" she hazarded, at last.

"Of course," I answered, somewhat bewildered. "Regular little demons they are, too!"

A horrified look swept over her face.

"I do not understand," she murmured. "Demons? Zat is devils, is it not? But monsieur jests!"—as I laughed aloud.

"Monkeys," I amended. "What you call 'petits gamins' in your charming country."

I was rewarded by her smile of acknowledgement.

"I was only thinking of the tricks they played the last time I was there with poor old Fraulein, the German governess. Would it amuse you to hear the story?"

"But yes!" said Diane, eagerly.

She leaned forward to catch my words above the increasing rattle of the train, and I moved across so as to pour the harrowing story into her ear. The fast fading light from the window outlined her pretty profile, but threw her face into shadow, so that I could not judge of its expression; and as I came to the crisis of the children's practical joke we rattled down an incline into a deep cutting between high banks.

"I wonder the fright didn't kill her," I wound up cheerfully, "but it takes a lot to kill a German governess."

To my horror, by way of response I caught a stifled sob.

"Oh, it was cruel, cruel!" came a despairing voice. "Mon Dieu, what impossible children—barbaric—wizout 'ear'!"

"Good gracious!" I ejaculated. "I'm awfully sorry! I'd no idea you'd take it that way! They shan't play tricks on you, I promise you that!"

In the gloom I saw that she turned her face aside and her handkerchief went up stealthily to her eyes.

"Why, I'm staying in the house!" I assured her eagerly. "I wasn't going to tell you, just for the joke, but as it is, I'll see you through. The children shan't worry you."

"You are most good, came a stifled voice, "and it is foolish, indeed, to be upset; but ze long journey—and England is so strange!"

Her poor little apology touched me to the heart, and involuntarily I laid my hand over hers.

"Do forgive me!" I entreated. "It was all my silly fault!"

She turned to me with a dawning smile on her still quivering lips; her large brown eyes with the tired shadows beneath met my own in a grateful silence, and at that precise moment the train gave a loud whistle and darted into a tunnel, leaving us in total darkness.

A faint scream came from my pretty companion.

"Quel horreur!" I heard her say in a strangled voice, and the hand in mine clutched me with nervous force.

"It's not a long one!" I shouted, reassuringly, above the roar of the train's passage, leaning a little toward her.

Bump, went the carriage over the uneven rails, and the softest cheek in the world came up against my own!

I vow it was not my fault, but just a combination of circumstances too strong to withstand.

But, as it was, the train popped out as inconsiderately as it had dashed into that confounded tunnel, and there was Diane's glossy head comfortably popped against my shoulder and my arm firmly planted round that neat French waist!

The sunshine blinked at us impudently from behind a heavy cloud and the sudden glare completed my confusion, but my little companion, with native grace, swiftly extricated herself from what we both, I think, felt to be a false situation.

She rose quickly to her feet and straightened her tumbled hair in the dingy mirror opposite.

"Monsieur must excuse . . ." she

said, rapidly, with carefully averted face. "It is not often that I find myself so faint!—but a tunnel—with no lamp—impossible to figure to another the suffocation it produces!"

Her hands went up to her slender throat with true dramatic effect—the clever little woman! My admiration for her rose by leaps and bounds.

And suddenly the picture of Augusta's face had she but peeped in upon us and realized the result of her telegraphic precipitation flashed before my mental vision.

Our eyes met, as Diane turned away from the glass; at first shyly, then with a gathering sense of mischievousness, and I could not resist the impulse.

"I was thinking of Augusta," I answered the challenge of those arched eyebrows. "She asked me to look after you coming down, you know!"

But a look of bewilderment came into her expressive eyes.

"Augusta? I do not understand."

"My cousin, of course, Mrs. Fane."

It was my turn to be puzzled now, for the lady gave a little inarticulate cry, and turned to me, her hands clasped together, her face despairing.

"She must nevaire know," she stammered. "I did not imagine to myself that monsieur was of the 'ouse! Mon Dieu! It would be wiser that we are not acquainted."

She broke off with a shrug of her shoulders, and sat down in the far corner of the carriage.

"Enfin," she concluded, "monsieur understands—we 'ave not met."

The sudden change nettled me. Why, too, this disparate fear of Augusta? Surely she could not believe that I would be guilty of gossiping!

"I am afraid I can hardly agree to that," I said, in a voice as frigid as her own, "seeing that I was asked, as I mentioned before, to travel down with you."

Her pretty face grew pink.

"Monsieur must forgive me—but I cannot understand!"

I dived into my pocket, and, producing the crumpled telegram, I handed it across silently and at arm's length.

She took it with a little deprecatory smile, and read it slowly through aloud.

"Diane coming by 3.30 train; please bring her down, Augusta."

"You see"—I began, triumphantly; but at this moment the train drew up at Clipstone Junction, and a friendly station master broke in upon our tete-a-tete.

"You're all right for Wryborough, sir! It's the slip carriage. 'Ope you're quite well, sir. Right away there!"

He waved his arm vigorously, and we were off again, grunting and jerking down the steep incline.

"An' who is Diane?" said my companion, thoughtfully.

I gave a violent start.

"Why—do you mean to say—you? Aren't you Diane?" I shouted in my excitement.

"Mais non! Monsieur," came the demure voice, "I am Julie—Julie Angélique Danton, zat is my name. I do not understand."

Again that maddening reiteration. "Pon my soul, I don't either!" I said in my annoyance, but at the sound of my voice mademoiselle drew herself up stiffly.

"I am sorry—it is evident monsieur 'as made a mistake—" she looked at me indignantly, "several mistakes," she amended, with cool precision.

I felt I had deserved it, but the situation was desperate.

"I beg your pardon," I said hurriedly; "please don't misunderstand me. I'm so awfully worried over that wire. Don't you see?"—I leaned forward confidentially—"I'm delighted to have met you, of course, but if you aren't Diane, where is she?—and what shall I say to Augusta?"

For a moment she struggled for composure, and then she laughed aloud.

"I cannot 'elp it," she cried, "it is so funny! And monsieur's face, Mon Dieu! It is like a play!"

I joined in laughingly.

"It's all very well for you," I said as the carriage slowly slackened speed, "but here we are at Wryborough, and where the dickens is Diane?"

The door opened, and I helped my companion to alight, with a quick glance down the empty platform.

Thank goodness Augusta had not come to meet us! But I congratulated myself too soon, for, as I turned to the van for my luggage, a sound of wheels fell on my ears and I saw against the low hedge my cousin's wife effect and massive in the phaeton, driving up at full speed.

At the moment the door of the van swung back, and the first "luggage" to alight was the spaniel, straining at his leash, bounding and curvetting with joy at his release.

The solitary porter, holding him, turned to me in his trouble.

"If you don't mind taking the dawg, sir," he suggested, "I'll 'ave the port-manteau out in a minute."

I was quieting the half frantic animal when Augusta appeared on the scene.

"How are you?" she said, heartily, "I'm afraid I'm late, but one of those hateful traction engines was crawling up the lane before us, and there wasn't room to pass. You've brought Diane, I see. That's capital!"

I looked at her in speechless amazement, but luckily her attention was riveted on the dog.

"Poor old girl—there—there!" She fondled the glossy coat. "Diddums! hate its nasty journey then? Poor girlie, poor old Diane!"

She raised her head a moment as a neat figure passed us with carefully averted face, guided by the tall footman with obvious condescension to the distant cab.

"There goes the new governess," said Augusta, cheerfully; "an improvement on old Fraulein, isn't she, Dick? But you must be famished, so come along—only I'm such a baby over old Diane." She took the leash from me and moved forward. "I am glad you found her! I was so afraid you'd get the wire, and not the letter, and wonder whatever I meant, and I simply couldn't bear the idea of her coming down from the vet, all by her lonesome in a nasty van—eh, Diane?"

I murmured something incoherent as I helped my cousin's wife into the phaeton.

Diane settled herself comfortably between my knees, and as Augusta gathered up the reins into her capable hands she gave me a little nod of approval.

"I see you've made great friends already," she commented, "you and Diane?"

I resisted a rising desire to laugh, and answered her gravely.

"Friendship isn't the word for it," I said.—Black and White.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

When terrified the ostrich will travel 25 miles an hour.

The smallest quadruped in the world is the pigmy mouse of Siberia.

The cry of a wounded hare resembles that of a child in distress.

Argentina has a 54-mile horse railway. It is the largest in the world.

In Hungary it is compulsory to insure against accidents and disease.

The city of Leipzig gives prize money to women who nurse their infants.

Every German soldier's equipment includes a bible and a half pound cake of chocolate.

A training school for aeronauts and constructors of airships has been established in Paris.

French laundries are controlled by law. All soiled linen and its containers are disinfected when received at the laundries.

The birth rate in New York City in 1907 was one baby every 3 1/2 minutes during the year. The death rate was one in every 5 1/3 minutes. There was a marriage for every 1 1/3 minutes.

All German soldiers must learn to swim. Some of them are so expert that, with their clothing on their heads and carrying guns and ammunition, they can swim several hundred yards.

Mrs. W. C. Lewis of Bogard is puzzled over one of her hens which hatched 11 chickens from a sitting of 10 eggs. She says that she frequently counted the eggs and knows positively there were only 10.

The home for many years of the poet Cowper at Olney, Bucks, has just undergone a thorough renovation, conducted on reverent lines, at the hands of the trustees in whom it is vested as a museum.

The 25th anniversary of the death of the Russian surgeon Pirogoff was celebrated by conferring his name on a street and hospital at St. Petersburg and endowing an annual prize for works on surgery.

While services were being held in the First United Presbyterian church, at Bellefontaine, Ohio, the congregation was alarmed by the tolling of the bell. An electrical storm was in progress and the bell had been rung by a stroke of lightning.

A compilation made by the Rev. Dr. D. L. Leonard of foreign missionary statistics of the world shows that the total contributions of the missionary societies to foreign missions last year amounted to \$22,459,680, an increase over the previous year of almost \$1,200,000.

Locomotives Turn Themselves.

Gasoline engines and electric motors have taken the place of manual labor in the operation of changing the direction of a locomotive on a turntable.

These mechanical powers have reduced the cost of operating a turntable by hand from about \$15 per 24 hours to \$5 for turning 400 locomotives.

Now a bright genius has thought of a method the expense of which is so small that it can hardly be estimated. It consists of a compressed air motor placed beneath the turntable and operated from air furnished by the air brake pump on the locomotive being turned. Connection is made between the engine and the motor with a piping and hose. An air pressure of 50 pounds will turn the locomotive, and as the turning is all done in two minutes the amount of steam used to work the pump is too small to reckon.—Popular Mechanics.

The Balkan Peril.

A strange story reaches us from one of the Balkan states, where commercial morality is still in its infancy. At a recent banquet given at the house of the prime minister a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the minister of justice, next to whom he was sitting, had taken his watch.

The prime minister said: "Ah, he shouldn't have done that. I will get it back for you." Sure enough, towards the end of the evening, the watch was returned to its owner. "And what did he say?" asked the guest. "Sh-h! He does not know I have got it back," said the prime minister.—Punch.

THE BRONCO VANISHING.

Government Interested Because of Need of Cavalry Mounts.

Not everybody is aware that the broncho is following in the footsteps of the bison and the Texas steer; that is, the path of extinction. Artists and story writers who have drawn their inspiration of the great west from visits to the Museum of Natural History have been inclined to conceal this fact. Without the bronco, where would western fiction be? What artist of the plains could thrill without a realistic picture of a four-legged cyclone boring holes in zenith and nadir? One cannot entirely blame the artistic and literary fraternity for conserving the bronco along with heron and bandits as material necessary to art. The cowboy is going with the bronco. Both are indispensable in literature. Therefore, they continue to exist on paper. Immortality, or at least a lengthened lease of life, is guaranteed them until the American reader happens to yawn and remark, "Tell me about something else."

The United States government, however, is concerned about the disappearance of the bronco, and regrets that it cannot make believe about the matter, like the writers. The problem of obtaining mounts for cavalrymen has become more serious every day. A real cavalryman can't ride on a make-believe horse. The cutting up of the range into small farms has put the cowboy out of business; the bronco is disappearing with the man who exercised his body in tremendous journeys across the plains and developed a high intelligence in him with the work of managing cattle.

To breed an improved bronco type for the use of the cavalry is now the purpose of the experts in charge of the government stud at Fort Collins, Colorado. They want to create and perpetuate an animal with all the endurance, lung power and intelligence of the bronco, but possessing qualities enabling him to be useful in all parts of the United States. The Fort Collins stud began the experiment a few years ago of producing an original American carriage horse, and the notable stallion Carmon, formerly Thomas W. Lawson's prize winner Glorious Thundercloud, was purchased by a committee of judges of horseflesh. The department of agriculture approved the new carriage horse, with a view to its distribution among the farmers of the land. Since then Carmon has produced several good looking offspring.

The best of the carriage stock will be used in creating the cavalry type.

The dry, pure air of Colorado is considered ideal for the making of a cavalry horse that will do anything, from carrying an obese colonel to charging up hill at future San Juans, playing polo and intelligently ramping through crowds on sidewalks. A horse that is loyal and will obey orders without being troubled with conscientious scruples is desired.—New York Tribune.

A Wasted Opportunity.

"Ole Bill" Foote and "Ole Bill" English were political travelling companions, and many stories were told of their joint journeying, but a new one now has come out of the South.

The two hardy Democratic campaigners were doing Southern California one election time and got into the wild country at the back of Los Angeles. One night they reached a farm-house where they had expected to find lodgings. The farmer had nothing but two armchairs. Foote and English pleaded for beds—cots, trundle beds—anything that looked like a bed. Nothing doing.

The campaigners, like Napoleon, or Grant, or like Washington at Valley Forge, slept in their chairs.

When the first advance agents of dawn scudded out of the West the politicians laboriously got out of their chairs and went out for fresh air. They met the old farmer milking the cow with the crumpled horn.

"Do you know, gentlemen," he said blandly, and without contrition, "you could have had a bed after all. I was expecting two Democraticators here last night and saved the beds for them, but somehow or other they never showed up, dang 'em."—San Francisco Call.

Telephone Talkers.

While Americans may not appreciate the title of the world's greatest talkers, it is indubitably conferred upon them by the annual report of the American Telephone & Telegraph company for 1907, which has just been made public.

It shows that the average daily number of telephone calls in this country last year was 18,624,000, an increase of more than 2,000,000 calls a day over 1906, and an average of 75 talks for every man, woman and child in the country. No other country in the world can even approach this record.

In many ways the report marks an epoch since in addition to giving the fullest publicity to all matters, it contains an endorsement of the policy of public control as advocated by Governor Hughes in his recommendations to the legislature, but hitherto opposed by most public service corporations.—Boston Post.

Earthquake-Proof House.

An Englishman, a brother of the famous Lord Kitchener, is building a house in Jamaica which he declares will be absolutely earthquake proof. The walls are being made of rows of drain pipes placed on end and filled with cement in between. A casing of cement goes on the outside and thin wood inside. The plan has been approved by well known building engineers.—Grit.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

It takes a woman to wing the bird of time.

The antidote for flattery is a young brother.

In the sea of life bargains are the breakers.

Air castles are property that no creditor can touch.

A cabbage by any other name would be as common.

Life's primrose path is carpeted with the long green.

Because a man is always at his post is no sign he's a stick.

Many a true friendship hath been cut with the knife of candor.

A secret that you can't tell is worse than money you can't spend.

A beauty doesn't have to be brilliant. A peach isn't expected to preach.

In the alphabet of charm there is no such letter as L. Every one is you.

There's as good fish in the sea as have been caught—with golden bait.

When you jump at a conclusion there's no telling where you'll land.

Many a beautiful literary balloon hath been punctured by a blue pencil.

Who cares for the flowery of fame? Why, you can't even trim a hat with them.

A romantic young girl's rose colored dreams are all perfumed with orange blossoms.

Any material may be utilized for a silk purse, provided it is properly lined with gold.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle

Ivory Market.

The ivory market at Antwerp, organized only a decade ago, has become the largest one in the world—larger than the two other great markets, those of London and Liverpool.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, M.D., 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

According to the report of the geological survey of British India the production of coal in that country in 1907 was 9,753,250 tons.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle

Accounts All Balanced.

A remarkable condition arose in the Muskogee (Okla.) clearing house the other day. When members of the association met at 11 o'clock to adjust their bank clearings it was found that there was \$40,000 in checks in the day's business, and that when settlement was made the accounts of each bank against all other banks balanced to a penny. No bank had to pay a cent to the other.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Concrete Fly Wheels.

For slow speed pumps in the Rand mines, South Africa, a novel flywheel has been adopted. High freight rates make iron and steel machinery very costly, and the use of concrete rims for the flywheels of ten pumps is stated to have realized a saving of about \$10,000. The flywheels are driven by electric motors through worm gear about twenty revolutions per minute. Each wheel is fourteen feet in diameter, with a cast iron boss in which sixteen spokes of four-inch tube are screwed, and the rim has a base and an outside of one-fourth inch sheet iron strips, separated by distance pieces. The strips are bolted together, the concrete rim between being thirteen inches wide and thirteen inches deep, strengthened by four one-fourth inch wires interlaced with the distance pieces. The weight of the wheel is 8,000 pounds and that of the rim 6,000 pounds.

Mark Twain in his lifetime has earned \$700,000.



More proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves woman from surgical operations. Mrs. S. A. Williams, of Gardiner, Maine, writes:

"I was a great sufferer from female troubles, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health in three months, after my physician declared that an operation was absolutely necessary."

Mrs. Alvina Sperling, of 154 Claybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I suffered from female troubles, a tumor and much inflammation. Two of the best doctors in Chicago decided that an operation was necessary to save my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely cured me without an operation."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

OLD-FASHIONED BOYS IN DEMAND

THEY SEEM TO HAVE ENTIRELY DISAPPEARED

Hundreds of Positions Awaiting Them in New York Offices—The Type of Youngster Who Is Sought for Diligently—Good Work Quickly Recognized by the "Boss"

There is a price on the head of the old-fashioned office boy. Somehow he has disappeared. Business men are diligently seeking him, and if he reappears he will find hundreds of positions awaiting him. This is said on the authority of one who knows.

The other day a staid old merchant advertised for an old-fashioned boy, active, intelligent and square. He hoped that his advertisement might meet the eyes of an old-fashioned father, who had a chip of the old block at home. This merchant knows there are boys and boys, but like Eugene Field he believes

There are no boys like the good old boys.

But the good old boys are scarce. The race is almost extinct, one might venture to say. Where they have gone and how they went are problems which others must solve. The fact remains that their number is few, which undoubtedly is a condition to be deplored.

For the boys who started out to earn their living twenty-five or fifty years ago were, in their humble sphere, useful members of society. You will find many of them today occupying positions of trust, or perhaps at the heads of the firms they served intelligently and well.

They began in the old-fashioned way, by reaching the office long before the others and sweeping it from end to end. Then they dusted the desks, and filled the ink wells, put fresh nibs in the penholders, and arranged the blotting pads. Keeping a hot fire in the office stove was another of their duties, and they saw to it that the ashes did not fly over the floor.

The letters and bills they filed away in such an orderly manner that none was lost or mislaid, and all were available at a moment's notice. In taking press copies of letters written in long hand, the old-fashioned boys were careful not to blur them, and when the envelopes went out they bore the proper amount of postage. And the stamps, by the way, were not used for their own correspondence. They remembered that the stamps were the property of their employers.

Politeness Properly Instilled.

Such youngsters had been trained and educated according to the methods of their day. Politeness was properly instilled in them. They knew how to receive an office caller with courtesy. They could say "Yes, sir," instead of "All right" or "Whatever want?" and they touched their caps to those whom they recognized as their superiors.

And their personal appearance! It was a pleasure to look upon them. The old-fashioned boy went to bed early, had a solid sleep, and was ready for work next day, with his wits about him. His shoes were blacked, his clothes were brushed and his face had obviously been under the pump. Moreover, his fingers were not stained with nicotine, and if you turned his pockets inside out you would not find stumps of stale cigarettes.

When he ran errands, he didn't stop to discuss the details of the latest murder trial or divorce scandal, for these things were beyond his realm. Neither was he familiar with the past performances of the "ponies," nor with the merits or demerits of prize-fighters or popular actresses. The street-corner game of craps was not for him, and the day of the comic supplement, that lure to procrastination and idleness, had not arrived.

Still, he had his fun, however old-fashioned the variety may have been, though his play was not in working hours. He attended to business, and was not afraid to jump in and do a trifle more than he had bargained for. He kept his eyes open, learned his duties without asking unnecessary questions, and was ready to accept responsibility, even after initial failures.

Fortunately, the old-fashioned boy lived before the days of educational fads and fancies. He was well grounded in the three "R's." He could spell with his elders, he could write a presentable letter, and he was not at a loss when told to figure interest. And, what was equally important, he could name the state in which Chicago is located when ordered to address an envelope.

The Old Fashioned Boy's Successor.

The successor of the old-fashioned boy should not be condemned too severely. His faults are not altogether of his own making. He is the product of a town that has outgrown old-fashioned ideas, perhaps to its own detriment in many respects. As a merchant recently said:

"The modern boy, as a rule, lives in a flat. He has never tended a furnace, nor carried coal up the cellar stairs, and the only fire he knows is the one he builds on the asphalt pavement. He has never planted a garden, never milked a cow, and if you put a hammer and saw in his hands and told him to mend a fence, why, he would be all at sea."

"These things may sound superficial, but they give a boy self-reliance, ingenuity, and imagination, all of which are essential qualities in business life. You'll find some office boys unwilling to take responsibility, others who blunder over the simplest duties, and more whose memories are so faulty

that they can't carry a message straight from one room to another. Such boys haven't received an old-fashioned training, you may be sure.

"In my opinion; it is the home training that counts. I am not prepared to blame the public schools, although some of the letters we receive in answer to advertisements indicate that the boys have been imperfectly educated in the essentials. You can't teach a boy to do office work before he gets into business, but you can teach him to be honest, conscientious, and trust-worthy long before he is ready to earn his living.

"We want boys who will leave the stamp box alone, who won't think too much of flashy neckties, and who won't talk horse racing about the office. There is plenty of room for boys of this type, and lots of opportunities for promotion."

While the modern office boy is a recognized butt of the jokesmith, it would be both ridiculous and unfair, say business men, to condemn him in general for inefficiency. Bright and able youngsters by the score are scattered throughout the business centres, the kind who possess all the qualities which make for success. As a rule, their work is quickly recognized, although it frequently happens that a firm is sorry when the time comes to promote a capable boy, because it never knows whether it can find another to fill the place satisfactorily.

Hiring a new boy is almost as much of a lottery as engaging a domestic. You may draw either a prize or a blank. It depends upon circumstances over which the employer perhaps has little or no control. The demand for boys is so heavy that the employer is unable to pick and choose. He may hire one who has no aptitude for office work, but who would make a good mechanic. He may get another who is lazy, shiftless, and always "watching the clock." Again, he may find one who has determination, who is careful, honest, polite, and willing to do a little more than his share of work without complaint. This is the boy who will be encouraged and sent upward, if he maintains his original gait. Of that he may be sure, for employers are on the lookout for polite and reliable office assistants, men as well as boys.

A School for Office Boys.

Some time ago the West Side Young Men's Christian Association opened classes for office boys. The field had been canvassed beforehand, and the course of instruction was outlined in accordance with modern office practices. Knowing the urgent desire of employers for boys of character, the instruction included lessons in personal appearance, neatness, cleanliness, carriage and address. The importance of receiving customers and visitors with courtesy was made a feature, and the necessity for conveying messages accurately and promptly was emphasized.

Then the pupils were taught how to care for books, desks, furniture, stationery and other office appliances, how to answer desk calls from the indicator, and the use of the telephone and switchboard, in addition to letter copying and book indexing. Most of these duties have to be learned by a boy after entering an office, and each is important in its way.

Business arithmetic, the simple forms of which are frequently a puzzle to a new boy, was also taught in the classes, and lessons were given in business English, spelling, correspondence, and commercial geography, with emphasis laid on the geography of New York.

Some of the pupils took kindly to the courses and were benefited by them and the directors believed that the school justified its existence. They endeavored to turn out old-fashioned boys, but they had more applications for help than they could fill, which indicates the extent of the demand for capable youngsters.—New York Evening Post.

Veterans in the Senate.

Senator Proctor's death leaves only eight Union veterans in the senate—Bulkely, Dupont, Burrows, Nelson, Warner, Foraker, Scott and Warren. There are ten Confederate veterans in the senate—Bacon, Bankhead, Johnston, Daniel, McCreary, McEnery, McLaurin, Money and Martin.

Senator Briggs of New Jersey graduated at West Point in 1872, and served for a time as an officer in the regular army. Senator Dupont is a West Pointer. Senator Dick was an officer in the Spanish-American war and for years has been an officer in the Ohio National Guard. The Civil War veterans are fast passing from both houses. Tennessee has only one in congress—General Gordon.—Nashville American.

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Man with the Retreating Chin—What do you understand by the phrase, "the personal equation?"

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THERE WITH THE FRONT.

No matter how harshly the Fates treated him, he was there with the front—When his pockets were empty, his stomach felt it—He was there with the front. When he hadn't a cent in this wide world to spend—When his finish loomed up with an indignant frown—When he went out to "touch" forty bones from a friend—He was there with the front.

His wife ran away with the coachman one day—But he still kept his front. He owed everybody, with a thing to pay—But he still kept his front. In spite of his troubles and outlook so dim—By George—all the people began trusting him—Pretty soon he was there in the thick of the swim—On account of that front.

When Bill came to die—and he knew it was so—He was there with the front. He had made it a part of his nature, you know—This having a front. Now, Bill wasn't a saint by an awful long way—But at the very least he was there where the angels alight. I'll bet everything in the world I have got he got in on his front.—Grantland Rice, in Nashville Tennessean.

WIT HUMOR AND SARCASM

"She jilted me!" "Congratulations!" "Sir!" "Don't get angry, I married her."—Cleveland Leader.

"You say that the cook assaulted you?" Inquired the judge. "He did—kicked me, your Honor." "Where did he kick you?" "In the pantry."—Judge.

It was rush hour in the subway. Martin Luther hung wearily from a strap, "Here stand I," he said. "God help me, I can do no otherwise."—Judge.

"What I am after," declared the spoils-party candidate, "is not so much causes as effects." "Whose effects?" shouted a man in the crowd.—Baltimore American.

Sunday school teacher—If your enemy should smite you on one cheek, what would you do? Tommy Tuffnut—That would depend on how big he was.—Philadelphia Record.

"Why is it?" asked the dear girl, "that the bridegroom's attendant is called the 'best man'?" "I suppose it's because he is the best off," growled the fussy old bachelor.—Chicago Daily News.

"Don't you consider it honorable to tell a man his faults to his face?" queried the youth. "Yes," replied the wise guy, "but I consider it safer to tell them to his neighbor."—Chicago Daily News.

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"I did think," said Cholly Snobbishly, "of going in for politics, but I was afraid I wouldn't know just how to treat my inferiors, don't y' know." "Your inferiors?" remarked Sharpe. "Oh you wouldn't be likely to meet any of them."—Philadelphia Press.

Goodbye!—They're in reduced circumstances, of course, but their family is a very old one and proud, even if they have lots of debts. They date back to the earliest colonial times.—Cutting—The debts, you mean? I don't doubt that.—Philadelphia Press.

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A grim epitaph, perhaps unexampled, is to be found in the cemetery of Debrecin, eastern Hungary.

It reads as follows: "Here rest in the Lord Joseph Moritz, senior, who died in his 62d year. He was shot by his son, Frau Joseph Moritz, who died in her 47th year. She was shot by her daughter, Elizabeth Moritz, who died by her own hand in her 17th year, after shooting her mother. Joseph Moritz, who died in prison, age 27. He had shot his father. May eternal mercy have pity on their poor, sinful souls."

The last of this unfortunate family left a sum of £1500 for the purpose of setting up this memorial.—London Globe.

Unchangeable Golf.

Passing generations invent new fashions, new manners, and morals, even in their sports and pastimes; but the game that has lured the Blackheath golfers to the old heath for three hundred years is still the same, and it cannot be bettered. Evil be to him that works it harm.—Golf Illustrated.

IS CHRISTIANITY DECLINING

The Rev. Thomas Dixon Points Out Slumps in Churches.

There are fewer Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians in New York today than there were 25 years ago, though the city's population has been more than doubled. The rapid extinction of churches of these denominations in Manhattan during the past decade shows this. In 1890 the Baptists reported 64 churches. Last year they only claimed 48. Many of these claims are pitiful absurdities—mere names of mission halls and soup kitchens, supported by the charity of one or two rich men. One-half of them represent hopes as yet unfulfilled, declares Thomas Dixon, Jr., in Broadway Magazine.

The same thing is true of the Methodists, who reported 73 churches in 1890 and only claim 69 in 1907. The Presbyterians reported 71 in 1890 and only 67 last year.

In the year 1840 New York City had one church to every 1,800 in population. Last year we could not find one church to 4,000 population, counting all our soup kitchens and mission halls as "churches."

There are many sections of the city which are practically pagan. One district of 16,000 population, which is typical of many more, has one saloon to 111 inhabitants, and one church to 5,196.

In another large district there are some 50,000 inhabitants, with a saloon to every 10,000. In the section between Twenty-fourth and Fifty-ninth streets west of Ninth avenue there is but one church to 15,000; while the district between Fortieth and Sixty-fourth streets west of Tenth avenue contains 46,663 people, and has but one church.

And the sad part of the story is that many of these churches that are reckoned on the map as living and performing their duties to these vast populations are dead and don't know it.

Crime Increasing.

Crime is increasing rapidly in New York city. There were more complaints, more indictments, more charges preferred and more cases tried during the last half year than in any six months in the history of the city, and the increase has been in much larger proportion than the increase in population, which is estimated at 65,000.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

E. J. CUREY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Electric Heat for Plants.

The growth of plants is known to be stimulated by weak electric current's applied to the soil, but it has not been supposed to be economical to use electricity for conversion into heat for warming hotbeds, as has been done by G. Hartman in his experiments at Turbine, Ont. His heater consists of about 260 feet of one-eighth-inch iron wire wound in seven two-inch coils on one and one-half inch iron pipe, the coils, connected in series, being mounted on porcelain knobs on a piece of asbestos board. A frame about 6 by 8 feet in size has a floor, on which is about five inches of soil, and the top of the frame is covered with two sashes. The heater is placed under the floor. Current is taken from a 110-volt circuit, but the energy actually received last year was fifteen amperes at eighty volts. This gave sufficient heat. The hotbed was kept quite warm, and tender flowers and vegetables developed rapidly in the early spring weather.

The Bristol to Paddington (England) express covers 118½ miles in two hours.

Glass telephone poles reinforced by wire are being used in some parts of Germany.

WE GIVE AWAY OVER 1000

Valuable Household and Fancy Articles Free, in Exchange for Carton Tops and Soap Wrappers from "20 Mule-Team" Borax and "20 Mule-Team" Borax Products. Send Postcard for 40-page Illustrated Catalogue. Address PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO., NEW YORK.

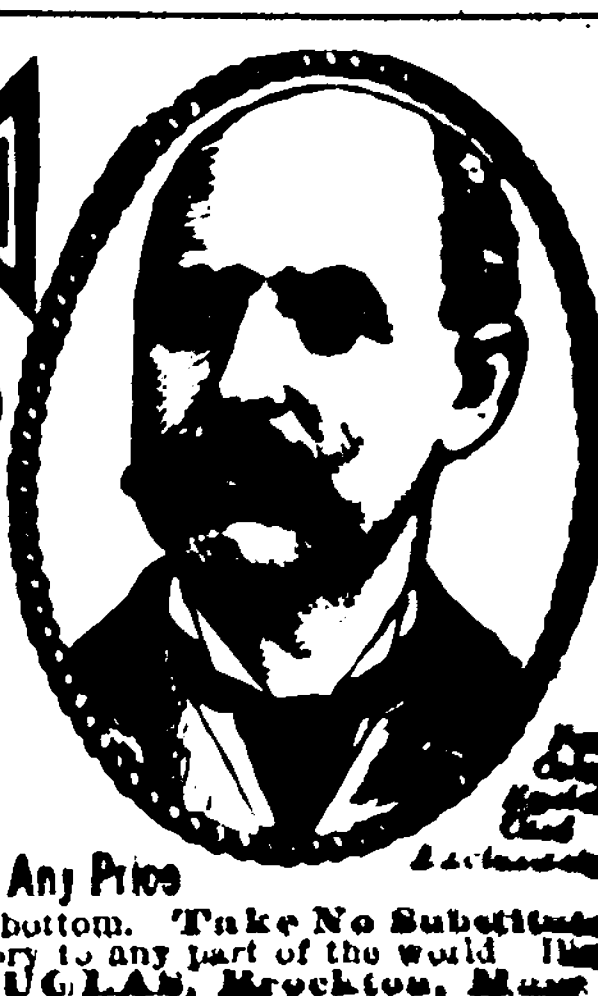
SKREEMER SHOE

FOR MEN

The standard average of the bottom of the male foot dictates the shape of SKREEMER shoes. They fit because they are scientific in structure. They have fit along with smart style. Look for the label. If you do not find these shoes readily, write us for directions how to secure them. FRED. F. FIELD CO., Brockton, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

SHOES AT ALL PRICES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MARRIED AND CHILDREN. W. L. Douglas makes and sells more shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. His shoes are made in the U. S. A. and are of a better value than any other shoes made to-day. W. L. Douglas \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price. W. L. Douglas, 271 N. 7th St., New York. Take No Substitutes. Sold by the best shoe dealers every where. Send mail order to any part of the world. United Catalogue free to any address.



MISS SOPHIA KITTLESEN.

HEALTH VERY POOR—RESTORED BY PE-RU-NA.

Catarh Twenty-five years

---Had a Bad Cough.

Miss Sophia Kittlesen, Evanston, Ill., U. S. A., writes: "I have been troubled with catarh for nearly twenty-five years and have tried many cures for it, but obtained very little help. Then my brother advised me to try Peruna, and I did. My health was very poor at the time. I began taking Peruna. My throat was very sore and I had a bad cough. Peruna has cured me. The chronic catarh is gone and my health is very much improved. I recommend Peruna to all my friends who are troubled as I was." PERUNA TABLETS—Some people are for tablets, rather than medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet equals one average dose of Peruna.

Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative.

MANUFACTURED BY PERUNA DRUG MANUFACTURING COMPANY, COLUMBUS, O.

Curb the Chauffeurs.

A Seattle (Wash.) jury has found guilty of murder an automobilist who ran over and killed a little girl. Conviction is in the second degree, carrying a penalty of from one to 20 years' imprisonment and a fine of \$5,000. A Boston automobilist who caused the death of a woman has been held for court and an effort is to be made to provide another object lesson for criminally careless chauffeurs. The police authorities of Chicago and leading automobile owners and dealers have joined hands in an endeavor to suppress the scorching motorists, and the penalty for infraction of the speed laws hereafter is to be imprisonment instead of a fine.

The laymen of the various denominations in Atlanta have pledged themselves to raise \$100,000 for foreign missions during the coming year.

A new process has been discovered in China by which ramie fiber becomes a soft flasse in a few minutes.

EPILEPSY ITS TRIAL

If you suffer from Fits, Falling Sickness or Spasms, or have Children that do so, try New Discovery and Treatment. It will give them immediate relief, and all you are asked to do is to send for FREE TRIAL. EPILEPTIC CURE. Complete with Food and Drugs Act of Congress June 30th 1906. Complete directions also included. One of CURE for Epilepsy by mail. Express Prepaid. Give Address and Name. W. H. HAY, M. D., 540 Pearl Street, New York.

PAIN CURE

A guaranteed vegetable household remedy for external and internal pain, cures colds, catarh, Arterio Sclerosis. Simple, safe sure. In powder form, by mail, 25c. Pain Cure Co., 147 W. 60th St., N. Y. City.

P. N. U., 22, 1913.

WIDOWS' under NEW LAW obtained PENSIONS

by JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna
manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA
FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle

Ivory Market.
The ivory market at Antwerp, organized only a decade ago, has become the largest one in the world—larger than the two other great markets, those of London and Liverpool.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, M.D., 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

According to the report of the geological survey of British India the production of coal in that country in 1907 was 9,753,250 tons.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25¢ a bottle

Accounts All Balanced.

A remarkable condition arose in the Muskogee (Okla.) clearing house the other day. When members of the association met at 11 o'clock to adjust their bank clearings it was found that there was \$40,000 in checks in the day's business, and that when settlement was made the accounts of each bank against all other banks balanced to a penny. No bank had to pay a cent to the other.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes
One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. 25¢. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Concrete Fly Wheels.

For slow speed pumps in the Rand mines, South Africa, a novel flywheel has been adopted. High freight rates make iron and steel machinery very costly, and the use of concrete rims for the flywheels of ten pumps is stated to have realized a saving of about \$10,000. The flywheels are driven by electric motors through worm gear about twenty revolutions per minute. Each wheel is fourteen feet in diameter, with a cast iron boss in which sixteen spokes of four-inch tube are screwed, and the rim has a base and an outside of one-fourth inch sheet iron strips, separated by distance pieces. The strips are bolted together, the concrete rim between being thirteen inches wide and thirteen inches deep, strengthened by four one-fourth inch wires interlaced with the distance pieces. The weight of the wheel is 8,000 pounds and that of the rim 6,000 pounds.

Mark Twain in his lifetime has earned \$700,000.



More proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves woman from surgical operations. Mrs. S. A. Williams, of Gardiner, Maine, writes:

"I was a great sufferer from female troubles, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health in three months, after my physician declared that an operation was absolutely necessary."

Mrs. Alvina Sperling, of 154 Cleybourne Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I suffered from female troubles, a tumor and much inflammation. Two of the best doctors in Chicago decided that an operation was necessary to save my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely cured me without an operation."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

If afflicted with weak eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

OLD-FASHIONED BOYS IN DEMAND

THEY SEEM TO HAVE ENTIRELY DISAPPEARED

Hundreds of Positions Awaiting Them in New York Offices—The Type of Youngster Who Is Sought for Diligently—Good Work Quickly Recognized by the "Boss"

There is a price on the head of the old-fashioned office boy. Somehow he has disappeared. Business men are diligently seeking him, and if he reappears he will find hundreds of positions awaiting him. This is said on the authority of one who knows.

The other day a staid old merchant advertised for an old-fashioned boy, active, intelligent and square. He hoped that his advertisement might meet the eyes of an old-fashioned father, who had a chip of the old block at home. This merchant knows there are boys and boys, but like Eugene Field he believes

There are no boys like the good old boys.

But the good old boys are scarce. The race is almost extinct, one might venture to say. Where they have gone and how they went are problems which others must solve. The fact remains that their number is few, which undoubtedly is a condition to be deplored.

For the boys who started out to earn their living twenty-five or fifty years ago were, in their humble sphere, useful members of society. You will find many of them today occupying positions of trust, or perhaps at the heads of the firms they served intelligently and well.

They began in the old-fashioned way, by reaching the office long before the others and sweeping it from end to end. Then they dusted the desks, and filled the ink wells, put fresh nibs in the penholders, and arranged the blotting pads. Keeping a hot fire in the office stove was another of their duties, and they saw to it that the ashes did not fly over the floor.

The letters and bills they filed away in such an orderly manner that none was lost or mislaid, and all were available at a moment's notice. In taking press copies of letters written in long hand, the old-fashioned boys were careful not to blur them, and when the envelopes went out they bore the proper amount of postage. And the stamps, by the way, were not used for their own correspondence. They remembered that the stamps were the property of their employers.

Politeness Properly Instilled.

Such youngsters had been trained and educated according to the methods of their day. Politeness was properly instilled in them. They knew how to receive an office caller with courtesy. They could say "Yes, sir," instead of "All right" or "Whatever want?" and they touched their caps to those whom they recognized as their superiors.

And their personal appearance! It was a pleasure to look upon them. The old-fashioned boy went to bed early, had a solid sleep, and was ready for work next day, with his wits about him. His shoes were blacked, his clothes were brushed and his face had obviously been under the pump. Moreover, his fingers were not stained with nicotine, and if you turned his pockets inside out you would not find stumps of stale cigarettes.

When he ran errands, he didn't stop to discuss the details of the latest murder trial or divorce scandal, for these things were beyond his realm. Neither was he familiar with the past performances of the "ponies," nor with the merits or demerits of prize-fighters or popular actresses. The street-corner game of craps was not for him, and the day of the comic supplement, that lure to procrastination and idleness, had not arrived.

Still, he had his fun, however old-fashioned the variety may have been, though his play was not in working hours. He attended to business, and was not afraid to jump in and do a trifle more than he had bargained for. He kept his eyes open, learned his duties without asking unnecessary questions, and was ready to accept responsibility, even after initial failures.

Fortunately, the old-fashioned boy lived before the days of educational fads and fancies. He was well grounded in the three "R's." He could spell with his elders, he could write a presentable letter, and he was not at a loss when told to figure interest. And, what was equally important, he could name the state in which Chicago is located when ordered to address an envelope.

The Old Fashioned Boy's Successor.

The successor of the old-fashioned boy should not be condemned too severely. His faults are not altogether of his own making. He is the product of a town that has outgrown old-fashioned ideas, perhaps to its own detriment in many respects. As a merchant recently said:

"The modern boy, as a rule, lives in a flat. He has never tended a furnace, nor carried coal up the cellar stairs, and the only fire he knows is the one he builds on the asphalt pavement. He has never planted a garden, never milked a cow, and if you put a hammer and saw in his hands and told him to mend a fence, why, he would be all at sea."

"These things may sound superficial, but they give a boy self-reliance, ingenuity, and imagination, all of which are essential qualities in business life. You'll find some office boys unwilling to take responsibility, others who blunder over the simplest duties, and more whose memories are so faulty

that they can't carry a message straight from one room to another. Such boys haven't received an old-fashioned training, you may be sure. "In my opinion, it is the home training that counts. I am not prepared to blame the public schools, although some of the letters we receive in answer to advertisements indicate that the boys have been imperfectly educated in the essentials. You can't teach a boy to do office work before he gets into business, but you can teach him to be honest, conscientious, and trust-worthy long before he is ready to earn his living."

"We want boys who will leave the stamp box alone, who won't think too much of flashy neckties, and who won't talk horse racing about the office. There is plenty of room for boys of this type, and lots of opportunities for promotion."

While the modern office boy is a recognized bit of the jokesmith, it would be both ridiculous and unfair, say business men, to condemn him in general for inefficiency. Bright and able youngsters by the score are scattered throughout the business centres, the kind who possess all the qualities which make for success. As a rule, their work is quickly recognized, although it frequently happens that a firm is sorry when the time comes to promote a capable boy, because it never knows whether it can find another to fill the place satisfactorily.

Hiring a new boy is almost as much of a lottery as engaging a domestic. You may draw either a prize or a blank. It depends upon circumstances over which the employer perhaps has little or no control. The demand for boys is so heavy that the employer is unable to pick and choose. He may hire one who has no aptitude for office work, but who would make a good mechanic. He may get another who is lazy, shiftless, and always "watching the clock." Again, he may find one who has determination, who is careful, honest, polite, and willing to do a little more than his share of work without complaint. This is the boy who will be encouraged and sent upward, if he maintains his original gait. Of that he may be sure, for employers are on the lookout for polite and reliable office assistants, men as well as boys.

A School for Office Boys.

Some time ago the West Side Young Men's Christian Association opened classes for office boys. The field had been canvassed beforehand, and the course of instruction was outlined in accordance with modern office practices. Knowing the urgent desire of employers for boys of character, the instruction included lessons in personal appearance, neatness, cleanliness, carriage and address. The importance of receiving customers and visitors with courtesy was made a feature, and the necessity for conveying messages accurately and promptly was emphasized.

Then the pupils were taught how to care for books, desks, furniture, stationery and other office appliances, how to answer desk calls from the indicator, and the use of the telephone and switchboard, in addition to letter copying and book indexing. Most of these duties have to be learned by a boy after entering an office, and each is important in its way.

Business arithmetic, the simple forms of which are frequently a puzzle to a new boy, was also taught in the classes, and lessons were given in business English, spelling, correspondence, and commercial geography, with emphasis laid on the geography of New York.

Some of the pupils took kindly to the courses and were benefited by them and the directors believed that the school justified its existence. They endeavored to turn out old-fashioned boys, but they had more applications for help than they could fill, which indicates the extent of the demand for capable youngsters.—New York Evening Post.

Veterans in the Senate.

Senator Proctor's death leaves only eight Union veterans in the senate—Bulkley, Dupont, Burrows, Nelson, Warner, Foraker, Scott and Warren. There are ten Confederate veterans in the senate—Bacon, Bankhead, Johnston, Daniel, McCreary, McHenry, McLaurin, Money and Martin.

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No matter how harshly the Fates treated him—
He was there with the front—
When his pockets were empty, his stomach felt ill—
He was there with the front—
When he hadn't a cent in this wide world to spend—
When his finish loomed up with an indigo blend—
When he went out to "touch" forty bones from a friend—
He was there with the front.

His wife ran away with the coachman one day—
But he still kept his front—
He would carry on, with a thing to pay—
But he still kept his front—
In spite of his troubles and outlook so dim—
By George—all the people began trusting him—
Pretty soon he was there in the thick of the swim—
On account of that front.

When Bill came to die—and he knew it was so—
He was there with the front—
He had made it a part of his nature, you know—
The having a front—
Now, Bill wasn't a saint by an awful long shot—
But arriving UP THERE where the angels are, he kept his front—
I'll be everything in the world I have got—
He got it on his front—
—Grantland Rice, in Nashville Tennessean.

WIT HUMOR AND SARCASM

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Unchangeable Golf.

Passing generations invent new fashions, new manners, and morals, even in their sports and pastimes; but the game that has lured the Blackheath golfers to the old heath for three hundred years is still the same, and it cannot be bettered. Evil be to him that works it harm.—Golf Illustrated.

IS CHRISTIANITY DECLINING

The Rev. Thomas Dixon Points Out Slumps in Churches.

There are fewer Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians in New York today than there were 25 years ago, though the city's population has been more than doubled. The rapid extinction of churches of these denominations in Manhattan during the past decade shows this. In 1896 the Baptists reported 64 churches. Last year they only claimed 48. Many of these claims are pitiful absurdities—mere names of mission halls and soup kitchens, supported by the charity of one or two rich men. One-half of them represent hopes as yet unfulfilled, declares Thomas Dixon, Jr., in Broadway Magazine.

The same thing is true of the Methodists, who reported 73 churches in 1896 and only claim 59 in 1907. The Presbyterians reported 71 in 1896 and only 57 last year.

In the year 1840 New York City had one church to every 1,800 in population. Last year we could not find one church to 4,000 population, counting all our soup kitchens and mission halls as "churches."

There are many sections of the city which are practically pagan. One district of 16,000 population, which is typical of many more, has one saloon to 111 inhabitants, and one church to \$196.

In another large district there are some 50,000 inhabitants, with a saloon to every 10,000. In the section between Twenty-fourth and Fifty-ninth streets west of Ninth avenue there is but one church to 15,000; while the district between Fortieth and Sixty-fourth streets west of Tenth avenue contains 45,663 people, and has but one church.

And the sad part of the story is that many of these churches that are reckoned on the map as living and performing their duties to these vast populations are dead and don't know it.

Crime Increasing.

Crime is increasing rapidly in New York city. "There were more complaints, more indictments, more charges preferred and more cases tried during the last half year than in any six months in the history of the city, and the increase has been in much larger proportion than the increase in population, which is estimated at 65,000."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CLENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price, 75¢. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Electric Heat for Plants.

The growth of plants is known to be stimulated by weak electric current applied to the soil, but it has not been supposed to be economical to use electricity for conversion into heat for warming hotbeds, as has been done by G. Hartman in his experiments at Turbine, Ont. His heater consists of about 260 feet of one-half-inch iron wire wound in seven two-inch coils on one and one-half-inch iron pipe, the coils, connected in series, being mounted on porcelain knobs on a piece of asbestos board. A frame about 6 by 8 feet in size has a floor, on which is about five inches of soil, and the top of the frame is covered with two sashes. The heater is placed under the floor. Current is taken from a 110-volt circuit, but the energy actually received last year was fifteen amperes at eighty volts. This gave sufficient heat. The hotbed was kept quite warm, and tender flowers and vegetables developed rapidly in the early spring weather.

The Bristol to Paddington (England) express covers 118½ miles in two hours.

Glass telephone poles reinforced by wire are being used in some parts of Germany.

WE GIVE AWAY OVER 1000

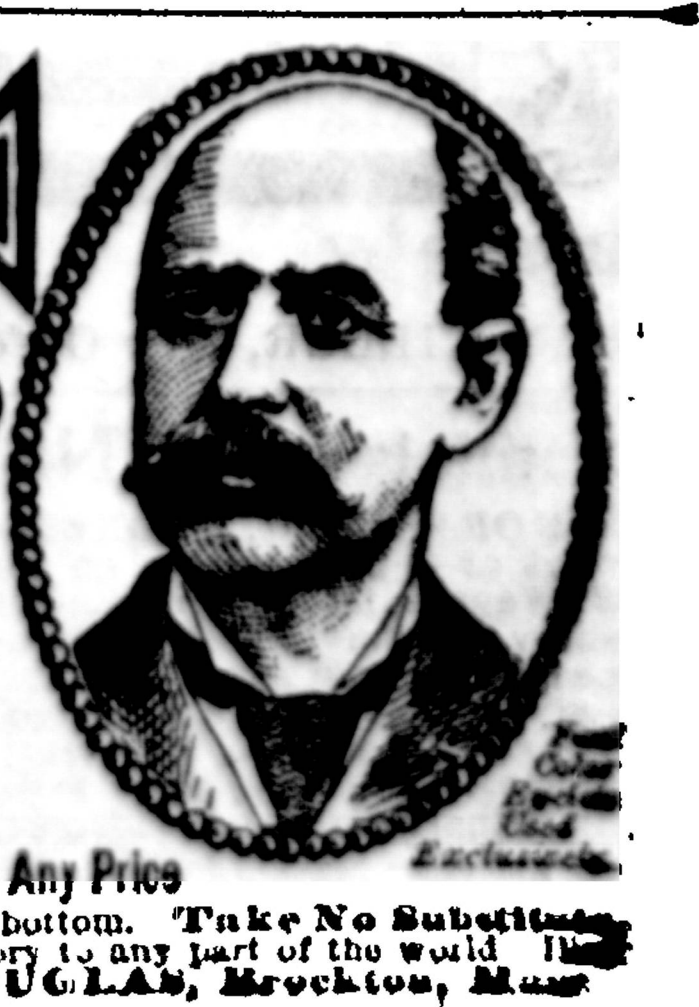
Valuable Household and Fancy Articles Free, in Exchange for Carton Tops and Soap Wrappers from "20 Mule-Team" Borax and "20 Mule-Team" Borax Products. Send Postcard for 40-page Illustrated Catalogue. Address **PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO., NEW YORK.**

SKREEMER SHOE

FOR MEN
The standard average of the bottom of the male foot dictates the shape of SKREEMER shoes. They fit because they are scientific in structure. They are made to fit along with smart style. Look for the label. If you do not find these shoes readily, write us for directions how to secure them.
FRED. F. FIELD CO., Brockton, Mass.



W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES
\$3.00 \$3.50
SHOES AT ALL PRICES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY
MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN
W. L. Douglas makes and sells more shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and give more value than any other shoes in the world to-day.
W. L. Douglas \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price
CAUTION: W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitutes. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes made from every part of the world. The United States Free to all nations.





MISS SOPHIA KITTLESEN. HEALTH VERY POOR—RESTORED BY PE-RU-NA.

Catarrh Twenty-five Years

—Had a Bad Cough.

Miss Sophia Kittlesen, Evanston, Ill., U. S. A., writes: "I have been troubled with catarrh for nearly twenty-five years and have tried many cures for it, but obtained very little help."

"Then my brother advised me to try Peruna, and I did. My health was very poor at the time. I began taking Peruna. My throat was very sore and I had a bad cough. Peruna has cured me. The chronic catarrh is gone and my health is very much improved."

I recommend Peruna to all my friends who are troubled as I was."

PERUNA TABLETS.—Some people are for tablets, rather than medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet equals one average dose of Peruna.

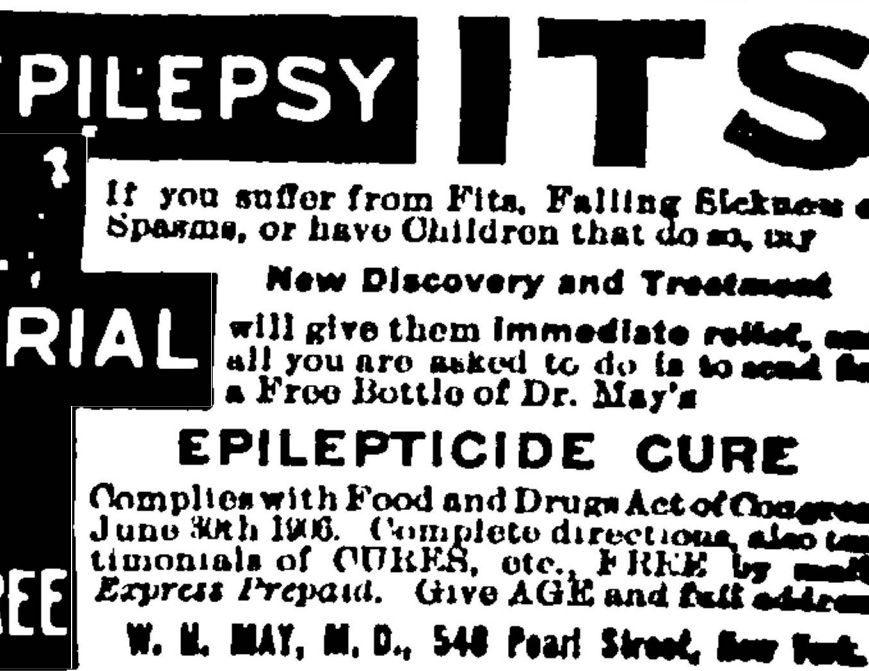
Man-a-Lin the Ideal Laxative.
MANUFACTURED BY PERUNA DRUG MANUFACTURING COMPANY, COLUMBUS, O.

Curbing the Chauffeurs.

A Seattle (Wash.) jury has found guilty of murder an automobilist who ran over and killed a little girl. Conviction is in the second degree, carrying a penalty of from one to 20 years' imprisonment and a fine of \$5,000. A Boston automobilist who caused the death of a woman has been held for court and an effort is to be made to provide another object lesson for criminally careless chauffeurs. The police authorities of Chicago and leading automobile owners and dealers have joined hands in an endeavor to suppress the scorching motorists, and the penalty for infraction of the speed laws hereafter is to be imprisonment instead of a fine.

The laymen of the various denominations in Atlanta have pledged themselves to raise \$100,000 for foreign missions during the coming year.

A new process has been discovered in China by which ramie fiber becomes a soft flasse in a few minutes.



EPILEPSY ITS TRIAL
If you suffer from Fits, Falling Sickens or Spasms, or have Children that do so, try this New Discovery and Treatment. It will give them immediate relief, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Bottle of Dr. May's EPILEPTIC CURE. Complete with Food and Drugs Act of Congress June 24th 1906. Complete directions also in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Chinese. Give AGE and full address. W. M. MAY, M. D., 548 Pearl Street, New York.

PAIN CURE.—A guaranteed vegetable remedy for all pains, internal and external, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc. In powder form, by mail, 25¢. Pain Cure Co., 147 W. 66th St., N. Y. City.

WIDOWS' UNDER NEW LAW obtained by JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.

PENSIONS

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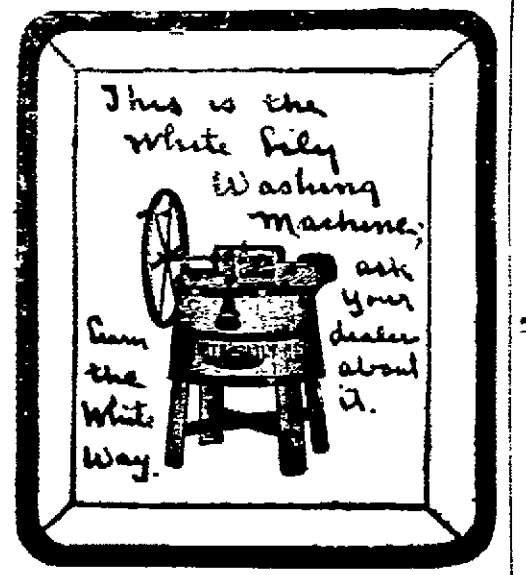
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This is the White Lily Washing Machine. Ask your dealer about it. Clean the White Way.

SOLD BY D. F. SLENTZ, CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.



You can Point with pride to houses painted with STAG PASTE PAINT. Its the paint that looks best and wears longest. ONE gallon makes TWO.

For sale by J. E. C. MILLER, New Oxford, Pa.

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WANTED! 1000 lbs. of Lard at the WEST END STORE.

10c and 12c Prunes = = = at 6c.
10c and 12c Rasins = = = at 6c.
Seedless Rasins = = = at 7c.

J. A. CASHMAN,
West End Grocer, New Oxford, Pa.

STRAW HATS.

We have just received a complete line of Straw Hats in all the new shapes for Summer wear for men and boys. We can fit and please you. Our prices are right. Try us.

OUR BOSTON DERBY and TOURIST HATS are up to the minute in shape and colors. We have every size or style you can wish for. Each hat is warranted to be satisfactory in every way or a new one instead.

We have always a complete line of new things in Hats and Caps for men and boys—hats from 50c up.

We have whatever you need in Gent's Furnishing Line.

N. WAGNER & SON,
TAILORS AND GENTS' FURNISHERS.
On The Square, Hanover, Pa.

A Profusion of Styles

FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE IN SEARCH OF FOOTWEAR FOR SPRING AND SUMMER

Our store was never so full as now of beautiful and stylish Footwear for men and women who appreciate the nice details of dress. Oxfords and Shoes to please the patrons who want the best that money will buy.

And plenty of Oxfords and Shoes in choice and unexceptionable styles for the man or woman whose expenditure is limited.

A wonderful choice to be had at \$1.50 a pair and upwards.

A full and complete line of FREEBROS. Working Shoes for men and boys that are Strictly All Solid Leather.

E. J. CONRAD,
FORMERLY GITT & CONRAD,
Center Square, Hanover, Penna.

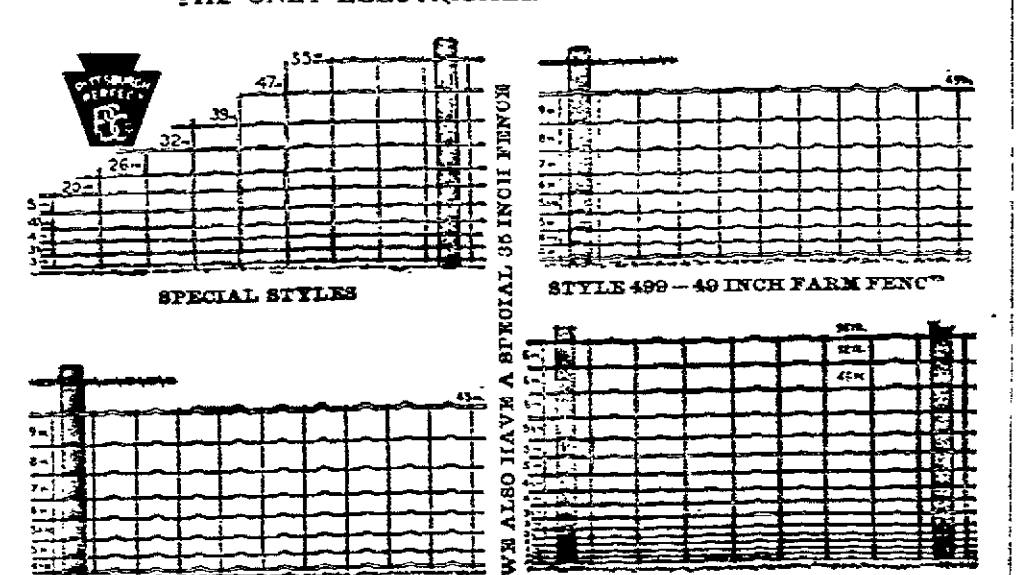
Farmers and Dairymen LOOK HERE!

If you are thinking of buying a Cream Separator, we want to present our De Laval proposition to you. NO MONEY DOWN, NO CONTRACTS, NO STRINGS OF ANY KIND, ONLY PURE BUSINESS. All we want to do is to bring out a machine and set it up. We know we will make a gain to you, for every three pounds of butter you are now making the old way, you can make four pounds from the same milk with a De Laval Separator. This is a proven fact, therefore you see the gain in butter and as it only takes a few pounds of butter to make a dollar you can again see that you are being well paid for trying it. Your labor and dairy expenses will be cut in half. Your prices will always be in the top notch; your skimmed milk will be pure and fresh. A De Laval Separator is the best paying machine on any farm or dairy, as it is used twice a day every day in the week, and makes you money every time you use it. Your neighbors are getting them, get one yourself and be in the lead. All you have to do is to tell us how many cows you are now milking and how many you intend to milk in the future, and we'll do the rest, and if after trying a DE LAVAL you conclude to buy it we can make settlement to suit you exactly. Catalog and price list for the asking.

JOHN S. WEAVER,
Farm Implements,
HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.

"PITTSBURGH PERFECT" FENCES

THE ONLY ELECTRICALLY WELDED FENCE



WE ALSO HAVE A SPECIAL 35 INCH FENCE

THE BEST, NEATEST, STRONGEST AND MOST DURABLE FENCE ON THE MARKET

We can Save You Money on Fencing Call and See It

—SOLD BY—
GILBERT & SON,
—DEALERS IN—
General Hardware, Paints, Oils,
Glass, Cutlery, &c.
Plumbing and Plumbers' Supplies.
CENTER SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PA.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY, HANOVER, PENNA.

Some Seasonable Goods At Reasonable Prices:

Now is your opportune time to make selection of
Dress Goods
as never before was there shown in Hanover such a variety in New Dress Materials as we are showing just now, either in

Woolen Goods, Silks or Wash Goods. Also a Full Line New Dress Trimmings. DRESS GOODS!

Black and Cream half-wool Dress Goods at 12½c; half-wool Danish Cloth, black, cream and colors, at 15c; all-wool Albatross Dress Goods at 29c, worth 50c. Silk Mulls in plaids and figures at 29c and 39c for the 50c quality. Silk Gingham at 29c, the 50c value. All shades Soisette, 25c. White and colored Ulster Cloth, imitation all Linen, at 10c, 12½c and 15c. White and Linen Suitings, 2½ yards wide, at \$1, also 36 inches wide at 25c and 50c. Silk Stripe Tanise, Paris Tissues, Mouselines, figured colored Swiss at 12½c; fast color Lawns at 5, 10, 12½ and 15c. Silk Striped Organdies at 15c.

20 Dozen Cotton Huck Towels at 6½c. 20 Dozen White Cotton Towels at 5c.
25 Dozen Huck Towels at 12½c. 25 Dozen Turkish Towels at 12½c.

Remnants Calico, in Navy, Black, Light and Gray, at 5c.
Remnants Unbleached Muslin,
27 in. wide 4c; 28 in. wide 5c; 36 in. at 6c.
Remnants Cretonne Swatches at 18 cents the pound.
Remnants Dress Gingham.

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3 doz. White Rustle Petticoats at 89c. 3 doz. Black Petticoats to go at 69c.
3 doz. Black Petticoats to go at 89c. 3 doz. Black Heatherbloom Petticoats, \$1.69.

Give us a call, and we will prove what we advertise is correct.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Baltimore Street, Hanover, Penn'a.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed at the ITEM office Satisfaction guaranteed.

J. B. WEAVER,
NEW OXFORD'S
Leading
Horse Shoer
Hanover Street,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

DEATRICK BROS.,
Undertakers and Embalmers,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Phone calls answered night or day by malling at New Oxford Exchange.

THE MAGIC No. 3—Number three is a wonderful mascot for Geo. H. Parris, of Cedar Grove, Me., according to a letter which reads: "After suffering much with liver and kidney trouble, and becoming greatly discouraged by the failure to find relief, I tried Electric Bitters, and as a result I am a well man to day. The first bottle relieved and three bottles completed the cure." Guaranteed best on earth for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, by Ed. T. Auker druggist. 50c.

Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1.

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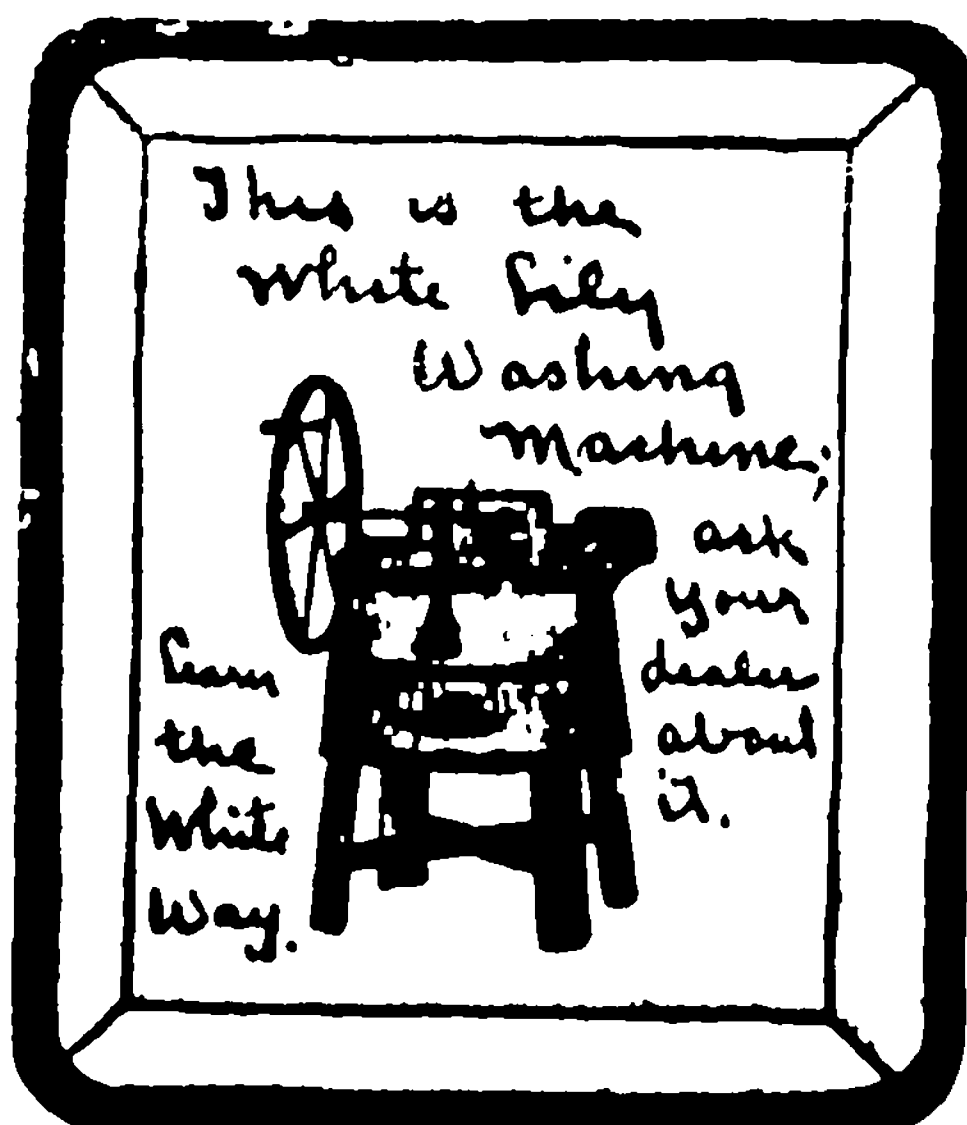
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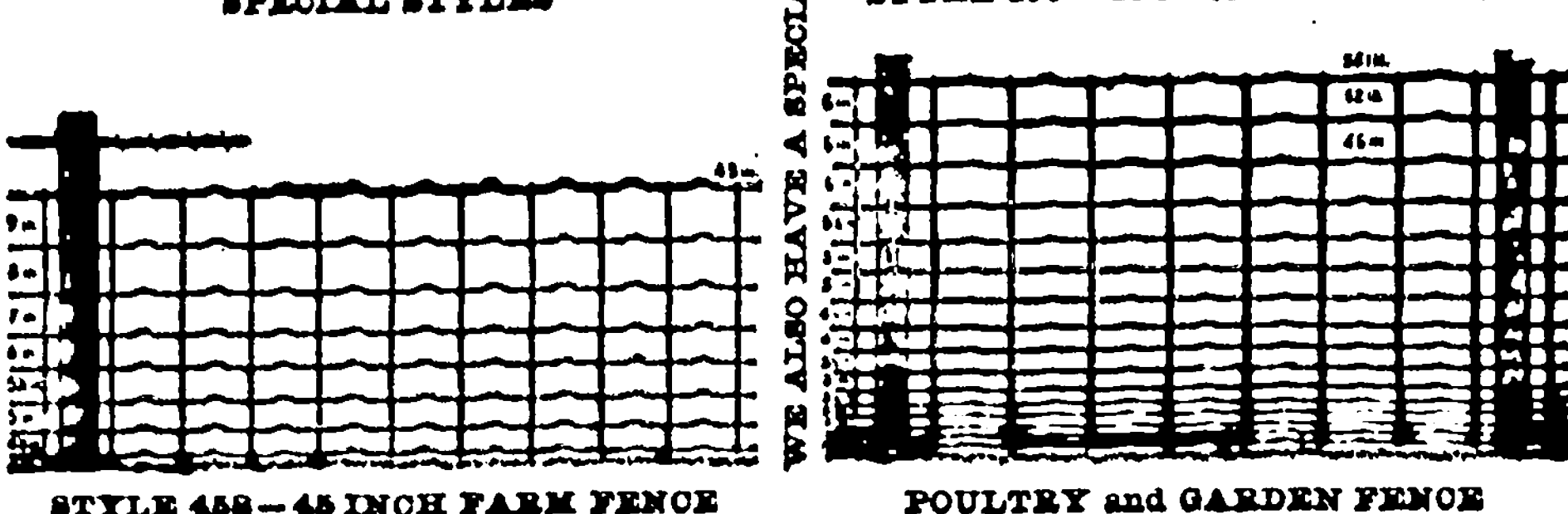
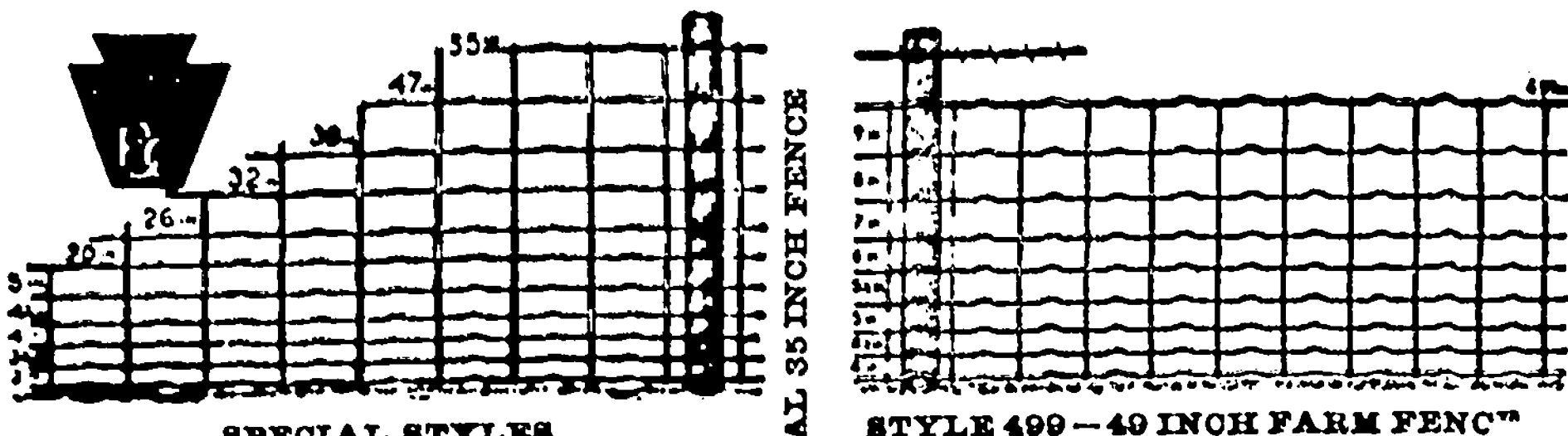
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HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.

Distributing Depot for

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THE ONLY ELECTRICALLY WELDED FENCE



The Best, Neatest, Strongest and Most Durable Fence on the Market

We can Save You Money on Fencing Call and See It

—SOLD BY—

GILBERT & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

General Hardware, Paints, Oils,

Glass, Cutlery, &c.

Plumbing and Plumbers' Supplies.

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WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

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Penn'a.

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J. B. WEAVER,

NEW OXFORD'S

Leading

Horse Shoer

Hanover Street,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

DEATRICK BROS.,

Undertakers and Embalmers,

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Phone calls answered night or day by calling at New Oxford Exchange.

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Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1.

Novel Window Display.

H. G. Peters, proprietor of the Central Square drug store, had a window display last week, which attracted much attention. Druggist Peters is original. In his window he had placed a collection of relics taken from civil war battlefields, which were appropriate to the season. In the display were a 65-pound solid cannon ball, a 40-pound shell, 12-pound cannon ball, a canister ball and grape shot. The canister ball and grape shot were picked up by Mr. Peters himself on the battlefield of Gettysburg. Other articles were part of a 6 pound shell, from Vicksburg, union and rebel swords, carried through service, Colts revolver, union and confederate belt, canteens, bullets, guns, confederate money, etc. Undoubtedly no other person in this part of Ohio has such an unusual war record as H. G. Peters. When the strife was on between the states H. G. was a lad of six years and, of course, at that time yet made his home with his parents who resided only ten miles from the field whereon was fought the great battle of Gettysburg. These strange circumstances which surrounded his youth and the fact that he was present when Lincoln delivered his immortal address, prompted Hurd Post, G. A. R., to invite H. G. Peters to read Lincoln's Gettysburg address, on Memorial day. Mr. Peters showed himself to be quite a speaker and made a few preliminary remarks. He described his impression of the battle as he remembers it, by saying: "The ground trembled, and the sky was obscured by smoke which hung like ominous clouds above us; and a constant cannonading like continuous thunder revealed to us the fact that the fate of the nation hung in a balance." Some of Mr. Peter's relatives yet reside in Adams county, Pa., near the Gettysburg field—Union Register, Mt. Gilead, Ohio.

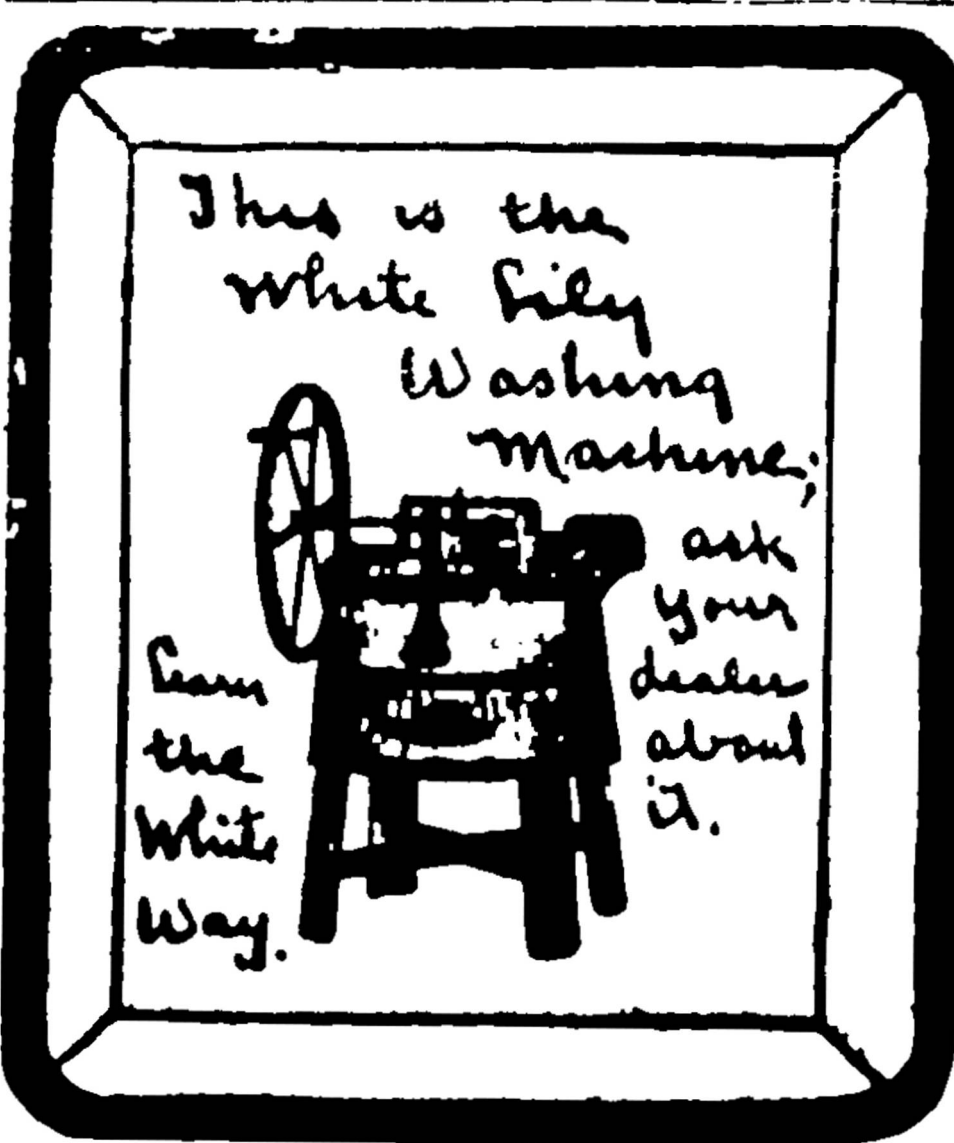
H. G. Peters was born and reared here in New Oxford, and is known by most of our citizens. The same paper gives an account of the commencement exercises of the high school in which Edith M. Peters, a daughter of Mr. Peters, is one of the graduates.

A FORTUNATE TEXAN.—Mr. E. W. Goodloe, of 107 St. Louis St., Dallas, Tex., says: "In the past year I have become acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, and no laxative I ever before tried so effectually dispenses of constipation and biliousness." They don't grind nor gripe. 25c, at Ed. T. Auker's drug store.

Captain A. J. Standing, widely known as an Indian educator, and one of the founders of the Carlisle Indian school, died of paralysis at Dickinson College, Wednesday, aged 60 years. Captain Standing was for a long time assistant superintendent of the Carlisle Indian School.

In stepping from a N. C. train at New Freedom, Monday evening, W. H. Fulton of Stewartstown, York county, was hurled to the ground, from which he was picked up in an unconscious condition. A doctor was summoned and upon investigation found that the man was suffering from a severe gash in the forehead above the right eye and a compound fracture of the right leg below the knee.

HE FIRED THE STICK.—"I have fired the walking stick I've carried over 40 years, on account of a sore that resisted every kind of treatment, until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve; that has healed the sore and made me a happy man," writes John Garrett, of North Mills, N. C. Guaranteed for Piles, Burns, etc., by Ed. T. Auker druggist. 25c.



SOLD BY D. F. SLENTZ, CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.



For sale by J. E. C. MILLER, New Oxford, Pa.

Administratrix Notice. ESTATE OF SILAS W. WAGNER, deceased.—Letters of administration on the estate of Silas W. Wagner, late of Straban township, Adams county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, residing in same township, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement. CATHERINE WAGNER, Administratrix.

WANTED!

1000 lbs. of Lard

—at the—

WEST END STORE.

10c and 12c Prunes - - - at 6c.
10c and 12c Rasins - - - at 6c.
Seedless Rasins - - - at 7c.

J. A. CASHMAN,
West End Grocer, New Oxford, Pa.

STRAW HATS.

We have just received a complete line of Straw Hats in all the new shapes for Summer wear for men and boys. We can fit and please you.
Our prices are right. Try us.
OUR BOSTON DERBY and TOURIST HATS are up to the minute in shape and colors. We have every size or style you can wish for. Each hat is warranted to be satisfactory in every way or a new one instead.
We have always a complete line of new things in Hats and Caps for men and boys—hats from 50c up.
We have whatever you need in Gent's Furnishing Line.
N. WAGNER & SON,
TAILORS AND GENTS' FURNISHERS,
On The Square, Hanover, Pa.

A Profusion of Styles

FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE IN SEARCH OF FOOTWEAR FOR SPRING AND SUMMER

Our store was never so full as now of beautiful and stylish Footwear for men and women who appreciate the nice details of dress.
Oxfords and Shoes to please the patrons who want the best that money will buy.
And plenty of Oxfords and Shoes in choice and unexceptionable styles for the man or woman whose expenditure is limited.
A wonderful choice to be had at \$1.50 a pair and upwards.
A full and complete line of FRED BROS. Working Shoes for men and boys that are Strictly All Solid Leather.

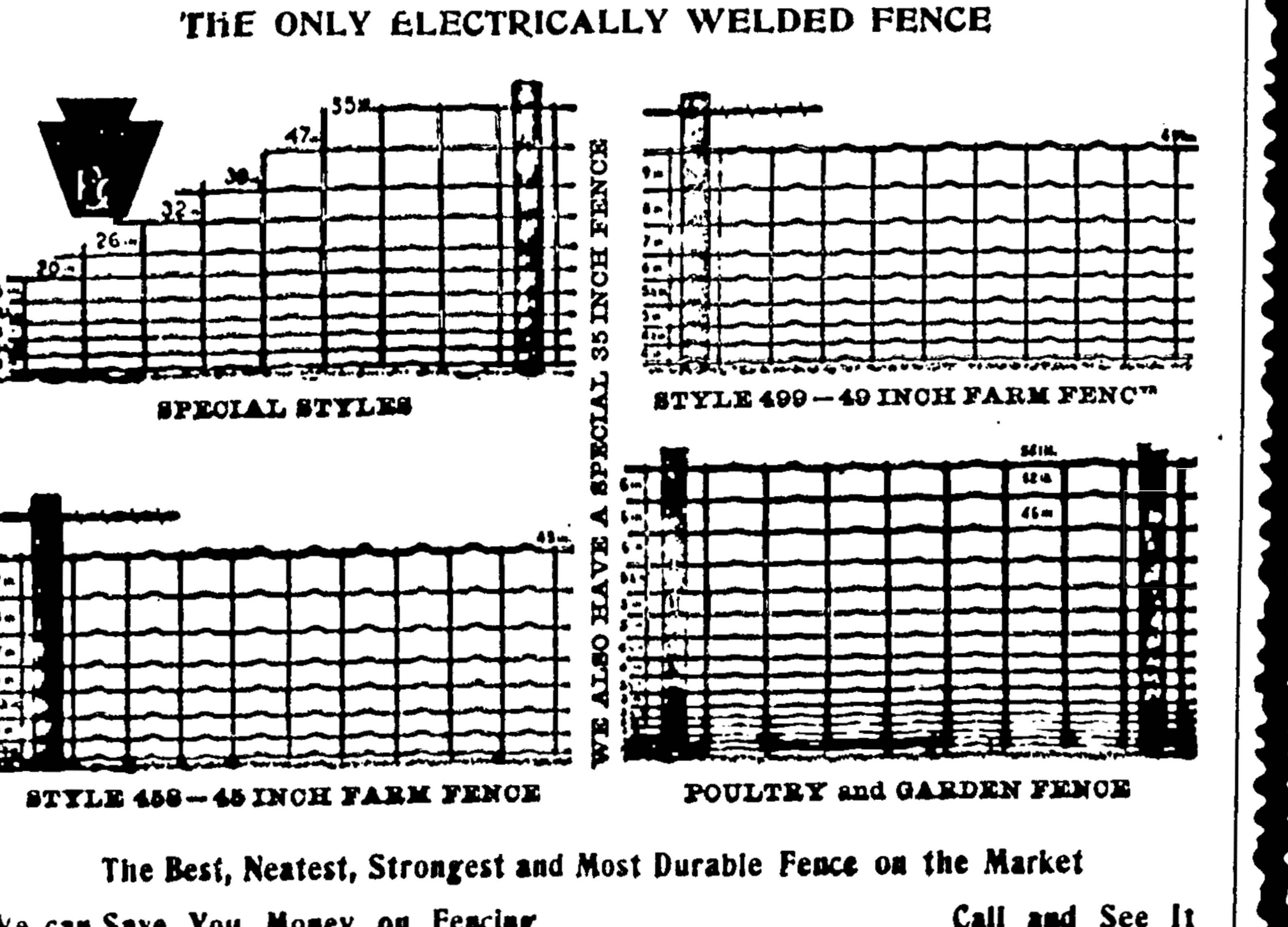
E. J. CONRAD,
FORMERLY GITT & CONRAD,
Center Square, Hanover, Penna.

Farmers and Dairymen LOOK HERE!

If you are thinking of buying a Cream Separator, we want to present our De Laval proposition to you. NO MONEY DOWN, NO CONTRACTS, NO STRINGS OF ANY KIND, ONLY PURE BUSINESS. All we want to do is to bring out a machine and set it up. We know we will make a gain to you, for every three pounds of butter you are now making the old way, you can make four pounds from the same milk with a De Laval Separator. This is a proven fact, therefore you see the gain in butter and as it only takes a few pounds of butter to make a dollar you can again see that you are being well paid for trying it. Your labor and dairy expenses will be cut in half. Your prices will always be in the top notch; your skimmed milk will be pure and fresh. A De Laval Separator is the best paying machine on any farm or dairy, as it is used twice a day every day in the week, and makes you money every time you use it. Your neighbors are getting them, get one yourself and be in the lead. All you have to do is to tell us how many cows you are now milking and how many you intend to milk in the future, and we'll do the rest, and if after trying a DE LAVAL you conclude to buy it we can make settlement to suit you exactly. Catalog and price list for the asking.

JOHN S. WEAVER.
Farm Implements,
HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.

Distributing Depot for "PITTSBURGH PERFECT" FENCES



The Best, Neatest, Strongest and Most Durable Fence on the Market
We can Save You Money on Fencing Call and See It

—SOLD BY—
GILBERT & SON,
—DEALERS IN—
General Hardware, Paints, Oils,
Glass, Cutlery, &c.
Plumbing and Plumbers' Supplies.
CENTER SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PA.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

HANOVER, PENNA.

Some Seasonable Goods At Reasonable Prices:

Now is your opportune time to make selection of

Dress Goods

as never before was there shown in Hanover such a variety in New Dress Materials as we are showing just now, either in

Woolen Goods, Silks or Wash Goods.

Also a Full Line New Dress Trimmings.

DRESS GOODS!

Black and Cream half-wool Dress Goods at 12½c; half-wool Danish Cloth, black, cream and colors, at 15c; all-wool Albatross Dress Goods at 29c, worth 50c. Silk Mulls in plaids and figures at 29c and 39c for the 50c quality. Silk Gingham at 29c, the 50c value. All shades Soisette, 25c. White and colored Ulster Cloth, imitation all Linen, at 10c, 12½c and 15c. White and Linen Suitings, 2½ yards wide, at \$1, also 36 inches wide at 25c and 50c. Silk Stripe Tanise, Paris Tissues, Mouselines, figured colored Swiss at 12½c; fast color Lawns at 5, 10, 12½ and 15c. Silk Striped Organdies at 15c.

20 Dozen Cotton Huck Towels at 6½c. 20 Dozen White Cotton Towels at 5c.
25 Dozen Huck Towels at 12½c. 25 Dozen Turkish Towels at 12½c.

Remnants Calico, in Navy, Black, Light and Gray, at 5c.

Remnants Unbleached Muslin, 27 in. wide 4c; 28 in. wide 5c; 36 in. at 6c.

Remnants Cretonne Swatches at 18 cents the pound.

Remnants Dress Gingham.

Ladies' Shirt Waists. White Lawn Shirt Waists, a large selection, at 50c to \$3. White, also Black China Silk Waists from \$1.50 to \$5. Ecu Net Waists at 2.75 to \$5.50.
Ladies' Long Gloves. 8, 12 and 16 button lengths, White, Black and Fans, in Silk, Lisle, Taffeta and Kid; Lisle from 25c up; Silk from \$1 up; Kid \$1.50 to \$3.30.

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